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UNDER THE STUDIO LIGHT

Leaves from a Portrait Painter's Sketch Book

By

J. W. L. FORSTER

TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF
CANADA LIMITED, AT ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE
1928

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TO EVERYONE WHO SAT TO THE AUTHOR FOR PORTRAIT STUDY AND WHO THEREBY CONTRIBUTED TO ITS ESSENTIAL MESSAGE, AND ESPECIALLY TO THOSE WHOSE NAMES DO NOT APPEAR IN ITS LIMITED NARRATIVE, THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED WITH UNFORGETTING REGARD AND AFFECTION.

PREFACE

ONE day in the Julian *atelier*, a back-profile view of the model from the head with the dorsal curves, down to the feet, offered an intricate outline which was difficult accurately and delicately to delineate. An hour of intense concentration was bringing results when I made a remark to my neighbour, named Penny, about that wonderful outline.

"By gad, Forster," he answered fervently, "it is a religion!"

The Arts are no longer regarded as mere pastimes. In them we touch the handiwork of the Creator. That touch brings reverence for its transcendent beauty and this reverence is religion indeed.

There dwells in the human form a wondrous, world-compassing spirit. The portrayal of the material features must reveal the spirit which invests and forms them, in a measure limited only by the intelligent skill and reverence of the artist. In other words Realism and Idealism are essentially and indivisibly one. This faith I have held through long years as a student at the feet of many masters and have tested in a wide experience.

The primal interest of Art to-day is not less in æsthetic pleasure, but is more in spiritual meanings and realities. This being true in the broad field of pictorial art, it is vital in the art that would immortalize the Immortals. Photography by its record of details has forced into portrait practice a skill never before known, and within the past seventy-five years has lifted portraiture into a noble profession by reason of the demand for the higher technical standards. And for the same reason never before was the distinction more marked between a mechanical and a spiritual record of likeness.

Nature's supply of subject and impression is illimitable in the variety of problems it offers for analysis or for synthetic study and interpretation. The higher the order of theme the more complex the study; the more complex the study the keener the zest. Failures there have been and many, but the successes have vindicated the ideal set before the artist.

In my long study of Art I have learned to be tolerant of others' beliefs and convictions, yet I am clear in my own mind that vogues and fashions at best are fleeting. There is a sane and enduring mean in all Art, a realm devoid of egotisms, full of instruction and pregnant with inspiration to poet, painter, or prophet. The Symbolist—who does not ignore identity—has a perfect opportunity in portraiture, for the human countenance and frame supply the only symbols of the inner life. Features and pose are inter-related. A man's past is stamped on every line of him, his present is actively writing its story, and the future is in his outlook.

Some of the incidents here recorded appeared in a series of modest articles published by *MacLean's Magazine*. The response that came to me from all over the Continent—South America to Alaska—inspires faith that the volume now submitted will be welcomed.

J. W. L. F.

Toronto, 1928.

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UNDER THE STUDIO LIGHT

"Since the Brow speaks often true, since Eyes and Noses have Tongues, and the Countenance proclaims the Heart and inclinations; let Observation so far instruct thee in Physiognomical lines as to be some Rule for thy distinction, and Guide for thy affection unto such as look most like Men."

—*Sir Thomas Browne*

CHAPTER I

FRIENDS OF FORMER YEARS

LYING prone at his mother's feet is a little fellow who is shaping the straw clippings that fall from the plait of a farm hat his mother is making, into letters of the alphabet. Successfully he has conquered the difficult ones up to the letter "J", but its straight stem and curl at the bottom have three times baffled him. He is, however, beginning to succeed with a longer straw, when his Auntie Jane, in an impulse of affection, interrupts a great constructive problem to the child of twenty months, seizing and lifting to kiss the little prodigy. He screams and kicks in resentment at this thoughtless interference with his plans just when victory is in sight. I was the child and vividly remember the facts.

A sheet of foolscap folded and sewn by my mother was my first drawing book, and I declare more praise was lavished on efforts before I was five than in five times five years afterwards.

My slate and pencil at school were a fascination to my fingers and to boys on neighbouring seats until the dominie, Mr. Buchanan, would send a curled up strap like a bomb-shell into the group. As culprit I had to carry the strap to the master and get it again in painful tinglings on the offending hand.

One day I was told to sit near him till after school. Haunted by visions of appalling penalties because of his uncertain temper, my fears were relieved when school was dismissed, for he said, "Jown, my boy; now, Jown; you know I must have order; but I want you to tell your mother, Jown, I want you to tell your mother—that you've to go to Rome; I say, Jown

you've to go to Rome." I must here recall the unforgetting kindness of this master years later. I had just returned from Rome, and was driving with my father through Norval. The old man, seeing me, ambled to the middle of the road, halted the horse, and grasping my hand in both of his commended me warmly for taking his advice.

A never-to-be-forgotten pleasure was his visit to my Toronto studio, many years after this. Memories of his own cultured boyhood seemed to be recalled as he talked, and the surpassing wisdom and stores of knowledge revealed in his conversation, were delightful to me. That these treasures should have been lost for years in this courtly derelict on Halton County frontier, what a curious fate !

A later teacher, afterwards Rev. James Fraser, LL.D., D.D., Principal of the Ladies' Seminary, Windsor, Md., U.S.A., coming in at the noon hour, looked for some time at a likeness of himself that had been left chalked on the black-board. That evening he called upon my parents for a talk about that talent of mine.

At the time of the "Trent Affair", Halton County organized a battalion of militia. This brought new and thrilling interest in a picturesque figure, Corporal Copeland, a cockney "Tommy", who drilled the Norval Company. His face and figure were so peculiar that my pencil was active on the instant. His fame was spread not more by his fog-horn voice that could be heard miles away than by drawings that were begged and freely given all over the township.

John Wightman, who had come from Toronto to our home to learn farming, when he saw my pencilling proclivity, brought me a box of water-colours. This opened a new world as I tried to depict the colourful out-of-doors. Observation become keener and study deepened. Attempts at pictures were crude, primitive,

though meaningful and full of fun to me and to flattering friends.

Our farm was on the edge of the "Scotch Block" of Esquesing, in Halton County. The house was of logs and a log barn had to be built; a "raising" was organized and neighbours "warned" to it. They were told that plenty of good food would be provided, but no whiskey, as the young farmer, my father, was a strong temperance man.

They came, but apparently only to look on, for they leaned with spread elbows on the fence. The tradition of these Scottish folk, maintained from time immemorial, was a generous supply of liquor for every " bee " or festive occasion. My father and hired boy of eighteen, David Bell, with a horse, drew the logs and they rolled them with canthook and handspike and fitted them with dove-tailing adze and axe into place. They had put up four rounds alone and were beginning to " skid " up the fifth when Squire Menzies (pronounced Mingus), said to the watchers, " Let's give the boys a help"; and they all joined in.

At noon they were invited to a bountiful table tastefully spread by my mother and helpers; and by suppertime the barn was up, framed, and raftered, when another feast was spread for them. After supper Squire Menzies stood and toasted the handsome queen of the home, praised the tastefulness and richness of the repasts, referred to the building erected without accident, due to no grog being given, and commended the young couple for their courage in this first innovation upon old customs. He pledged the friendship henceforth of all their neighbours on the 10th line and of the " Scotch Block", all standing and giving three cheers and a " tiger ".

My parents' spirit in this way was steadfast but unobtrusive. My father was given responsibility in the village church as steward, Local Preacher, Class-Leader

and Sunday School Superintendent, and for much of its maintenance. It was fun to see, on his approach, amateur pipe slip out of sight, wayward jest die into silence, or boys on mischief bent scamper away. Father would smile as he commented, " The wicked flee when no man pursueth".

My own mind began the quest of spiritual things, for life was unfolding in a dawning sense of responsibility and accountability. The forming of ideals and purposes for the soul were creeping up like sunrise over the horizon of the mind. The neighbourhood, too, seemed awakening, and I, with others, determined to live thenceforward a true, high-minded life, consistent with Christian standards. I pass swiftly but not lightly over this incident for my life has been coloured by it. Moreover, it is due my parents to say they were important factors in this determination in that their lives stood the scrutiny of a wide-awake boy.

As a Justice of the Peace, my father's judgments often took the form of a verbal castigation of the culprit, or counsel in such phrasing as brought deep vows of amendment. Disputes referred to him never failed to end in pledges of peace and blessings on the peacemaker. Sorrow and the sick-bed sought his comfort and prayers, and my faith in human nature cannot wane while I remember these saints.

I confess frankly to not having always held them in filial regard. For instance, in those callow and careless days when punishments became due, my father would trust me in the serious task of selecting a suitable switch. One day my search found all the balm-of-gilead limbs already gone into service, and chickweed stems not being sufficiently substantial, I finally took in a large chip from the wood-yard, assuring my father it was the only stick I could find that was not too big to carry. His serious face turned quickly away. The dog, having

intelligently followed the whole incident with his eyes intent upon those of my father, saw the changing mood and wagged his tail. "Watch", as well as I, knew that the crisis had passed.

In the pine woods, one day, my brother and I were cutting wood for the village church. During a halt and moment of silence, a swift life dream flashed over me, and a message was clearly spoken in a promise and prophecy of an art career, which should have been kept better in mind.

When a little more than fifteen my brother and I walked from Norval to Milton, twelve miles (fourteen the way we took), starting shortly after five in the morning, to take the county examination for teachers. Intense exhaustion lowered my marks on the first paper, but my brother and I secured certificates of the Second Class.

The local newspaper commented upon the extreme youth of some applicants.

A year later I entered Brampton Grammar School under John Seath, having College and University in mind. The eight mile tramp and study wore heavily and brought impairment of health, and the dream of scholarship melted away, though the avid hunger remains.

It was then that Mrs. William Forster, the beloved Aunt Jane already referred to, persuaded my parents to allow an obvious art talent an opportunity for development. Accordingly, 1869 saw me in Toronto apprenticed to J. W. Bridgman, a portrait painter.

I can say little for the style of painting then in vogue. There were no instructions in drawing, no directions in art outlook, no discussion of principles deduced from great painters or from experience. A conviction soon came that most of the work was an art travesty. I organized a group of comrades into a drawing class,

borrowed a head of Apollo from J. C. Forbes, and we worked at night. A friend at this time gave me Sir Joshua Reynolds' *Lectures on Art*, which I eagerly read. I worked at fever heat during the day and studied in my own way at night till health broke again.

In 1872 I visited New York. Days given to the Metropolitan Museum and other collections were a feast. I knew nothing of Art Schools, but saw the work of notable painters. Portraits by Le Clear and Huntington attracted me. Too reticent to call upon them, I wrote upon my return home, asking the privilege of study with them. Replies that they did not teach flung me back upon toil and saving for Europe.

Not until 1875 was I able to cross the sea. My diary is a graphic series of jottings, vivid in wonder and gladness and of romantic youthful impressions. Letters home scintillated with fancies awakened by the pictures I saw in the Royal Academy, the National Gallery, and other collections.

A forward spring made England fragrant with hedge-bloom. Derby Day and a seat on the grand-stand, close to the royal box, gave a thrilling view of courtly and coster London out together for a day. Of the princely group in the box, the radiant beauty of Alexandra, the young Princess of Wales, not only brought into focus the regal air of the royal party, but to my fancy seemed to outshine that of all other women I had seen.

A visit to Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes, amongst friends, with "cracks" and tales by ample firesides, furnished a taste of the real England. In this neighbourhood my meeting with Jacob Thompson, whose Highland pictures are well known, was a happy episode. To see in the flesh his lairds, huntsmen, poachers, and gillies, and his famed white nag, made it easy to see with what fidelity Scotland could be painted in Westmoreland.

I went on to France and gave days to the Salon in Paris. Here was a new art spirit, a new temperamental art strain finding expression in a frank, vivacious way. Forcefulness, daring effects of light and colour, withal a graceful and tender excellence in these masterworks all thrilled me.

The distinction between the Academy and the Salon was clear. One was of the North Seas, the other was of the Mediterranean; whilst the work of individual painters held me enthralled by splendour of workmanship. Other days were spent in the Luxembourg and the Louvre in a reverent gladness to be, in fancy, at the feet of the men whose paintings and chiselings were before me in an aggregation of superlative masterpieces.

I should have been satisfied with the bountiful art banquets of both London and Paris. Most people would have been; but I was like the boy at the bun-fight who ate all he could and then some, and when offered more took it but could not eat. Against advice, my chum, John Brant, and I, went through Switzerland to Italy at a time when sensible folk were going North instead of South. The jaunt through France, Geneva, and the Rhone Valley was charming, with the Dent du Midi, Mont Blanc, and the Simplon Pass.

The climb during the long night hours through cloud and drizzle was weird, and I walked away ahead of the *diligence*. Emerging into morning sunlight at the last elevation of the route, I was confronted with a sight painted for the gods. There was spread out forty miles of downy white cloud, glistening in clearest sunglow, like a vast coverlet reaching from the bedfoot on which I seemed to stand, away westward against the distant Monte Rosa, whose front was shaped just like the chest and shoulders of some enormous Titan. Settled upon that chest was a head and face defined in

rugged outline and surmounted by a cone-like bed-cap, dazzling in whiteness, that towered into the blue canopy of sky. The majesty of it ! The awe-inspiring stillness and immensity! A slumbering god ! No Homer ever dreamed before or since of a sight so amazing. It was so overwhelming to my stripling littleness, that I stood and groaned under the pain, the very agony of the indescribable.

The *diligence* crept up and passed on. At the insistence of my chum, it halted a quarter of a mile into Italy, and I was called back to rational sense, or I would have been left to my absorption and to trudge the rest of the way alone.

I was in Italy now among its lakes of dream; Maggiore, Lugano, Verese, Como. Humid heat began to be felt on the way to Milan, but oh ! the Leonardos ! and the marble vision of the cathedral ! How could I describe the clustering of statues about the pile and the white flower garden of its roof, especially under the moonlight ?

Imagine our Quixotic run from Milan by way of Parma, Modena, Bologna, to Florence, in summer heat and the dust of an Italian express train of a half century ago, and the scarcely less sultry, sleepless night of it !

During the morning halt of the train at Pistoja, on the southern slope of the Apennines, an incident occurred and a dream which I must mention here. Looking out upon the station yard, I called the attention of my chum to three men, one a tall, dark, long-haired, sombrero'd Italian; then a brown-haired, middle-sized spare man of good colour, and a short, pimpled mean-looking, red-headed man. They separated, circled the yard and met again, several times. I said, "Detectives or brigands !"

In the meantime, as it seemed, Jack, my chum, and I, took a walk out along the highroad leading eastward,

two or three miles, and over the bridge across a deep mountain gully. The slopes on our left up to the crest of the Apennines were terraced with vineyards, and away to the right, southward, in hazy summer, was the valley of the Arno in delicate greys. We turned in the left through a broken wall, climbed the decaying terrace of a neglected vineyard, nearing in the ascent the gorge we had crossed on the road below. Glancing back westward, I noticed three men evidently following our trail and recognized them as the three of the station yard. They crossed the bridge, and then seemed confused about the gap in the wall. I mentally canvassed two or three plans to elude them and get back to town. Now the only choice left was to face them.

My chum and I each had a loaded 22-calibre revolver at our hip. The men came on and we descended to meet them.

Jack was bigger than I, and I divined that the tall, black fellow would take care of him, the little pimpled red-top would try to pinion me, and the third would be their reserve for any service desired. I said, "Let's play gentle and keep our hands free. If there's trouble, I'll give the word, and we'll jerk and fire on the instant."

We bade them "Good-day", smiled, and made to pass on. They halted and said, "You go wis us?" I asked, "You go back to Pistoja?" They answered, "We go over zere," pointing southward. I asked, "What to see?" They replied uncertainly and the plot thickened, while I continued talking to keep things smooth. A sinister move was detected and I gave Jack the quick "one, two, three!" Then two cracks rang out and I awoke.

I had looked at my watch before the walk of my dream. I now looked again and just three-quarters of a minute covered the two watch examinations, the sleep and the dream. The train moving had caused the two

slight cracking sounds in the straining window frame that awakened me.

We reached Florence that night, bathed luxuriously, and dined. On my looking out of the window, the moonlight danced on the waters of the Arno, and a guitar was being strummed nearby, a couple of voices carried snatches of *Il Trovatore*. The picture was complete. We went to sleep in the romance of another dream's fulfilment.

Next morning, on looking out upon the Arno, only a few muddy pools could be seen and a malodorous effluvium accentuated the disenchantment.

The Uffizi and the Pitti galleries were studiously examined, and abundant notes made of all the masters represented therein, their particular features and special characteristics. The works of the great sculptor and engineer, Michael Angelo, Ghiberti's doors in the Baptistry of the Duomo, and other treasures, were eagerly studied.

From the monastery hill a sunset, giving an amber transparency to the Apennine slopes, flooding Florence at our feet and eastward to the distant Vallombrosa, is another unforgettable picture of this visit.

On July first we went to Rome. Hotter than ever was the day, dustier and dirtier was the route. In my letter home, I described in fantasia the removal of the earth from our face with picks and shovels, utilizing for the purpose the white furrows grooved by rivulets of perspiration through the accumulated negroid alluvium.

Rome's wall had not long before been pierced to admit the railway. A few temporary buildings gave hint only of a new Rome in prospect. It was practically all Old City, brown, ill-paved, musty, but dreamlike in its antique loveliness. A young woman was sketching the facade of St. Peter's. I asked if she approved of the workmen beginning to scrape the Apostles,

whose statues surmount the front. She answered, "No, I'm painting them in their age-old beauty." Great was my satisfaction of feeling in those consistent tones of the city in which the atmospheric and historic unity of a dreamy antiquity rested upon Pantheon, columns, arches, basilicas, palaces, cathedrals, and crumbling fragments.

And the pictures ! The unrivalled Vatican treasures, the Sistine Chapel, the Borghese Palace, the Rospoglioso ! The Exhibit of the modern men of Italy, then on view, was pathetically modest in the shadow of an exalted and colossal past.

In spite of warnings, I wandered about at all hours. I loved the Coliseum by moonlight, and Temple of Vesta at the sunset hour. Whether the soft air of evening or friendly mosquitoes were prejudicial to health, I paid afterwards bitterly by years of invalidism from Pontine malaria. To Pisa, Padua, Verona, Venice, we went, then back by the Tyrol, Munich, the Rhine, the Low Country, and home, as it seemed, when England again was reached.

The next four years were a fight for life. The studio and the health resort claimed alternate devotion. I exhibited in Canada's show at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876; was forbidden by my physician to visit that city, but defied risks and went to see my work beside that of my betters.

Early in my apprenticeship the good fortune was mine to have sittings from Bishop James Richardson. His kindly face and manner, his empty sleeve and its tragic meaning awakened the vivid thought, how worthwhile to paint a man of his history ! The value of such portrait subjects to family and national records touched a chord that has ever since endeared my profession to me.

In 1813, at eighteen, Richardson, as navigation officer, had his arm shot off in the attack on Sackett's

Harbour while manœuvring his boat under fire. So engrossed was he that he did not know of his loss till he wanted to use his hand.

During the attack upon Fort Niagara, Richardson begged permission to land and lead an assaulting party to the rear of the fort while the boats engaged the front. His disappointment was keen at being denied, and was greater afterwards on learning how weak the garrison of the well-defended fort had been.

An old sailor, long afterwards, asked a former captain if one of the young officers hadn't joined the Church. "Yes," he said, "Richardson did and is now an admiral, for he's a bishop." His portrait now hangs in the Victoria College historic collection.

Philip Armstrong was the founder, secretary and manager of the "Electoral Division Society", which was re-named the "Agricultural Society", the annual fair of which was held in Toronto in the '60's and '70's. At its Fine Art Exhibit in 1871, I entered a portrait of Bridgman, my preceptor, in the amateur class where I belonged, but the secretary inadvertently recorded and ticketed the entry in the professional class. Imagine my astonishment on the opening day to find a red card, First Prize, on it. Protest was made by a professional competitor, but the jury confirmed the award, and so established in me a high respect for juries.

Under John J. Withrow that society was re-named the Provincial Exhibition, and by rapid augmentation became the Canadian National Exhibition, and under his successors this gigantic enterprise is attracting visitors annually into the millions in number.

The few artists then in Toronto held occasional sketching evenings, and these led to the organization of the Ontario Society of Artists. At its first exhibition in 1872, Bridgman and I exhibited portraits on which we collaborated. I was surprised on seeing in the

catalogue his name alone. This brought about an exchange of personal compliments, and my status as a professional artist was acknowledged.

An enterprise of the Toronto artists in those days was competition at the autumn Fairs, wherever a prize list offered inducement enough to repay the effort and expense. The variously coloured prize tickets afterwards emblazoned the vicinity of the studio mirror to impress visitors with their proud and convincing array. Rivalries and jealousies among contestants often flavoured the occasional artists' meetings with controversy and bitter-sweet quips which kept members of the colony well on edge.

Early in 1875 I did a most difficult piece of work for Donald Mackay of "Dundonald" which was evidently appreciated, for, years afterward, when he was ninety-three, he had me paint his portrait for the firm, Gordon, Mackay & Co. Ltd. of which he was president. Years later, in 1904, a large portion of the wholesale district of Toronto was destroyed by fire. In the sudden and appalling fury of the disaster in the early morning, little could be saved, but Sir James Woods, president of the firm, and Mr. Malcolm, the secretary, secured an expressman at great cost. They galloped to the door, Malcolm gathered the books, Sir James jerked the portrait from the wall, then they mounted the waggon and dashed through the shower of burning embers to safety, books and picture uninjured.

Following the "Centennial" at Philadelphia, Bridgman and Perre remained some months in that city with a view to establishing a studio. Left alone at Toronto I could work out portrait problems "on my own". In this freehand liberty I found my footing and worked passionately as health permitted in expectation of study in Europe and with a keener perception of the individuality of my subjects. One of these was William Gooderham, Sr., the founder of the firm, Gooderham & Worts Ltd.

During sittings he told many stories with jocund relish; one, an incident while he was in the British Army in operations against the French on the island of Martinique.

" We were in retreat," he said, " and Jimmy Sullivan's canteen strap, cut by a slug, left the canteen clattering a yard behind the flying soldier. "Pick up your canteen," I called. " Be japers, if me mother wuz there I wouldn't wait fer her," was his breathless reply.

Gooderham founded the Bank of Toronto. A "run" once occurred on the bank, and a menacing crowd threatened its demolition, as the doors had been closed against them. Hearing of the disturbance he mounted a horse and galloped up. He rode amongst the mob and shouted, " If you damage the building, your money will have to rebuild it, and you'll get nothing; if you go home quietly you'll be paid every ha'penny." They took his advice, and in a short time were paid in full.

The portrait of his eldest son, William, hangs in Victoria College historic collection. One day, before the portrait was painted, I called on a matter outside my profession, and found his manner brusque. On learning I was a son of Thomas Forster of Norval, his mood changed on the instant. He had been in charge of the Norval mills and store, and remembered, he said, the young farmer who had greatly influenced his life.

James Gooderham, second son, followed William at Norval. He built its little brick church, and gave the deed to the congregation. My grandfather, James Forster, was linked with him in this enterprise, and he became my father's life-long friend. Meeting me on King Street after my years in France, he seized my arm and walked with me up and down this popular thoroughfare, wishing, I believe, to bring the attention and recognition of his acquaintances to the young artist whom he in this way proclaimed his friend.

When James Gooderham took charge of the mills and store in Norval, he and my grandfather became a strong team in evangelistic work in the village and neighbourhood.

Grandfather Forster, like his Carmichael and Anstruther ancestors, had the genius of an Isaac Walton, thanks to fine practice in the streams of Cumberland, and in the days of the salmon runs in the rivers of Upper Canada. These salmon runs were only a tale to me, but it was the joy of my boy life to visit him in his riverside cottage in Glen Williams and accompany him on occasions when he would try a "cast" for trout in the River Credit. He knew with marvellous insight the habits, retreats, and tastes of those sensitive game fish.

A neighbour of his was ambitious to rival him in the art. After many failures, he ventured one day to ask the secret of grandfather's unfailing success. The latter laughingly answered, " It's all in my old hat". Next day what should appear but a hat of similar colour and style on the head of the rival. His hopes were high, but lo ! no better luck. He had overlooked the score or more artificial flies that decorated the original hat and had forgotten still more the head that was in it. Grandfather saw him one day taking his way with rod up the river's side, and he smiled and said, " Mr. ——— is going to a certain place. There are two good trout lying there, but he won't get either of them; the wind's in the wrong airt." Sure enough, on the fisher's return, he was interviewed and confessed his failure. I, who saw this incident, remember the cheerful chuckle of the old sage as he told of the man's answer.

His maxims were equally masterful in wisdom. One day, after a long tramp, I complained of being tired. He asked. "What do you do when weary ?" I said, " Sit down and rest." " Oh, no, my boy, a far better way is to take a long breath and begin again." I thank his memory still for that good adage.

On the maternal side of my house the influences were equally positive. My mother's father, John Wilkinson, had been educated for the Church, and found this learning frequently serviceable in his Peel County pioneer life. Once, when the young people of the settlement had organized a "debate", the leader of the "affirmative" called upon Wilkinson for points on that side of the question. After a half hour's coaching, the leader of the "negative" was seen coming. The one was let out by the back door while the other entered the front. And his maxims were pungent. Men were mowing his meadow and cutting high. He said, "Cut low, men, an inch at the bottom is worth two at the top."

A pretty romance in grandfather Wilkinson's first acquaintance with Martha Allinson, daughter of the Wycliffes, was told me by this bonnie brown-eyed grandmother. One St. Agnes Eve, before parting from a couple of young ladies she had been visiting, she was told the folk-lore legend that young women who join hands on that night and circle three times around, while repeating a certain formula, will dream of their future husbands. She reluctantly consented to join them in the incantations.

In the night she dreamed of following a certain neighbouring path and seeing a well-dressed gentleman come over a stile at the farther end, and in passing, bow to her.

The dream was forgotten; but a couple of days later, having to go along this path, she noticed a gentleman come over the stile. His suit, neck-tie, stockings, and shoe buckles seemed familiar, and the dream was recalled. In startled wonder and embarrassment, she lowered her eyes. He raised his hat and passed on. Meeting a friend, he enquired the name of the young lady he had seen. They were later introduced, and, after a couple of years' correspondence, were married. Their youngest child was my mother.

CHAPTER II

STUDENT DAYS IN EUROPE

IN 1879, I made the great adventure of study abroad. After a few months in London in fellowship with a former Canadian friend, C. S. Millard, then teaching in the South Kensington Art School, and with the further counsel of Walter W. Ouless, R.A., I went to France.

Frederick A. Bridgman, the American painter, was then at the height of popularity in Paris. I called upon him for information about art study, and to get a perspective of art student life in France. I shall always keep in memory his friendliness and wisdom.

By the aid of a French-English dictionary in hand, and of patient *gardiens de la paix* (police), I found my way to the *Atelier Julian*, in the Passage des Panoramas. Imagine a large top-lighted room, dim with cigarette smoke, and a noisy half-hundred of men at easels, brush or charcoal stick in hand.

Recess was soon called by the chieftain, titled *Masier*, meaning " bearer of the mace". Attention was rivetted on the " nouveau", and a call for the initial " fee " echoed in crescendo from lusty throats. Through the courtesy of Frank C. Jones, now an eminent New York artist, who kindly interpreted for me, I paid my initiation fee, and when the ceremony was over, their song equivalent of " A jolly good fellow " was sung as my welcome into their fellowship.

Mr. Julian, the proprietor of this and other studios, had been a country lad, then a champion wrestler, and later an art student. He conceived the idea of patronage being given to art study by distinguished artists. This caught the imagination of the eminent artists, who

generously responded and gave valuable time as instructors to beginners and as counsellors to venturesome painters later on. The result has been the famous schools known as the *Julian Academie.*

Monsieur Boulanger was my first master; a painter of classic and historic themes. He directed me to draw with charcoal point a few plaster casts in a corner of the *atelier.*

As I had not come to show skill, but to learn lessons, I bowed and went to work. Choosing the more difficult pieces, I remained at this task for many weeks, while the other students were all studying from the life. I did not leave this essential exercise until, after repeated compliments, I was bidden to the higher study. Associated with Boulanger, was Jules Lefevre, examples of whose consummate work are to be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

A few months under these strong men revealed how serious was art's insistent task to which I was committed. How much I found to unlearn of pettiness; how much to learn of the large sweep of line, broad mass and decision of proportions ! What an unveiling to me of incapacity through not knowing what others had learned and done before me, and what revelations to opening vision ! At the noon lectures at the Beaux Arts on anatomy, for example, the marvellous human form, its structure from the skeleton foundation, the muscle attachments, the group muscle relations and their interrelations in action ! Imagine my enlightenment when shown the character accents as seen in the mass-movements under mental impulse and under many angles of light and shadow !

These revelations all led to the gateway opening into new and comprehensive vistas of tone, light, and atmosphere, with their multiplied complex of colour. These led on again into vast fields of art discovery and

practice, ever to be inspired by observation, history, experience, imagination, and enterprise.

It was not difficult to note, amongst the students, the more capable and earnest men of this interesting company. Underneath their silent, sober search into the principles of art that are progressively evolved through the ages, I could feel an eager forward reach towards some bourne of masterful achievement.

There was at the same instant a more than secret murmur of discontent, whether with principles or practice mattered little. The attitude of the younger men was loudly radical. It might be likened to a midway at a fair, with a jangle of raucous harangues of would-be leaders of new styles and vogues and formulæ, all clamouring for followers.

The students themselves were in confusion; and so was I. From this bewilderment, I soon wanted to get away and think. I went for a summer up among the Westmoreland hills and glens. Far from strident voices I here found grateful calm. Here was certainty. Nature's moods were harmonious and confident.

The positive and enduring principle in art motive was there, strong, true, vital, real. I was aware of a tenderness and refinement in and through the elements of nature, of a mystic charm in the spirit of it all.

I walked and talked and lived with the people and tried to paint them. Their appearance and action spoke of the soil they tilled and the flocks they tended; but I neither saw nor felt any of the dejection or the loutishness affected by young painters in the name of sentiment. Their Doric dignity was not vulgar, as were so many of the symbols I saw being painted in France. Their fustian garb invested personalities rarely tainted with anything akin to coarseness, and adorned a people who, in their homely way, were the souls of courtesy and honour. Could these qualities be expressed by the

painter faultlessly in form, yet neither tamely nor barren of spirit? What discipline must be undergone to do it!

I painted the portrait of a yeoman, the warden of the village church, with whom I had enjoyed several days' shooting. When the portrait was about finished, I stood it by a chair and the members of the family were looking at it. The dog came in, and went towards his favourite corner, but spying his master, he turned and with wagging tail, he went up to greet the portrait. Finding it was not his real master, he looked wistfully about and whimpered his confusion.

This holiday clarified and confirmed my convictions. The shoutings and shibboleths I had listened to lost value and seemed like counterfeits as they showed themselves beside the gold of Nature's standard. While there were germs of truth in many clamorous pretensions, I came to suspect that the more vehement protests were against hard work, and were inspired sometimes by incompetence.

The charm of truth and of loveliness is to be extracted only by the devout and thorough student. Temperament and feeling in any artist ever wait upon the skill of deft fingers for freedom and fulness of expression.

On my return from England, I placed myself under William Adolph Bouguereau and his associate, Tony Robert Fleury, in the *atelier* in the Rue d'Uzes. Then began in more desperate earnest an exacting, persistent, and yet inspiring study. Words are inadequate to convey to readers a true portrayal of the discipline, the concentration, as also the relaxations and camaraderie, of a Julian School under such men as these.

My first portrait sketch was made of a sick child of Pasteur de Mouilpied, to whom I became attached. When the little one passed away I gave the sketch to the parents as a tribute of my own esteem for the wee girlie and as some consolation in their sorrow. Friends saw

it and a couple of modest commissions were offered and accepted. Through this happy fortune I was able to show, at the Spring Salon of 1880, the portraits of Mr. Gibson and of Mr. Boyce, as painted by a pupil of Monsieur Bouguereau.

In 1881, W. Blair Bruce, of Hamilton, Ontario, came to the *atelier* with a letter to me. I was glad for this closer touch with Canada, and was happy to interpret at his induction as a student. He quickly imbibed the spirit of study, and we found pleasure in comparing notes, and turning over the problems so vital and awakening.

He, too, liked to get into the open for afternoons, and with sketch box and camp stool we explored the suburbs about Asnières, Neuilly, St. Cloud, Sèvres, and many other fields.

Once, on the return tram a couple of gypsies, evidently mother and daughter, sat nearly opposite and looked us over intently. As I looked out of the window I could note and follow the direction of their eyes. Their interest finally centred on Bruce, whom they discussed with enthusiasm.

We presently had to transfer, and I told him of the incident, of which he had been unaware. I said, "Bruce, you've been born under a lucky star; those gypsies assuredly said so; good fortune awaits you in both affluence and renown." He affected protest, of course, but as we saw much of each other at the "Julian" and at Barbizon, opportunities were many to rally him on faith in the gypsies.

By honest work and good luck, he won the notable place I had glimpsed in the Romanies' eyes. A curious coincidence to the above story was told me later by Bruce's father, William Bruce, of Hamilton. Blair's mother, when at school, went with a group of her girl chums to a neighbouring gypsy camp to have their

fortunes told. The gypsy woman came to Miss Blair and said, "You will be married, and have a son who will become very famous."

Bruce's 1884 Salon picture, "Temps Passé", was of an elderly woman seated on a tree-stump with new sap roots springing up around. She is reminiscent of childhood at seeing a group of children at play. The picture attracted the interest of Carolina Benedicks, a young Swedish artist of titled family, who expressed a keen desire to make the acquaintance of the painter.

Blair Bruce and Miss Benedicks chanced to meet at Grez, an artist's sketching haunt; again at Paris they found mutual interest, became engaged, and afterwards happily married.

Mrs. Bruce's career as sculptor and Bruce's as painter brought distinction to both. Well-merited honours came with years devoted to keenest study to fulfil the highest artistic ideals. "With a tenacity never idle, Bruce sought to forget himself in what inspired complete harmony of spirit and soul with the subject he sought to produce," are the words of one of his French critics.

Also, in 1881, a genial, roly-poly Englishman came to me, one recess, and said, "Forster, could I get a room at your *pension*?" This was Edwin S. Calvert, a landscape man of distinction. He was a good soul, an excellent singer, and a true-hearted chum. His rubicund Anglo-Saxon face was not compromised by his having been born in Ireland and lived in Scotland.

We took a studio, seventh floor up, near Quai de la Tournelle (where I later resided). Here he worked out his Royal Academy and Scottish Academy problems, and I developed local picture studies, three of which I sold to Australia. Mornings at Rue d'Uzes allowed us to lunch about 11.45 o'clock at a café, past which an omnibus ran to our studio quarter.

A "rumpus" occurred one day at the restaurant. Lunching early to get in a good afternoon, I placed my "derby" on a convenient peg, and by the time the room was thronged I was ready to leave. After searching the hat compound, and consulting everyone within reach, I was unable to find any trace of my hat, and the only unclaimed one was a silk "topper". The proprietor told me to take the silk. I protested that it was better than mine, but with shoulder shrug he said, "Take it." As the responsibility was now his, I caught a "bus" and was away.

Next day I was early again, and asked the proprietor if my hat had returned. A spasm of consternation seized him and he shouted, "*Sauve-toi! Sauve-toi! Mon Dieu, tu seras tué! Voilà votre chapeau! Sauve-toi! Nom de Dieu, Vite!*" (Fly! fly, for your life! My God! You'll be killed! Here's your hat, fly! In the name of God! quick as you can!)

I withdrew, and later learned the story of what had developed on the previous day. A pompous Parisian, on missing his hat, raised an outcry. A dozen told in various ways of my search and enquiry for my hat and of my asking for a claimant for his, and I had just on the instant gone with it. The hundred lunchers were ordered to claim their hats and a much abused derby was finally discovered—somewhere. With this perched on his short round head, like a comedy play, he began a loud oration. The laughter of the multitude fanned his fury into frenzy, and the crowd was up in pandemonium. The house was emptied in the rush to find the culprit. A dozen shops were stormed, "bus" service was intercepted, shutters banged for blocks, and an exciting half-hour was given the police and neighbourhood.

In the meantime, his hat on my long pate fitted fore and aft, with spaces at sides for my fingers. I welcomed

the return of my own and did not wait to see the prodigal silk reconciled to its owner. How much a bit of patience and common sense on my part might have saved of pother; but how much drama would be missed if there were no mistakes !

Some years later I spent a happy week with Calvert at Hereford, where he, with his wife and daughter, had an ideal home and studio.

Calvert was a member of the Royal Scottish Academy and was listed for recognition by the Royal Academy, but his sudden passing at his Glasgow home brought eclipse to what promised to be a splendid career.

Mrs. Calvert was a daughter of Charles Lucy, the painter of " The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers", now in the Capitol at Washington, D.C., " The Burial of King Charles I., at Windsor", and other important historic works. Mr. Lucy met his death by being thrown from his horse during a stag hunt in the forest of Fontainbleau, while he was a guest of the Emperor Napoleon III. His widow and daughter continued to reside at Barbizon, where we became acquainted on my first visit to that art paradise. On my second visit, Calvert was with me and was introduced to them, hence the happy sequence at Hereford.

When Calvert went to Barbizon I accepted a room with Jorgen Reedtz in Hôtel du President Roland, on Quai de la Tournelle. Many visitors of note came to the Reedtz home, he being of very high rank, but incognito in France. Artists, authors, statesmen, military and naval officers were frequently at his table.

It happened on a day I was absent, that a Dutch artillery officer, having imbibed unwisely during dinner, referred deprecatingly to the academic decoration of a fellow guest, Monsieur Gilbert. Gilbert called his attention to the error in his judgment in misinterpreting the status of his "ribbon". The Dutchman became

emphatic. Gilbert gave him the counter word and the artillery major challenged him, naming Mr. Reedtz for "second" to arrange for the "meeting". Gilbert accepted the challenge, naming "rapiers", and mentioning Monsieur Forster's name, who would return in the morning; thus dinner broke up.

Reedtz met me in the morning with the story of the previous evening and communicated Gilbert's request. Appreciating the seriousness of the situation, I accepted the responsibility and said that Gilbert might be informed of this. Then I called my host's attention to a feature of the complications he had overlooked. "Major ———," I said, "has insulted a guest of yours at your table, and therefore has given insult to you. His apology is first due to you for disturbance of your dinner, and a breach of your hospitality." Reedtz saw the point so went immediately to the Dutchman's room. I overheard his emphatic words as he revealed his mind to the erring major, and the visitor at once packed his belongings and departed in humiliation and disgrace. But my friend Gilbert never forgave my cheating him of the chance to exercise a skill with the rapier for which he was famous.

Those years were full of joyous life. In social contact with a circle representing the finer elements of the British and American character in the Paris colony, one's better nature was nourished.

Becoming linked up with a church group, we organized a series of Sunday meetings at five centres in the neighbourhood of Paris where English-speaking residents congregated about special industries and who lacked religious services and attentions in their own tongue. These we undertook to supply. Study and preparation for these duties wove a few choice spirits into a hallowed friendship. Our Saturday evenings were usually spent together in comparison of notes,

research, and criticism of each other's addresses, which were there delivered, and we became known as the School of the Prophets. This was kept up actively for three years.

One of these young men and I roomed together for a year. Our well occupied days brought us together at night—tired and satisfied. For a physical brace-up, we took either a run around a few city blocks, or a half hour at boxing before retiring. This boxing exercise developed not so much the science as the art of defence and initiative to a fine skill, for Paget, my chum, had height and arm length in his favour.

One day at the *atelier*, a student in playful mood swung a left-hander at me, which was countered so quickly with a finger placed gently on his cheek that it caused remark from bystanders. A few more rounds with similar touch on his chin or nose elicited ardent "*Tiens! tous les Anglais savent boxer.*"

There happened the very next day in the *atelier* the culmination of an unpleasantness caused by Mr. P., an Englishman of years. A sketch box of his had disappeared and he was obliged to purchase a new one. A few weeks later this box also vanished.

Mr. P. announced his double loss, with the remark that there must be a thief in the company. The second box was returned or recovered in a few days, and demand was made that he apologize to the *atelier* for his use of the word "thief". He proclaimed willingness to retract and apologize when the other box was returned, but not till then.

Mutterings of storm were heard. Martial cries, ribald songs—new each day—stirred the bellicose school. Finally a song acutely clever in invective seemed this day to thrill the throng, who seized *tabourets*, *chevalets*, and sticks, and the shouting procession marched around the

room in a growing din and rounded Mr. P. into a corner, where excitement and noise increased.

I had kept a few of the boys out of the *mêlée*, which had threatened serious things, from the first. But this I forgot when, in the increasing uproar a new and fiercely savage note rang out. Turning, I saw a stubby broom thrust viciously into the victim's eyes, and the ringing of a steel mop on his head brought the quick consciousness that the excited mob was getting out of hand. This meant blood, or consequences more serious. At once, into the midst, with command to "Stop indignities", I struck out with right and left.

The mob parted; a big Frenchman, white with rage, rushed at me, and I sprang to the attack. A wild hubbub of strident voices, his amongst them, dissolved the group into a gesticulating, haranguing multitude, and Mr. P. was led back to his seat. The excitement continued all day, with voluble questions and puzzled and disputed answers in which "*les Anglais*" figured strongly.

To those curious to know how the victim had fared: he showed the spunk and poise of a victor, but when I saw him a month afterwards, he looked twenty years older. The nerve shock had broken him, and he died not many months later.

A peculiar type of psychology, unknown to the Anglo-Saxon, was revealed in succeeding days by the repeated enquiries: Had I been paid, or what personal interest was there to me in the man's defense? When I answered, that if a foolish mob attempted to put out the questioner's eyes, I would promptly defend him if I could, this was received with shoulder shrug and a hopeless, "*On ne comprend pas les Anglais.*" (The English are an enigma.)

One student ventured a question on higher ground, asking me "Why did you prevent the vindication of the

honour of the *atelier ?* " My reply was prompt. "Was the honour of the *atelier* likely to be vindicated by a still missing paint-box, and the maiming of an elderly gentleman by silly students into the bargain ?"

The traditions of the French race for generosity and heroism are noble and numerous; but they are a temperamental people. Appeal to their imagination is largely through the impersonal, or if personal, it is likely to be by a sonorous name or word. About this time there was quite a bumptious phrase, "*Vive Boulanger et le cheval noir*!" "*Pour la Patrie*" is a cry to conjure with in France.

The Briton may say mean things of his country, but will fight to the death for his word of honour, or for a weak neighbour. The English are a mystery to the Continentals.

The historical cause for the divergence in motive, stated forcefully by the historian, Lecky, was quoted by Dr. Cunningham Geikie, in his talks to us at the Paris Y.M.C.A., and has been repeated by statesmen on recent occasions, without dispute. It was created in the eighteenth century revolutions, which were in a measure concurrent on the continent and in Britain. The revolution on the Continent was economic in motive and egotistic in result; in Britain it was religious in character and moral, or having consideration for others, in its effect. The inference is obvious, for the impress of those events is patent upon the two peoples to this day.

Yet the charming individuality of studio friends and their cordial comradeship dissolved all differences, and the incident above referred to lessened in no wise our mutual respect and regard. These unforgotten friends of the "Julian" number many whose work holds conspicuous place in international collections; Cavé, Baille, Dinet, Azambre, Thomas, Mercadier, D'Echnoz, Ménard, are but a few of them.

The first selection of a drawing of mine as one of the "foremost five" for competitive examination for students' choice of place, early in my third year, was both dramatic and most unusual. Monsieur Fleury had been supervisor for the previous month, and Monsieur Bouguereau was master for this Saturday, as beginning a new month, and had marked my "Academy" as one of five for the contest. Fleury, being interested in a very clever bit of work by a Mr. G., came evidently to see if this pupil's drawing had been recognized. After exchange of compliments, the selected names were indicated, and amongst them Bouguereau pointed to mine instead of G.'s. A courteous controversy arose between the masters, to the thrill of the entire school, and to the embarrassment equally of Mr. G. and myself. Our qualities of workmanship and promise were earnestly argued. Finally, Monsieur Fleury, as the younger professor, yielded to his senior and my work and name won the enviable place.

This meant personal counsel and severe grilling at Monsieur Bouguereau's private studio, Rue Notre Dame des Champs, in presence of his own inimitable work, a rare privilege of which I was not slow to avail myself. How rare was this privilege I was unable at first fully to estimate. I already knew the intimate search of his eye and skill of his hand. He could transfer those exquisite subtleties of truth in the spirit of nature to the canvas in a way that taught reverence for such charm; but discovery soon came that within those delicate planes and boundaries a whole orchestra of colour harmonies played.

On one occasion in his studio, when we were discussing some questions of composition, two or more pictures by other eminent artists were placed beside one of his own. The colour contrast was startling. I had up to that moment yielded to the popular clamour that

Bouguereau was not a "colourist". But at once the effect of his work was seen to make the others look black and crude; or was it theirs to make the clear notes of his colour scale ring out in a tender, strong, and satisfying music?

I presently brought a portrait study of a young woman, painted, as I believed, in attractive pose and accessories. But never, never, shall I forget his fatherly "*Ah, mon ami!*" He proceeded then to enumerate the unnoticed faults—in line relation, in the pose chosen, in the colour vagaries I had fallen into—and to emphasize the possibilities of charm in a subject having so many excellences which I had entirely overlooked.

As he continued the criticism I felt myself growing smaller and less, down towards a vanishing point. Then he placed my canvas beside one of his own. Oh! That was the last shrivelling touch. I looked for a knot hole or crevice to slip through and hide. That canvas of mine had dashed conceit forever. It was not what he said, but what I saw that crushed me. I know my humiliation was written, blazoned like a poster, all over me. He turned and smiled, saying, "You perhaps think me severe." I feebly stammered, "I deserve it." He continued, "Yes, I would not have been so severe, but I know you are worth it, and believe you will make good."

I took a day's rest in the open to find myself, and get that "long breath" to begin again.

I said to him on another occasion, "Why not leave to imagination a part of the task of guessing at meanings—a bit of mystery to fascinate?" "*Ah, mon cher*, that's the trick of the coward. There's enough beyond that grand measure of the possible to provide mystery for all of us." "Less than the highest is the subterfuge of incompetence," was one of his maxims. Another was, "You leave unpainted what you cannot see; it is

ignorance makes you blind; it is inattention makes you ignorant; inattention is imbecile."

His special interest in my work during the last year of lengthened stay abroad calls forth, with deepest appreciation and gratitude, my esteem for the name and memory of this great "Master of the French School".

These student years in Paris had not been a period of exile, for the reason that the capital of France was, and is, a meeting place for migrants of all nationalities. Many friends sought me out, whom it was a privilege to join in jaunts to the less frequented places of historic interest in and about the city. When William Brown, of Toronto, spent some days in Paris, I gave afternoons to outings with him. Meeting him once by appointment near the Arc de Triomphe, I found him somewhat embarrassed with a peck of strawberries. The recital immediately began of his seeing a display of this luscious fruit; of his pantomime with the feminine conductor of the street-side stand; of bargaining in different tongues, making comedy to kindle the risibilities of both parties into speechless laughter, and finally of his offering a silver half franc, and the woman at once catching up a measure and pouring the full contents into a newspaper on his lap. His consternation and her hilarity were simultaneous with my arrival, and the picture presented was one to convulse the soberest.

The first meeting with Senator George A. Cox occurred in a way worth telling. Having for my permanent address the Manse, at the Rue Roquépine Chapel, he and Senator Robert Jaffray and Miss Jaffray came together to call, and the *concierge* said I was in. Instead of my being summoned out to meet them, these visitors were ushered into a room where a prayer meeting was in progress, and where they devoutly waited until the meeting was concluded. Senator Jaffray always appreciated the humour when twitted by his friend

Cox upon having, for once, been found at a prayer-meeting.

The latter gentleman, the worthy successor of George Brown as head of the great Liberal organ, *The Globe*, was one of Canada's most clear-visioned statesmen and honourable citizens. Whether it was due to our meeting in that Paris sanctuary or not is open to inference, but for all the after years he was one of my truest friends.

It was in this Paris church that I received the Sacrament from the hands of Dr. W. Morley Punshon, at his last official service. He, some years before, during his residence in Canada, had sat to me for the portrait, now in Victoria College, and a most restless and nervous sitter he was. Oh, rare and masterful orator, prince of preachers !

The sanctity of his high calling did not dull his happy humour. At a meeting in Toronto addressed by the three noted speakers, Dr. Punshon, Dr. William Stevenson, and Dr. Lachlan Taylor, the last named stepped forward and said, " We have listened with awe to the matchless words of Dr. Punshon. We have been dazzled as by the blazing glory of the sun as we sat under the spell of his message. Then we have listened to Dr. Stevenson's oratory like the silvery sweetness of a lovely moonlight. And what is there now left for me ?" " Light the gas", was Punshon's quick retort.

To prove that Morley Punshon was poet as well as prophet and sage, read his hymn, " Sweet is the sunshine after rain"; then note his vision of Canada, written in the Preface to *Lectures and Sermons* (Adams, Stephenson & Co., 1872):

" Here is a land which reaps all the benefits of monarchy without the caste and cost of monarchy—a land where there is no degradation in honest toil; and ample chance for the honest toiler; a land whose

educational appliances rival any other, and whose moral principle has not yet been undermined; a land which starts its national existence with a kindling love of freedom, a quickened onset of enquiry, and a reverent love of truth, and of its highest embodiment—Religion. I feel that never country began under fairer auspices, and that if Canada's children be but true to themselves, whatever their political destiny may be, they will establish a stable commonwealth, rich in all the virtues which make nations great—mighty in those irresistible moral forces which make any people strong."

During these student years in France other interesting commissions were fulfilled. Among them Dr. Waller, Madame Carmichael, daughter of General Guepratt of the French Army, and also the father and mother Carmichael, in their home at Ailly-Sur-Somme. The father's portrait was posthumous, and my greatest help was the emphatic likeness to him of his youngest daughter, Miss Nellie, whose sittings inspired its success.

I also met the American Bishop Simpson; Dr. William Arthur, the author of *Tongue of Fire;* Rev. D. A. de Mouilpied, to whose soul I have been knit as Damon to Pythias (his portrait was shown in the 1881 Paris Salon); Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McAll, the founders of the Mission of that name; Rev. James Hocart, the founder of the Orphan Children's Home which carries his name, and whose portrait also had a place in a later Salon, 1900.

My dream and ambition through the years had been to paint historical pictures, but comment was persistent by both masters and fellow-students on my mental and temperamental adaptation for portraiture. Fleury had said with emphasis, "*Vous êtes portraitiste, Monsieur Forster. C'est votre métier; et je vous conseille de le suivre. Vous êtes portraitiste, vraiment.*" (This is your vocation and I counsel you to follow it. You are a portraitist, truly).

This opinion was corroborated during out-of-door study at Barbizon, by the Forest of Fontainbleau, with the colony of artists there. An elderly villager had walked wearily to a seat in the sunlight where I was painting, and, of course, happily appeared in my picture. A few days later the old man passed away, and his three stalwart sons came from Paris in blue smocks and jeans to the funeral.

They heard of my sketch and asked to see it. The face in profile, the size of a finger nail, was shown; they were delighted with the likeness and begged me to copy the head for them. I very gladly did so, making it slightly larger than the original, and gave it to the eldest. So pleased were they that the second son also asked for one. A second portrait evidently intensified their satisfaction, for the third son likewise begged for one. This was presently given him, and the proud trio returned to Paris.

The night following the gift of this last of the series, a group of chums came into my room, as a deputation, to tell me in very free language the kind of fool I was to waste my time at landscape. Dear old Ed. Calvert was chief speaker of the five enthusiasts, and in most emphatic manner said, "Not one in a thousand can do what you have just done, Forster. Get right back to the city and paint portraits. That's your vocation. That's your God-given task."

I finally placed myself under Carolus Duran, who was then the most renowned French portrait painter, and spent a winter in his studio.

At all these art schools one jostled in friendly comradeship with future celebrities, among them Alfred East, John Lavery, Edwin S. Calvert, Solomon Solomon, J. J. Shannon, Stott of Oldham, Mann, Guthrie, most of them since knighted; and Frank C. Jones, Winthrop Pierce, Chas. H. Davis, Kenyon Cox, Blashfield, and

other American artists of highest abilities and renown. In Paris, the figures of Jules Favre, Crémieux, Victor Hugo, Clémenceau, Henri Rochefort, the last named being the hero of forty-seven duels, were then in the public eye, and also Gérome, Puvis de Chavannes, Cormon, Cabanel, Manet, Laurens, Constant, Bastien LePage, and many more painters whose pictures were famous.

Delightful France, her soft sunlight makes light hearts, and a generous public spirit welcomes the student from other climes to splendid schools; to her my sincerest tribute, on her my goodwill in full flower is bestowed, a fragrant sheaf of very happy memories.

CHAPTER III

EMINENT COLLEGIANS

ON my returning to Canada after those years in Europe, the responsible programme of a professional portrait painter was thrust upon me by commissions waiting; and commissions continued to force the issue set up by my Barbizon chums.

I was asked to paint for Knox College its Principal, Dr. William Caven. In making pencil notes for the picture, I came to the hands, which gripped one another, and noted their size and strength. Their surprising contrast to his tall, lean, and willowy figure impelled the remark that they might be formidable if met under certain conditions, late at night. His response in a soft, treble voice and Scottish accent was, "Oh, yes, they're large, and they're strong; oh, I have enormous strength. I've gone to the campus where the students were throwing the shoulder-stone, and I could put it farther than any of them. Oh, I have enormous strength!" This astounding revelation was a good hint of the equal fibre and strength of mentality in the saintly nature of this renowned ecclesiastic and scholar.

Our talks seldom halted, and they drew aside the curtain from stores of deep humour. One year Knox "theologues" were football champions of the Dominion. In the class they did not measure up well. After letting them feel the want of preparation, Dr. Caven, with a twinkle, asked if it might not be well once in a while to think a little on theology.

Dr. Wallace said of Dr. Caven that no one, to his knowledge, "so quickly probed to the bottom of a proposition". Dr. J. A. MacDonald spoke of "the mighty reach and the grasp of his capacious thought in

debate". A Knox student illustrated this extraordinary mentality by a clever fiction of Dr. Caven's visit to the East. "He went to see the Sphinx and the Sphinx looked long at the Doctor, and seemed puzzled; then finally, it turned away, and said, 'I give up'."

The dear old Doctor at the presentation of his portrait embarrassed me by thanking the Directors for making him acquainted with the artist, who, he said, had a faculty of bringing out the best in the sitter, and even the good of which his subject was unaware.

His successor as principal, Dr. William MacLaren, differed in type, but possessed similar perspicacity and benignity and, withal, some fine humour. He told me of his first pastorate and his first address to its Sunday School. The lesson was on the "hiring at a penny a day", and, after a remark about some men hired early and some late, wishing to draw an inference from those who probably did not want to be hired at all, he asked the scholars what they would call such men. With Scottish persistence he pressed the question from class to class on a silent school. Finally a lassie stood up, to whom he cheerfully repeated his question, "What would you call these idlers?" Her answer was, "Please, sir, meenisters."

Of the successive names appearing on the staff list of Knox College no name is held in higher esteem than that of Professor Thomas B. Kilpatrick. At the time the portrait of Professor J. Paxton Young was painted, I thought he had given me my highest inspiration. But the visits of Dr. Kilpatrick to the studio, and the result, as pronounced by Mr. Chadwick, the celebrated British portrait painter, "The acme of good portraiture", led me to give precedence to the spirit and personality of this recent occupant of the Gallery of Immortals. One of his students said, "If all the church leaders were charged with similar wisdom and enthusiasm, the

church would suffer less derision, and would soon conquer the world."

The appeal made by Dr. Egerton Ryerson to the passing citizen was to call for a second look. Of large frame, cheery round face, and lustreful eye, this uncommon man was noted easily. His ardent and intrepid pioneer ministry awakened a determination to remedy the distresses and needs of the struggling settlers, and after that to furnish the means of culture to these people.

He was an early principal of Victoria College; first editor of *The Christian Guardian;* Indian Missionary and circuit rider; and as Superintendent of Education, the founder of the free Public and High School systems of Upper Canada. He was a great Canadian.

An air of thoughtful reflection sat upon Dr. Ryerson in later years. An interested listener he could be until questioned, or until an inaccurate statement was made. One had only to refer to the famous controversy between the late Bishop Strachan and the sturdy "Leonidas" (Ryerson) over "Clergy Reserves" or to refer to a State Church and the fight for free ecclesiastical institutions in Canada, and he would be instantly awake.

I should like to have witnessed the casual meeting on the Kingston-Toronto stage of the small but mighty Bishop Strachan and the large, leonine Ryerson, who were the doughty antagonists in the controversy just alluded to. Ryerson loved to tell about this meeting, long after the heat of their polemics had cooled, a meeting that cemented a friendship which lasted till the Bishop was called home.

The conversation and addresses of Chancellor Nelles of Victoria University suggested the clear atmosphere and sweep of the wide prairie. His sallow features, high lifted, heavy eyebrows and solemn mien, provoked in the artist a like serious feeling. But it only needed a touch on the true chords of his life to bring into

activity a vibrant and happy play and into the picture a like result.

He had the reputation of being able to witness more pranks by students without seeing them than any other pedagogue who ever lived. Nelles was truly a "great heart"; and between these poles of his genius there played a sense of humour which, when brought into relief against the background of his wise and grave countenance, was irresistible in effect.

Reminiscences of this humour are many, but one example will suffice. When presiding over a Committee on Doctrine, the discussion on the subject of sanctification became intensely heated. His reproof was : "Brethren, in the manner of your treatment of sanctification I have a conviction you are not 'justified'."

It was my pleasure to be present at the meeting of the Royal Society in Quebec, at which eulogiums of Champlain were fitting memorials on the occasion of the Tercentenary Celebration in 1908. That by Chancellor Nathaniel Burwash outclassed all others in dignity, in literary finish, and in its volume of historic truth.

As a boy among the Mississaugas, out-rivalling the young bucks in athletics; as a circuit rider on settlement missions, and as Chancellor of Victoria University, Burwash compassed a wide range of scholarship and of human interest and sympathy. President Loudon of Toronto University said that Chancellor Burwash was the master mind in the delicate negotiations that finally cemented the federation of the universities and colleges in the University of Toronto. His modesty, or reticence, was as great as his service has been to the Church, to the State, and to general culture; his spiritual influence on the life of his day was very great.

In the painting of Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Nelles, and Dr. Burwash, the advantage of intimacy in social life and in spiritual conferences was mine. I may mention here

that the evolving by Dr. Burwash of the framework of a Department of Esthetics for the University of Toronto was the work of his genius on the material of an address of mine given before the Canadian Institute on "The University and the Fine Arts", in 1891.

I am of opinion that in the person of Rev. Principal McVicar, formerly of McMaster University, this continent possessed an educational enthusiast who would be difficult to parallel. He had, up to the time he sat for me, founded seven colleges and occupied responsible chairs in others.

Perhaps it was the association of his strenuous mentality in the issue that enabled me between 10 a.m. Monday and 4 p.m. Tuesday to commence and complete his portrait, and in the meantime allow him to attend and give two addresses at the Baptist Convention then in session. I refer to this in expressing the belief that the busiest men, those who work under highest pressure in a public way, give to their friends, in moments of contact, much more of themselves than leisurely men do. And the painter likewise is helped by busy men in the same degree, to feel, to determine, and to record with swift certainty the spirit and character of his subjects. Portraits of Dr. McVicar are placed in Brockport, N.Y., and Richmond, Va., as well as in McMaster University.

With the name of Chancellor Theodore Harding Rand of McMaster University are woven happy memories, although our first meeting had threatenings for a time of our not meeting again. When he and Mrs. Rand called at the request of the University for a portrait, a photograph was shown me of a certain pleasing view of his face. It failed to reveal the strength of his personality, or to give hint of the generalship and administrative ability which I already knew had formulated and established the splendid public school systems of Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. I could not

honestly adopt those photograph lines, and frankly told the Rands so. Mrs. Rand was obdurate, and they left to seek other studios.

Dr. Rand returned within a few hours and gave instructions to use my own judgment. The portrait won the approval and satisfaction of his faculty and friends. Favouring fortune enabled me afterwards to paint for Mrs. Rand the sweeter fireside view of this remarkable man, which she had wished.

Poet, statesman, educationist, and loyal friend, he was a very frequent and welcome visitor at the studio after this, until his sudden taking off in the hall of his Alma Mater, Acadia University, on the very day on which added honours were being bestowed upon him.

There was a large sympathy about Dr. Rand, his students tell me. As the art that reaches down deepest into the heart of humanity makes the truest appeal, so he made appeal to the deep thought of students and faculty alike. These scholarly men were students of life, and were gathering wisdom not alone from books, but also from the multifold experiences of men.

For Toronto University, I painted Dean Galbraith, of the School of Practical Science. The Indians of the North called him "The Little Chief who always Smiles". Some great men can, 'mid myriad cares, give a genial manner right of way. Dr. John Galbraith did this, and the boys loved him, and they vociferously sang his praise the day of the portrait presentation.

His devotion to the science of Engineering was intense, and there was a doggedness of nature (as witness in his chairmanship of the Expert Commission of Enquiry into the Quebec Bridge disaster) which led him to overtax his strength, so bringing about his own break-down and early death.

Dr. A. P. Coleman, his successor as Dean, is different from Dr. Galbraith in many ways. Galbraith was the

mechanician and scientist; Coleman is the artist and scientist. He had taught art and still practises it, and mutual understanding of this familiar field of exercise helped in the easy achievement of a favourable result in his portrait.

Coleman has a fine genius for putting scientific and technical statements, especially in relation to Geology, in popular phraseology. He is always ready with information, whether in classroom or, as I caught him (in fustian), "In search of a mountain". This was on his return from an expedition in a vain search for Mount Hooker, which was a fiction of the old United States geographies. He was at the time President of the Canadian Alpine Club, and one of its active and daring mountaineers.

What Coleman sought among Canada's high altitudes, another sought among her high latitudes. Our Icelandic Manitoban and adventurous scientist, Vilhjalmur Stefansson's features, are reminiscent of Siberian steppes and centuries of westward trek. The native wit and physical fibre which in daily struggle against nature's asperities are ever conquerors, grow thereby keen and tough. A strain of this in the Icelander makes an ideal explorer. Our subject has added hundreds of square miles to Canadian territory, an ethnic contribution to our Arctic lore, and utilitarian suggestions that may yet add greatly to national wealth from Canada's last North.

A portrait subject of another type, who brought to the studio more than usual impressiveness, was Dr. Willet G. Miller, of the Ontario Bureau of Mines.

During sittings the studio was a rendezvous of jovial mining men, whose banter often took a round out of Miller. He, in calm good humour, would take the joke till an opportunity came, when he would set the jokers at odds against themselves. For instance, he quietly asked them if they had seen anything of Charlie

——— lately? The mention of the name brought recollections evidently of some *mauvais contretemps*, or unhappy experience, to the group, for a wrangle seemed imminent, and Miller's eyes were meantime like limpid pools of fun at their expense. Among them Jock Murray's brain seemed a happy hunting ground of whimsical congruities.

I love working under these conditions, especially after my picture scheme is defined, for thus the best becomes possible. In the present instance, Miller's became one of my most successful portraits. He is represented at "field work" in the Cobalt district, which he organized and named.

I discovered Willett Miller to be "a good sport" in the noble meaning of the word. Once, being twitted by German college men in Heidelberg on his poor play at bowls, he challenged for his associates and himself the clever bowlers to a series. Miller rose to the occasion, and seemed to grow larger as he sent ball after ball down the alley to sweep the pins away. The winning "*Englishers*" looked for sportsmanlike compliments, but that was not then the Continental habit.

In the villages and the mining camps of Canada, draughts, or checkers, is a popular game. There is always a champion checker player at these centres, who is, of course, made to test the credentials, or standing, of any newcomer. One of the company usually interviews the stranger in a friendly way; another brings out board and checkers, and then nods to Ned, Bill, Olaf, Mike, or some other until one, the champion, consents to play the stranger a game. The pluck or skill shown is the gauge of the visitor. Miller modestly agrees to play an easy game or two, and an evening of deep interest is on for the whole camp. By a late hour it becomes known all through the district that one of the greatest geological scientists and mineral experts

is amongst them. Miller's standing is confirmed. Has he not just completely beaten the champion checker player ?

Dr. Miller's work in the geological field was not destitute of thrills. He told of his hand being badly chafed by an ill-made paddle, and of poison getting, by some means, into the bruises, with the result that the whole hand became so fearfully infected that its condition and his suffering were indescribable. Had he been near medical advice the hand, and possibly the whole arm, would have been amputated. So excruciating was the pain he suffered that on one occasion he took up an axe to sever the member, which was unlikely to be of use again; but Dean Brock, one of the party, dissuaded him.

It was a Government expedition and could not be delayed. He was useless and was left at camp on an island, alone in the wilderness.

Dean Brock told me they scarcely expected, on their return, to find Miller sane, if alive. But his powerful constitution, his Quaker self-possession, and mighty will enabled him to continue a self-directed treatment night and day, and the party were greatly relieved, after twelve days' absence, to find Miller well on the way to recovery.

Clamour and confusion in newly discovered mineral areas obliged Premier Ross and his Government to take vigorous steps to bring order into this North-land, and Professor Miller, of Queen's University, was appointed to the task. This task he accomplished in a spirit of noble and masterful self-forgetfulness. Hugh Marriott, the great English mining engineer, paid high tribute to Dr. Miller in one comprehensive phrase : " The nearest approach to perfect altruism I ever ran across."

His University degrees from Toronto, Heidelberg, Harvard, and Queen's, may indicate equipment and

WILLET G. MILLER, PH.D., F.R.G.S.
Provincial Geologist of Ontario

scholarly distinction, but it was the careful judgment that refused to be stampeded, and the decision to act, that gave this handsome giant success as administrator of the Department of Mines.

President of the Mining Institute of Ontario, author of the volume, *Pre-Cambrian and Economic Geology of Ontario*, and Chairman of the Geological Section of the British Association, he was, when death called him, in the zenith of his power. Dr. Willett Miller passed, as Nordic heroes to their Valhalla, his name enshrined in his country's memory.

A unique type was Dr. Winthrop Spencer, the geologist. His was a short, roly-poly figure. When I mentioned his name, Jock Murray immediately told the story of Spencer, who, on a hot tramp in the wild North, where it does get hot, was panting and mopping his head. Looking up at Miller's cool height, he wished that he, too, had been born a giraffe.

He had taken distinguished place in his studies at McGill and Göttingen, Germany; and had held staff positions at the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ont.; King's College, Windsor, N.S.; the University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo., and the University of Georgia.

His published researches show the syncline of Caribbean strata, marking the Western rim of the vortex of the lost Atlantis. He mapped the lost canyons of the Atlantic coast; described the great epochs of our North American Continent; discovered unimpeachable data of its climatic eras; wrote the romantic and phenomenal story of Niagara from its own testimony, and made copious notes for a projected volume on practically a new science, the "Oscillation of Continental Elevations". The world has been enriched and Canada dowered with seven hundred reference volumes and many thousand examples of fossil and geologic material in the Winthrop

Spencer Museum of Historic Geology in the University of Manitoba.

Dr. Spencer was to the last a sane, genial, straightforward, at times testy, but very kindly gentleman, with a hearty appreciation of humour. He loved to tell of jokes on himself. On the steep Norwegian hillsides he would jump from the Stol-kjaerre and gather in little pocket bags marine-shells and at once label them. These were evidence of what he poetically termed, "the heaving breasts of the slumbering continents". The driver would look sympathetically at Mrs. Spencer as he tapped his forehead, thinking Spencer slightly affected in that region. Similarly, among the natives of all Central-American States, which he explored, and Mexico and the West India Islands, they treated him, to his amusement and satisfaction, with profound respect, as touched by the gods.

A farmer, meeting him in his wanderings, and suspicious of his rough appearance (suitable for exploration amongst rocks and earth), said to him, "I reckon you prob'ly have good reason fer takin' the back roads 'nd fields." Another, equally puzzled by his apparent pre-occupation, asked him, "What be you?" Spencer asked, "What do you think?" He answered, "I guess, mebby you be a lawyer, 'cause you haint nothin' p'ticular to do." Wherever the rustic got the simile he will have to explain; I cannot. Sometimes again, not being able to make country folk understand the character of his investigations, he simply answered, "Cogitating on the mystical past". The humour of the answer was usually reflected in the countenance of his questioners. Spencer was as fond of history as of science, and I never had a more scholarly and entertaining sitter, either in my studio or when I painted him again at his Washington home.

Dr. S. S. Laws, of Washington, D.C., a friend of Dr. Spencer, was a man of intellectual strength and versatility, and looked the part. His strong nose, white hair (worn pompadour) and stocky frame bore evidence of his Holland blood. He had been imprisoned as a rebel suspect, but was paroled early in the Civil War; went to France, and, when allowed to do so, returned to New York. Here he organized and became Vice-President of the Gold Exchange in that city.

It was he, not Edison, who invented the "ticker" for conveying grain and stock quotations to Bourse and financial offices, and established its use in its present form.

Dr. Laws graduated in theology, afterwards in medicine, and then in philosophy.

In his thesis for a medical degree, he anticipated by almost a generation Dr. Thompson's "Principles of the Mind". During his Presidency of the Missouri University, for which his portrait was painted, he founded the "Laws Astronomical Observatory" in connection therewith.

His "Irenicon", for the fusion of Calvinistic and Arminian ideals, is the statement of a master mind. This manuscript I have, its preparation having germinated in our studio discussions.

Dr. Otto H. Tittman, another friend of Dr. Spencer, head of the Geodetic Survey of the United States, a member of the Alaska Boundary Commission, etc., sat for me in Washington. I had some difficulty in finding a pose suitable to the personality of this subject. Words are an unsatisfactory medium, and I can't describe therewith the things I saw in him; but I changed the lighting and made him get up and sit down so often that he finally asked what I was trying to do. I answered, "I'm trying to discover the attitude that will indicate the lines of scholarship I see in you, and I want

to get it without those affectations of learning sometimes seen in portraits." He laughed in surprise, and said, "That is a most remarkable thing for you to tell me, Mr. Forster. Do you know, you may find good reason for it in the fact that I'm the ninth generation in direct succession of University graduates?" I would be glad to know if a similar statement can be made by any other whose eye may alight upon this incident.

At that time, and again a few years later, when making a portrait of a successor of Tittman's, Major Bowie, I felt the sitter's spirit of enthusiasm for accuracy and for work well done. The sense of responsibility, in charting bases for surveys of the shores and seas for the safety and convenience of navigators, and for the mapping of all other areas, calls in simple justice for its mention as characteristic of this branch of national service.

A most interesting type, with a face quite apart from the usual, a vigorous personality, a man of fine passion and good sense, of genius and philanthropy, was Dr. F. H. Torrington, the far-famed musician.

To Thomas G. Mason and Rev. Dr. Potts are due the honour of securing Torrington for the Metropolitan Church in Toronto. As in other cities, so in Toronto, his enthusiasm became contagious, and church and choir music quickly improved. The old Philharmonic Society took on a new spirit under his baton, and the addition of an orchestra gave quality, tone, and volume to the vocal numbers.

To build up this orchestra he scoured the wards for young Italians and others, whom he taught for a trifling fee in the basement of the College of Music. To these youngsters he offered a further reduction in proportion to the number of other young musicians they would bring. When proposing this to budding Paganinis, a little fellow piped up, "Misder Torringdon, how many musd I bring to ged id for noding?"

Around Torrington's Philharmonic Society there sprang into activity half a dozen or more musical groups, and as a result Toronto acquired a reputation more than continent-wide as a famous musical centre, a reputation which she has not forfeited, thanks to most worthy successors. Torrington was not a young man, and the younger leaders had aspirations. A propaganda was begun insidiously to discredit Oratorio, and, incidentally, Dr. Torrington as well. He endured this for a few years, and then said to his committee, "Gentlemen, you know the propaganda to discourage Oratorio in Toronto; I am not discouraged, but I am closing down for a while to let the rebels see how they will get along without it." The Philharmonic was disbanded, and within two years not a musical society of any strength remained. With the Philharmonic's revival, music revived.

Toronto *Saturday Night* said on the occasion of the unveiling of his portrait in Toronto City Hall : "No man is likely to occupy the exclusive position in musical affairs that Dr. Torrington held from 1875 to 1900. It is well his portrait should hang in the City Hall of Toronto as a memorial of service that will long continue to bear fruit."

Dr. Torrington secured the affiliation of the Toronto College of Music with the University, and created a musical faculty in connection with it.

He was due one day to attend a meeting of the University Senate, and his cabman had failed to come for him. The telephone was not then in common use, and his impetuous impatience was near the storm break. He saw an expressman drive past and hailing him, offered a dollar if he would gallop all the way to the University. Torrington arrived in time.

He introduced the system of musical examinations, which have promoted musical development throughout

the Dominion, and, with his old pupils in every centre, he became in this way a national figure.

When the Senate suggested conferring an initial "Doctor of Music" degree, Dr. Torrington at once nominated the head of a rival school of music, and Mr. Fisher, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, became the first to be honoured with this degree by Toronto. This was Torrington's spirit, prompt, capable, magnanimous, great.

For the portrait of Professor John Squair for Toronto University, the appeal issued by his associates was a convincing testimonial to the place he occupied in their esteem and the service he rendered to the educational institutions of the country. It said, "These services are worthy of being recalled. The University Alumni Association, the Faculty Union, the Students' Dining Hall of former days, the University Press, all owe a large part of their establishment and success to his support. For years he worked in the interest of University Extension as Secretary of the Local Lectures Committee, and gave personal assistance in every way to the establishment of Teachers' Courses, which now form so important a branch of college work.

He made two generous gifts for the purchase of books for the University Library; and we owe largely to his persistent efforts the valuable collection of reproductions of works of art which is one of the unique features of our academic equipment, and which grew out of the most successful course in world history, a large part of which in the fourth year was occupied by his history of the fine arts in Europe, illustrated by lantern slides."

Appropriate recognition of Professor Squair's service to international scholarship was given by the French Government in his decorations as *Officier de L'Instruction Publique*, and later, as *Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur*.

The place of the Grammar School and Collegiate Institute is determined by the acknowledged status of the masters who have for generations powerfully influenced the character and life of this and other nations; Dr. Robertson, of St. Catharines; Dr. Wilkinson, of Brantford; D. H. Hunter, B.A., and George Strauchon, M.A., of Woodstock; and Dr. Tassie, of Galt, who was a survival of the Elizabethan period, when with ferule and whip, sound and frequent beatings, for good reasons and no reason, were believed to be salutary to the conduct and weal of any boy.

Contemporary with Tassie was James Davison, M.A., of Guelph Collegiate Institute, a pronounced contrast to him in methods, the beloved of two generations, whose exemplification of the principle of a fair deal for pupils has been justified by its thousand tests. Davison lost no element of good discipline by his generous understanding of young folk. The expressions of a wholesome affection on the day and evening of the portrait presentation were like garnering a wealth of golden tributes in a harvest of years.

With him was naturally linked Dr. William Tytler, who preceded Davison in the Collegiate. The modesty of these men might be gauged as the counterpoise of their phenomenal success. The last named, for example, was the lucky son of a father who graduated from Marischal College, Aberdeen; he, from Elora Grammar School and Rockwood Academy and with Gold Medal in Science from Toronto University (1862).

Tytler held successively the principalship of Carleton Place and Smith's Falls High Schools, and St. Mary's and Guelph Collegiate Institute, for lengthened periods, until illness forced a relinquishment of these exacting responsibilities. He then took up the broader work of supervision and Inspectorship of Schools for the County

of Wellington and the Secretaryship of the Guelph Board of Education.

A glimpse is caught of the spirit of his educational work in his *con amore* library activities. It may be said with truth that Tytler "founded" the Guelph Public Library. He began a system of fostering a taste for good reading in that city, and in the Province at large, he being for years President of the Ontario Library Association. Generously did he give of time, experience, and insight to the cultivation of love of good literature suited to the ages and vocations of a responsive public. Well merited was the bestowment by his Alma Mater of the degree of LL.D., in 1924.

To his intimate friends the picture will be easily recognized of my octogenarian subject on a public platform with pencil and paper, showing a neighbour beside him a new Latin pun, or a Greek distich, just composed out of sentences uttered by the speaker before them. And you may picture my joy with a sitter whose whole frame played in harmony with the bright moods that kept dullness forever at a distance.

A notable, if not spectacular, place among collegians has been taken by Dr. James L. Hughes, of Toronto, through sheer force of character. As descendants of eminent French and Irish military families, Dr. Hughes and his distinguished brothers have revealed those Gallic and Keltic qualities which have ever given imagination and spirit to the Anglo-Saxon stock.

Splendidly gifted with discernment of character, Hughes chose the vocation of school teacher, in which his success soon won promotion to the superintendence of Toronto's public schools. His prudent personal selections for the teaching staff and progressive ideas brought high efficiency. Travel tours for teachers and other original methods secured progress in pedagogy and popularity to the administration.

His recognition of the potentialities of youth was exemplified on a visit to Edinburgh. At a "prize-giving" by the Board of Education to the victors in the great National Athletic Series, he was called upon for a few words. The Lord Provost thoughtfully counselled the healthy undergraduates to courtesy toward the visitor, "and always to show respect to their elders". Mr. Hughes promptly sprang to the front and said, "My Lord Provost, my counsel to you and every one is to show respect to the boys."

This remark caught the fancy of the responsive boyhood, and a burst of applause and vociferous cheers dominated the audience for full five embarassing, if not tragic, minutes. Mr. Hughes' reference to their future service to country, to the Empire, and to the human race justified in a way his opening sentence, and substantiated the philosophy on which it was based. This event was a characteristic experience. His continent-wide popularity as a lecturer on educational questions has been won by such brilliant epigram and strong appeal; and the many volumes from his busy pen are charged with a similar original, generous, and Cromwellian spirit. Dr. Hughes' greatness as an educationist is apprehended and appreciated more beyond the Canadian borders than within them.

Equally may fine tribute be paid to another citizen of large calibre, Sir William Gage, whose experience as teacher inspired his genius as a publisher of text-books. Sir William, when he was a delicate, slender lad, was brought to the Normal School in Toronto by his father, who, with parental solicitude, watched the campus games for a time. The father then, with fine discernment, called to a senior student, who was a tall champion athlete, explained to him his son's inability to bear rough usage and asked if the lad might be placed

under his care. "Certainly," was the young athlete's reply. He was James L. Hughes.

It was in each other's company that I made their acquaintance a half century ago. And when Sir William Gage passed away, rich in honours and in national esteem for great philanthropies, and for his remedial provisions for White Plague sufferers, his life-long friend, Dr. Hughes, was one of those to help bear his body to its last resting place.

Rev. Dr. Bethune, headmaster of the Trinity College School at Port Hope, revealed in his eightieth year a youthful countenance that announced the possession of a life secret. I asked him where was his Ponce de Leon, his fount of Bimini. He laughingly told in response of his interest in the out-of-doors, in the study of plant and insect life.

Having retired from the College Principalship, he continued, for the Government of Ontario, the study he was pursuing. He found life so full of interest that he could not be bothered about his growing old. Memory unrolled story after story for my delight and presented quite a demonstration of the secret of youth.

Dr. Bethune had won fame, not more by his discipline and success in pedagogy, than by his love of nature and the interest which he kindled in his boys in the wild life around them. With this interest stirring one of them, the lad climbed a tall pine tree, perched upon whose dizzy top was a hawk's nest. Wishing to determine whether it was a fish-hawk or a red-wing or red-tail variety, he brought away some of the bark and other material of the nest to show the master. This material remained in his pocket until after school, when he showed his treasure. Dr. Bethune examined and smelled the pieces, and with a twinkle said, "This is pine bark, but gathered probably in a tobacco field, for it carries the scent of what you know is forbidden

about your pockets or person." A cigarette lurking surreptitiously in the boy's pocket had been betrayed. The master kindly let him off that time on securing a promise that he would not offend again.

It is not often men's renown is won in pastimes, but Dr. Bethune's is greatest as an entomologist, where his name is perpetuated in several species and varieties of insect life. He rendered priceless service to the Department of Agriculture of Ontario and to the continent at large by his researches into and by treatises upon the insect pests and the insect friends of orchard and field. Services such as these to our civilization are abundant warrant for the ever welcome "bodily likeness" of our nation's nobility, which intelligent generations so cordially look for and prize.

CHAPTER IV

INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIPS

IN a fine old Georgia home, where I was guest for a fortnight many years ago, the coloured butler became confidential. He said he would like to go to Canada, and gave as his reason, "You all is mo' like oua folks than the Nawthenas is." This set me studying racial characteristics, in order to determine whether type, or types, were developing, or had developed, on this continent.

The people of Canada have retained more of British character than have their brothers of the United States, but the Southern families are said to be of purer British blood than any others on the North American Continent. They have, besides, a large measure of the British characteristics of modesty and dependability. There is a quiet, unostentatious dignity in their bearing which is very attractive; while the oath of the Gauchos of South America, when they give a promise, "Para palabra Inglesa" (by the word of an Englishman), could equally well be applied to them. Perhaps the remark of my coloured butler friend quoted above is an indication that the spirit of the Southerner is more in harmony with that of the black people than that of the more positive, more aggressive Northerner.

There is a large physical type, massive of brain as well as of build, often met with in North America. May it increase ! A great country needs the guidance of men of great good sense and strong character. There is also a smaller type equally prevalent—a nervous, self-satisfied "smart Alec" type. Which will the future endorse as rulers of this Western hemisphere ? Another query : Are Canadians taking on in North America the relation,

in some measure at least, of the Scots to Great Britain? Speculation on these questions, however, must be left to the ethnologist and the psychologist.

My international friendships had their beginning in the seventies. A colony of Southerners had remained in Toronto after the Civil War. At the centre of this soft-voiced, yet valorous, coterie were Mr. and Mrs. Joab Scales, formerly of Kentucky. Social gatherings in their home were amongst the city's attractive events. At the marriage of their daughter with Major Tello, Jefferson Davis, the President of the former Confederate Republic, was a guest of honour.

Picturesque, heroic figures, with hair swept back in the style of the Southern league, and names to conjure with only a half decade before, were familiar in the streets of Toronto in those days.

Many of them sat for their portraits; and the studio was frequently merry with banter and jest over the prices which had been set upon the heads of the genial sitters.

One day a very slender figure, wearing an all-dominating, fluffy silk hat, entered the studio. In the shadow of his hat-brim two inquisitive dark eyes sparkled. This was General Mahone, of Lynchburgh, Va. He brought his little daughter of three years for a portrait, and the wee girlie, with her daddy's eyes, made a sunny and innocent reflection of the man whose fighting had made him famous in the Confederate Army. The story was still current of the alarm, almost to hysteria, of his wife on learning that the General had suffered a slight flesh wound. She was inconsolable as she insisted, "He is so thin a bullet couldn't touch him without hitting him hard."

It became necessary, a few months later, for me to visit Covington, Kentucky, to re-touch one of the portraits I had painted for Mr. Homer Hudson. The

task was a pleasant one in the social and intellectual atmosphere of his home, graced as it was by a very attractive daughter.

A member of the Kentucky Legislature, who had friends in Canada, and who sat for me later, accompanied Mr. Hudson and me one afternoon on a jaunt to Cincinnati, across the river. The legislator requested that I enter with him one after another of the numerous beer-saloons of that city at a pace much too rapid for my liking, and I asked to be excused. Urged by an abnormal thirst following a " night with friends " (?) he insisted in spite of courteous protests, until his demand, would I or would I not, called for a firm, though polite, refusal. He immediately produced a six-shooter, into the barrel of which I glanced, and then smiling and looking him in the eye, said, " Kentuckians are noted for their courtesy to visitors, whose wishes they always consider." The revolver went back into its owner's pocket and he retired to regale himself alone. I noted a violent tremour in Mr. Hudson's hands as he apologized for his friend's conduct. He said it was a mighty lucky escape for me.

Two years afterward, when I met this man again in Toronto, he greeted me cordially and added, " By G–d, Forster, I never came so near pulling on a man and didn't as that day in Cincinnati." He then apologized and expressed regret for his lack of proper courtesy to me as the guest of his friend Hudson.

Not long after this a commission was given me for a posthumous portrait of a famous Virginia circuit rider, named Brockunier. It came from his son, a prosperous manufacturer in Wheeling, W. Va.

Good stories of my subject were many. One, reminiscent of the days " 'fo de Waw", was of his halting his gig to give a " lift " to a coloured boy with a heavy basket. " What have you with you ? " was

asked, and the answer was prompt : "Chickins, sah. Ah's gwine t'd d' camp meetin'. Ol' Brock'll be thar, n' he's some on chickins."

The success of this portrait was such as to bring, years later, the whole Brockunier family to Canada for other services of the kind. A cordial friendship thus begun ripened with exchange visits into years of *confrérie* and valued correspondence, and a priceless heritage of goodwill that continues through another generation.

Providence played an agreeable game of chance with friendship in my meeting in London the Misses Ruth, Mollie, and Evelyn Early, of Lynchburgh, Va., while I was painting the Lord Roberts portrait. An invitation to visit them resulted in my painting several portraits in an atmosphere of interesting family history at their Virginia home. The traditions of the Old Dominion, in which the Earlys owned a large area of the James River Valley, and the heroic though unhappy memories of the Civil War, in which the young women's father and brother and their uncle Jubal played important parts, supplied the warp and woof of many thrilling reminiscences. The retrospect is a happy one of an esteemed fellowship with the Early family.

Miss Ruth as a skilful writer has contributed important records to Southern archives, and an excellent life of Major-General Jubal Early is among the many products of her facile pen.

While at "The Pines" I was almost daily wakened by the snatches of song carried in exquisite harmonic parts by the coloured labourers as they passed to their work in the early morning. The magic of those voices —from tenderest tenor to bass of mellowest depth and volume—is unforgettable.

In the Carolinas, extensive settlements of disaffected Stuart sympathizers were founded after misfortune

befell Prince Charlie's cause, and the State names are redolent of the Scottish Highlands.

A century of Southern life, of common political experience, and of social intimacies amongst those former plantation owners has interwoven the filaments of family relationship throughout the old Confederate States. Indeed, it seemed a natural process that through the Tayloes of Mount Airy, Virginia, the Baileys and Grantlands of Georgia, and the Munfords of Alabama, I should find myself amongst the Camerons of North Carolina.

At "Montrose", whom would one expect to meet but a Graham, name of more distinction even than Claverhouse? And surely enough, Major John W. Graham gave me a hospitable welcome to this manorial home, at Hillsborough, N.C. Excellent subjects supplied exercise for my brush in an atmosphere vibrant with patriotic allusions to Anglo-Scottish throne rivalries and succession claims; and with more recent memories of the harrowing and not less costly experience of secession and reconstruction in the South.

The Camerons and Grahams were closely related. At the home of Bennehan Cameron a portrait was painted of his father, the former statesman, Thomas Cameron, of Raleigh, N.C., for his granddaughter, Miss Annie Cameron Graham. Old Edward, the faithful servant, who had been born on the place, was invited in to see it. "Why! Miss Annie, you'd jes' think Mars' Tom wus a' settin' right thar. But, law! Miss Annie, ef he *was* thar the' wouldn' be none but him lef' yere," was the prompt African comment.

The great Confederate reunion, held in Richmond, Va., 1915, will linger long in the memory of the younger Southerners who saw it, and it celebrated a not unpainful jubilee to the old. It marked the half-century of peace between the North and the South. I happened

to be in Richmond at the time, engaged upon portraits of some of its important citizens.

As guest at the home of former Governor Montague, whose wife was President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, I found myself near the centre of the great demonstration, and was carried right out into its exultant, patriotic life.

Camp was pitched in the parks and open spaces for the veterans in grey, the surviving remnant of the gallant and desperate million who had fought for their convictions during those five years of the '60's.

Governor Stuart of Virginia and the Governors and representatives of many States of the Old South were present in the concourse and in the procession that trod those familiar streets. Thrilling, mightily heroic, but graphically touching, was the last muster of that grizzled but spirited fragment of great grey battalions of the now dream years. These were men whose "rebel yell" and fury had chilled the blood and broken the nerve of many times their number in irresistible charges and surprise attacks—long, long ago.

It was a privilege to grasp the hand of heroes, ay ! and of heroines, too. The little maid of sixteen, Miss Clindedinst, now Mrs. Crim, and a grandmother, was there, wearing proudly her "cross of honour". She ran out from her home when the Virginia Military Institute cadets, boys of twelve to fifteen years, swung in on Breckenridge's flank when it was threatened at the battle of Newmarket, and turned a critical situation into a victory over Siegel. She was the only nurse on that whole flank to bind the wounds and ease the death of lads struck down in that encounter. Hers was one of the thrilling epics of that period.

It was soul-stirring to see the old men with feeble step and hollow cheeks carrying their heads with a proud grace and glint of eye, which showed that the

fifty years had left them unforgotten and unforgettable in the grim retrospect.

Many commanders of the old days were there—while others were replaced by their sons. Mary Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, and others bearing famous names, received the salutes of assembled chivalry—a sea of memories rolling wave on wave over the throng as the names rang out.

It was the supreme, last, but exuberant, blast of the clarion of the Confederacy's distinctive nationhood. Two years later there remained no longer North and South. Civilization's peril and war's furnace had fused them finally into the United States of America.

A special invitation called me that year (1915) to the United States capital to execute two or three commissions. These led to a number of others in natural sequence.

As usual at sittings, conversation touched a wide range of topics to lighten the hours when Judge Lamar, formerly of Florida, sat for me in his Washington home. He had held the office of Attorney-General for thirteen years in that State.

He told of having some time previously stood for election as U. S. Senator for Florida. The campaign was a hot one; personalities were indulged in, and threats of a positively sanguinary character were made by his opponents. Lamar, as a defence precaution, engaged five men, who already had murder to their counts, armed them and had them stationed near the platform when he held a meeting in his opponent's home town. He refuted all charges that had been flung out, and referring to his rival's threats against his life, dared him to repeat them. The moments were most tense. Presently one of the auditors mounted a chair and called for three cheers for Lamar, who subsequently won the election.

The story just related must be taken as merely incidental to the development of what is termed Democracy.

Judge Lamar was a man of genial spirit, and an original thinker in the field of sociology. He took advanced ground on the ethics of public life and the administration of national affairs. He was for a time U. S. Commissioner to Japan, from whose Emperor he received an order of distinction.

While I was engaged upon the Lamar portrait, an invitation was received from Hon. Schuyler Merritt, of Stamford, Connecticut, which called me to New York. This introduced me to a notable personality, Henry R. Towne, whose portrait I was to paint for the Board Room of the Yale and Towne Manufacturing Co., on 40th Street, New York, where the picture is now.

Linas Yale, half a century before, had invented a new system of safety lock. His health not being good, he needed assistance, and he formed a partnership with young Towne. The latter was a civil and mechanical engineer, who had superintended his father's engine construction and the placing of the engines in the monitors and other vessels of the U. S. navy during the later years of the Civil War. The extensive works at Stamford, Conn., are due to Towne's abilities. To his credit he has ever maintained a foremost place in the company's business for the name of its founder, who early passed away. To-day the business is continent-wide, and its name is a synonym for highest honour as well as for refinement of skill in many lines of delicate construction work.

Mr. Towne was a refined, clear-visaged, keen-minded personality who probed every problem of his own, and even those of the artist. He enquired why I violated the usage of the day by keeping the hair on my chin; quoting the saying, "A mole is a blemish, a hair-lip is a misfortune, but a beard is a man's own fault." I could

only answer that I had been counselled by a physician in my young manhood that if I would retain clear eyesight I must keep the razor from my chin.

After several other members of his family had been painted, he said, "Mr. Forster, you put into your portraits what no other painter does." I began to find the same pronounced appreciation for my work here in the North as was shown in the South. The less liberal expression by Canadians reminds one of the dying Scottish dame, who asked her husband, "Jown, have ah bin a guid wife te ye? Ye've never telt me a word." "Ah dinna think uv onything te complain aboot, Jean," was the generous North Country compliment.

Mr. Towne contributed greatly to the efficient organization and influence of the New York Merchants' Association, as one of its directors in co-operation with W. F. King, the original organizer and first president. The latter's portrait had to be painted from photographs and from the knowledge I gathered of his forceful and magnetic personality as well as of his idealism and vision. Beside it in the Board Room hang the portraits of his two kindred spirits, Messrs. Towne and Whitman. These men were instrumental in securing the co-operation of the railroads with New York's wholesale houses and outside buyers, to the great advantage of all. As vice-president of this Association, Towne brought the impact of the New York merchants to bear upon the City Council for improved street pavement and lighting, and the regulation of traffic to the convenience of shoppers and others.

The second president was Clarence Whitman. He was a Canadian, by the way, a very handsome and courtly gentleman. He and Towne were a powerful and efficient team. Under them the Association's influence grew. Towne followed Whitman as president, and under him the Association claimed more than

Mrs. Morton Whitman
New York

6,000 members and to-day it is the most influential civic organization of its kind.

Whitman spent most of his later days at his splendid dairy farm at "Katonah", Westchester County. No more delightful hosts made welcome the visits of their artist friend than Mr. and Mrs. Whitman; and several family portraits remain as a result. The ideals of a cultured leisure are not often enjoyed by men after years of strenuous affairs; but on this beautiful farm they seemed to be found with the master of "Katonah's Wood".

A neighbour of the Whitmans, and their clergyman, was the gentlemanly and gifted Dr. Lea Luquer. He had been a lawyer and afterward a banker, and at a summer resort had accepted the role of lay reader in its Episcopal Church. The Bishop of the diocese had noted with interest his part in the order of worship, and when, later, his health failed, advised him to take a little country charge, then needing a clergyman. He accepted, was ordained, and filled more than a half century with high-souled, helpful ministry. In 1916 was celebrated his jubilee as its rector. The occasion was marked by testimonials of more than ordinary affection from men of many cities and counties, and included the presentation of his portrait from my brush.

I had met Dr. Luquer casually a year before, and in that brief moment thoughts were exchanged that left a legacy of admiration. Known in the intimacy of his home,his noble features were mellowed and illumined by a true spiritual experience, which made our fellowship and my task of painting a benediction and a very bright memory.

In the same neighbourhood lived the Iselins, members of the Swiss banking firm of W. J. Iselin & Co. The head of this firm sat for me at his Fifth Avenue home, New York. The young scion of the family, Master Jay Iselin, also made a stimulating sitter. Young Jay

was named after his mother's great-grandfather, Governor, afterwards Chief-Justice Jay, who purchased the Katonah tract from the Indians before the Revolution and who was the United States representative in framing the Jay Treaty, the foundation of lasting peace between that country and Canada. Jay tested splendidly my skill in the portrayal of exuberant youth. And a really joyous little subject for a "*plein air*" (out of door) portrait was Jay's younger sister Eleanor. What gripped my feelings was the magic of her wholesome goodwill. Once when Jay and his elder sister were going for a jaunt somewhere, this lovely child, having the choice of going or staying, said, "I'll stay with Mr. Forster." A few months after Eleanor's portrait had been painted I was again in the neighbourhood, and one Sabbath morn- was seated in Dr. Luquer's church. About mid-service, the child's eyes, playing about the congregation, alighted on me. Impulsively she clapped her hands, and bouncing on her seat, said, in very audible whisper, " Oh, mamma, there's Mr. Forster," to the amusement of those nearby in the church.

In this family I found intimate friends of the Earl and Lady Grey. Exchange visits had been made by them during the Earl's viceregal residence in Ottawa.

Here I met amongst others Mr. William Payne Thompson, who invited me to his home on Long Island; presently to find my services as painter engaged by other New York people. Amongst these I will mention the names of the eminent specialist, Dr. Austin Flint; John Morgan Wing; Rev. Dr. Leighton Park, then the splendid rector of St. Bartholomew's Church; Mrs. Byam K. Stephenson, and several other liberal patrons of art and possessors of many fine examples of American and old world masters.

Their frankly appreciative comment as the portraits developed, coupled with their intrinsic character value

as portrait subjects, served to awaken my best artistic endeavours. And I again affirm that the temperamental responsiveness of my friends south of the border deserves more than the passing reference already given, and inspires belief in it as a special and fortunate race characteristic.

One of these friends, Mr. Thatcher M. Adams, son of the celebrated Dr. Adams, of New York, mentioned in a later chapter, was an art connoisseur. In his home hung choice portraits by Romney, Van Dyke, Reynolds, Hals, Nicholas Maes, etc. In this company of masterpieces, to have a subject like Mr. Adams was a desirable opportunity indeed. His portrait, painted with the sympathetic notes of old tapestry as background, now forms the key around which has been built the residence of his architect nephew on Long Island, which houses the whole collection of paintings.

A few months later, on a train from Buffalo, a fellow passenger relieved tedium by reference to notable men in the cities we passed. As we neared Utica, he described one of its citizens as the greatest personality of the Empire State. Upon learning the name, I discovered it was that of the subject I had been invited to paint.

Thomas R. Proctor, of Utica, N.Y., was a tall and attractive figure. He had distinguished himself in the Civil War as a junior naval officer. During fifty years of residence, Proctor inaugurated and in part donated the large and beautiful parks and playgrounds which adorn his city, and made similar gifts to other localities. His art sympathies will be perceived in his establishment in New York City of a fund out of which the Thomas R. Proctor Prize is annually given to the artist exhibiting the portrait adjudged the best at the National Academy Exhibition. He loved to entertain, and was always a courteous and tactful host. He stood always for clean politics, honourable business, and Christian charity, and

exemplified all three. He declined public honours, and refused a statue of himself to adorn his park system; but since his death a splendid statue by Brewster has been unveiled with what might be called a national celebration.

A day has been appointed to be observed by children for hospitals and benevolences known as Proctor Day. One, in speaking of him, said aptly, " He loved much to plan; he loved more to give his means; he loved most to give himself for the public good."

The value of ideals to men in life's ordinary avocations is finely illustrated by the Studebakers, of South Bend, Indiana. The father Studebaker was a blacksmith in Gettysburg, Penn., who, with the true artist impulse, demanded of himself the best that could be done in every task, no matter how small, to which he set his hand. Clem, his son, started a waggon and harness business in South Bend, Indiana, while his brother, John M., was one of the " Argonauts of '49 ", who sought gold in the California "placers". Instead of mining, however, John made wheel-barrows for the miners, and so earned what he gained. His return home with means and his joining his brother put Studebaker Brothers on a good business foundation.

Making waggons for the Union Army in the '60s gave them fortune. The '70s saw their business extend across the continent. The '80s saw it south in Mexico and north in Canada. The '90s witnessed their reaching Europe and Australia; and their contracts with the British Government for waggons and harness during the war in South Africa made them world-renowned.

In 1914 the British Government, remembering their efficient and honourable services in 1900, offered them contracts into the millions for harness, artillery trucks, limbers and tractors (from which last the tanks developed). Contracts requiring fulfilment within twenty

weeks from acceptance were carried out in sixteen weeks, through the loyal co-operation of the men with Frederick H. Fish, then president, and through the capacity for organization demonstrated by the then new treasurer, A. R. Erskine.

After the passing of Clem and John M. Studebaker ere the second decade of the century was half gone, Albert Russell Erskine became president and Fish chairman of the Board of the reorganized corporation. This biographic detail will disclose the demands upon the painter in the individuality of the men whose portraits he had to paint. The problem was not one of history, but of personal character, upon which much history depends.

With the entry of the United States into the World War in 1917, the entire plant of the Studebaker Corporation was placed at the service of that Government. A museum has since been established, which gives ocular demonstration of the variety of their war supplies.

Under Erskine's administration, the Studebaker automobile plant has become a marvel of engineering perfection and efficiency. It has been said of corporations that they have no soul. The working conditions for health, profit and comfort for all its employees give the lie to that old saw in the case of the Studebaker Corporation.

My profession taking me often beyond the border, brought acquaintance and friendship with many other international names and personalities. None amongst them was more picturesque in figure, nor of clearer ringing historic note, than Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, whom I first met in Washington. The ample sweep of silver hair and full beard, the large head poised on massive shoulders, and the look of his keen brown eyes, gave nobility of air to the great man he was. His forehead sloped slightly

back, due in some measure to prominence above the eyebrows. Does this indicate a perception of the possible, rather than causative reflection upon what is? The phrenologist may answer the query.

Dr. Bell invited me to his Cape Breton home, where more leisurely sittings could be given than in Washington. Beinn Bhreagh juts grandly out into the Bras d'Or Lake, an arm of the sea. Here the first tests of heavier-than-air machines were made with his tetrahedral kite, and with the Wright Brothers' engine planes. And I saw the amphibious little combination of Zeppelin and whale-back making seventy-one knots an hour.

The story of my visit to Beinn Bhreagh is one with a joke on me. I went thither to paint a portrait of Dr. Bell for a private collection. The portrait was painted in left profile, with Dr. Bell wearing a brown velvet smoker. When it was completed and I was packing to leave, Mr. Gilbert Grosvenor, one of his sons-in-law, came merrily into the room, exclaiming, "Forster, you've done what no one of my knowledge has accomplished for nineteen years; you've brought unity into this family." I asked for the joke. He answered: "They're all agreed the portrait is perfect, and they're all agreed that you shan't have it." I protested, but asked, "How about Dr. Bell giving sittings for another portrait?" "Oh, he'll be delighted to give sittings, he's having the time of his life." This first portrait went to the National Geographic Society's home in Washington, founded by Dr. Graham Bell.

Time was required to paint the second, which I designed in larger style, Dr. Bell in grey worsted Norfolk and knickers and showing a three-quarter view. This one I did not get, because Mrs. Bell, who had taken special interest in its production, claimed it; and so I had to start all over again with another new portrait

scheme. This time I painted Dr. Bell's majestic head in full view, with his figure in plum velvet smoker.

When the third was finished, special compliments were paid to it, which were appreciated sincerely as I went about packing up my picture. Dr. Bell, however, made the situation clear by saying, "It's no idle compliment, Mr. Forster; the portrait is wanted for the Volta Bureau in Washington." I had gone to paint a picture for myself; I painted three, and didn't get any of them. That was the joke on me. Later, at his Washington home, I painted a fourth portrait in academic gown and hood, which I have been able to retain, of the man whose memory we wake every time we use a telephone.

In a rock-hewn sepulchre at the summit of the noble Beinn Bhreagh, overlooking the expanse of the Bras d'Or Lakes, the mortal remains of the great inventor sleep.

CHAPTER V

PUBLIC MEN UNDER THE STUDIO LIGHT

UPON what philosophy do you account for the doubles in likeness so frequently met with among peoples of different race? I can understand the fact that once, in the city of Berlin, I saw a man so closely resembling a Scottish-Canadian friend that, after keeping near him for a block or two, I finally addressed him to find out whether or not he spoke a different accent, simply on the basis of a Teutonic strain which had followed the generations.

But a year previously I met a Frenchman from the Midi in Chasseur uniform in Paris, with the kink of nose, the lift of right upper lip, the same grey eyes, swagger and all, of a friend who was born in the Niagara district, of many generations of English stock. This can scarcely admit of a similar solution.

To bring two such together is as difficult as was the task given the coloured factotum of a Southern boaster, who had just told of shooting a buck through the foot and head at the same time, and referred as usual to "Jeff" for confirmation. Jeff, loyal to his master, said, "Yass, das true. Dat 'ere buck he put up his foot to scratch his eaw, an' de bullet went right fru de foot an' de haid." Later Jeff said appealingly to his master, "Yo sure ain' gwine t'make it so hawd to pull dem points togedder nex' time, is yo', boss?"

Whence was evolved the type that confronted the artists of the later nineteenth century in Benjamin Disraeli, with his replica in the Pathan cook on the Roberts Kandahar expedition, whom the tommies called "Dizzy"? And of his other double, Sir John A. Macdonald, who, when receiving his degree at Oxford,

was greeted by students with shouts of "Dizzy, Dizzy"? Or again, in the startling apparition of Disraeli in Windsor uniform and cloak at St. Pancras Station, in 1887, the night of Sir John's reception and dinner at Buckingham Palace? Disraeli had passed away in 1881. Truth to tell, we portrait painters are seeing such group types continually.

Whilst Sir John, with lock of hair on his forehead, and rugged nose, so popular with the caricaturist, Bengough, was of a type apart, he was not a man apart, as his bonhomie and frank friendliness proved so well. During the painting of his portrait the studio atmosphere fairly vibrated with the racy reminiscences of this remarkable man.

Sir John's boyish pranks at school, which frequently merited punishment, were met by an advocacy before the teacher so skilful that he escaped its infliction. But it prompted that teacher's prediction that he would make a better lawyer than clergyman; and wasn't his jaunty air and manner all through life a verification of the prophecy?

Sir John's walk was as unlike as can be imagined the firm, forward pace of his Scottish race—that positively insists it could never admit a change of mind, but his step was slightly springy, short, with an odd long step under mental impulse. A quick head-turn and full glance missed nothing, and told ability to change on the instant, as though on a look-out for that "opportunity, not time, that great men want".

George W. Ross, when writing home from the House of Commons, said, "Sir John is a man of great talent and extraordinary tact and finesse. He can cajole, or threaten, or dodge, or retreat according to emergencies, but always does it skilfully to the satisfaction of his friends".

I had often listened to Sir John Macdonald, and good stories of his adroitness are plentiful. With a recent convert from the Liberal faith, to whom he had given

an important appointment, Sir John was careful to listen respectfully to all he said. If any objection were raised to his points the chief would silence it by a lift of the hand.

His adaptability on all occasions was masterful. He once visited the Markham Township Fair, riding in with Squire Milliken behind his splendid team. An Irishman had ridden over from Yonge Street on his unsaddled, poor old horse to see him. Urging his mount across the field to meet the chieftain, he called out, "Good day, Sir John." "Good day, my friend," he shouted back, and added, "That's a fine horse you have." "Faith, he's like yourself, Sir John, a bit worse for wear." "Yes," was the prompt reply, "he's like myself, a rum'un to look at, but a rare 'un to go." Who could help but endorse the approving cheers?

Sir John's humour could take on the artist's touch, as was shown when Edward Blake said of the Speech of 1883, that it was too promising; he was too dazzled with excess of light. Sir John's response to this was prompt: "I do not say the hon. gentleman loves darkness rather than light because of his deeds; but he would like more shadows. The hon. gentleman's æsthetic tastes will be satisfied when political difficulties come to him, for light and shadow will be properly mingled then, and Rembrandt will be more than Turner in the picture".

Sir Richard Cartwright spoke on one occasion of the wheels of industry not running smoothly, when Sir John countered, "There must be some 'grit' in the gearing".

Sometimes his humour was whimsical, as when Mr. Holton accused Sir John of making a statement in a menacing manner, ". . . pointing a finger at me; I call upon him to explain." Sir John replied, "If I pointed my finger at the hon. gentleman, I take my finger back".

There were many loyal friendships awakened by Sir John, like that of old Mrs. Grimmason, of Kingston,

whom he had befriended when her husband died, and whose many manifestations were reciprocally acknowledged by both the great statesman and Lady Macdonald; or that of Patrick Buckley, the cabman, who never failed his chief. These, among many other notable instances, but reveal his own loyalty to his friends, high or low, great or small.

In spite of or above the clever sallies and witty retorts that enliven reminiscences at corner stores, or punctuate after dinner quasi-political gossip, Sir John's patriotic vision had much to do with the framing of the charter of the Dominion of Canada, the British North America Act, and that bond of steel, the Canadian Pacific Railway, which first linked together the country's far-extended areas.

The lapse of thirty years since his passing has seen no lowering of his commanding place in the affection of his party or in the national esteem. It preserves the old Scotch dictum quoted by Emerson: "Wherever a MacDonald sits, there is the head of the table."

Sir John had a faculty for gathering around him strong men, men like Cartier, Tupper, Tilley, Langevin, Abbott, Galt, who formed a stalwart group of keen intellects and brilliant wits. Arrayed in opposition was likewise a galaxy of talent, numbering amongst others Sir Richard Cartwright, Edward Blake, Alexander Mackenzie, and other kindred spirits.

Alexander Mackenzie's retort to Sir John A. Macdonald is remembered and showed him the possessor of a better knowledge of scripture than was the Premier. Mackenzie had raised a question a second time, and Sir John said impatiently, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" These were the words of Ahab to Elijah, which Mackenzie recognized. He retorted, "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in

that ye have forsaken the commandment of the Lord". This was relished by the House.

A leading member of this important historic group was George Brown, whom I once met with Edward Blake and Alexander Mackenzie. The ponderous and impetuous manner of Mr. Brown, who usually expressed himself in a flood of argument, was countered by the restrained precision of Mackenzie, which seemed equally convincing. Mackenzie had a finer sense of humour, and could turn it on his friend with happy effect.

The heads of Brown and Mackenzie were character studies. On each face were graven the history and traditions of Scotland. Mackenzie's maintained clearly the stamp of an uncompromising conscience, while Brown's showed the lines of imperious command. Each displayed in equal strength the courage that never knew retreat. Around Mackenzie's eyes played in sunny ripples the fine lines that readily anticipated a coming jest, while George Brown's full orbed outlook took even a joke seriously.

Apart, each seemed the antithesis of the other; together, the historian or student might see a synthesis in their mutual execration of political chicane, their abhorrence of vacillation, their equal straight-forwardness and their love for each other and of the land for which they gave their lives.

Men tell of a bad quarter of an hour for George Brown, when campaigning in South Ontario. His address to the citizens of Oshawa was delivered on a hot June night in a crowded hall. Brown became warm with energy and action, his long arms swinging, and removed first his coat, then his vest; next his tie and collar were flung aside, while he indulged meanwhile in copious draughts of water.

The audience was in fine humour as he reached for another glassful from an empty pitcher. In the moment's

halt, a son of Erin in the hall shouted, "Faith, this is the first time I ever saw a windmill run wid water". The laughter and applause over this sally continued so persistently that it was impossible for Brown to get his audience into serious mood again. As the story ran throughout the riding the flood-tide of Brown's campaign became an ebb, for the joke overturned what logic had built up.

Is it true that upon trifles such as this depends the fate of democracies? And why should men carrying tremendous responsibilities be so frequently victims of the irresponsible? The pathetic humour of the situation just related found grim sequel in the tragic passing of this great statesman by the bullet from a pistol in the hand of a weak-minded youth.

When I was invited by the National Club of Toronto to paint the portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Premier, the sittings were given at his Ottawa home. In the first interview Sir Wilfrid's placidity of manner was puzzling.

Arriving at his home by appointment, at 9.30, I was received in his dining-room (after breakfast), and the hour of sitting continued until 10.30. His secretary came with letters, which he opened and read through, then dictated answers in the same order. When the secretary left other callers might come, while the sitting continued, uninterrupted. If they told good laughter-provoking stories, he smiled and gave some appropriate word; but the same calm was maintained in all interviews, howsoever serious or precipitate may have been the situation disclosed by his friend. It was so un-Latin in temperament, so spiritual in feeling, that it grew fascinating.

Any portrait painter would notice in Sir Wilfrid Laurier what others have noticed; his expression was

that of a " leader looking forth from a conning tower". The calmness of his high and quiet brow greatly helped in this. His face was smooth, but a smoothness made of a multiplicity of tiny wrinkles. When he was angered, these would show; and when he was pleased they would seem to break back and forth over his still tranquil face like tiny wavelets.

His nose, if not quite so marked as Sir John A. Macdonald's, was " the nose of dominance and power ". And, just as it was said that for a generation Pitt's nose overhung all Europe, it might with equal truth be said that for half a century those two noses overhung all Canada. Sir Wilfrid's hands were soft and velvety, and had the gentle touch of his conversation.

He had also a curious ability to appear dressed in the latest Bond Street correctness while, as a matter of fact, parts of his raiment remained of the same cut during his entire official life. His collar was always very high. His necktie was a dullish red puff cravat completely concealing his shirt front; and, to the end, its mass was enlivened by the same horseshoe pin.

He carried his shoulders with so unchanging a squareness that they gave the impression of being broad. But the painter could see at once how narrow they were; and that simply because Sir Wilfrid was very thin. This gives point to a good story. A French opponent in the House of Commons, M. Mousseau, a very corpulent man, called upon heaven to witness that Sir Wilfrid " had fattened himself upon the sweat of the people ". " Gentlemen," he replied, " all I can say in answer is to ask you to look upon us for yourselves and say if it is I who am fat."

He was not a man who told many stories, nor who gave rise even to anecdotes. But the late Peter McArthur, in his years at Ottawa, gathered a few, which

he was very fond of telling. For example, this is one about how knighthood came to Sir Wilfrid.

He was expecting nothing of the sort, for nothing had been said of it. But, in 1897, when attending Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, he was invited, with his fellow premiers, to dine with the Queen. He had been placed beside her. And, when he looked down at his place card, he found upon it, in the Queen's own hand :

"The Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier."

And if the Queen had not on that occasion indulged in her well-known weakness for underlining, Sir Wilfrid must have felt that the emphasis was none the less and unquestionably upon the "Sir".

He was gentle courtesy itself, in the studio as outside. One of his nicknames was "the grand seigneur". On one occasion, in Toronto, a friend told him of two young ladies in his audience who greatly wished to meet him, and asked if he might not bring them up to him, when he answered : "You may *not!* But you may take me to them!"

Many are the stories, too, of his love of children. When a famous naval debate at Ottawa was threatened with closure, and the following morning his followers were anxiously awaiting his delayed appearance—it was midwinter— he was discovered spending valuable minutes trying to locate a lost mitt which a cold and crying child had dropped in the snow. Again, throughout an entire day he wore a bit of pasture weed in his button hole, because it had been brought to him, as her offering, by a ragged and barefoot little girl. And a Toronto editor still tells of how, when fourteen, he wrote to Sir Wilfrid gravely remonstrating with him upon his attitude towards prohibition. Sir Wilfrid didn't merely answer, and with all gravity; but upon his next visit to that small boy's home town, he wrote

inviting him to come and dine with him, that they might discuss the matter together at length.

Sir Wilfrid was always a statesman. Affairs of larger moment were usual themes of discussion, rather than details of society, and he never talked about himself. His generous nature was always ready to praise and loth to censure. Sarcasm was with him an infrequent weapon, whether in Parliament or on platform, and when used was subtle and without bitterness.

His sense of humour was keen, quick, immediate; but stories of repartee, or retort, are not likely to be told, and certainly not invented for him, for Sir Wilfrid's personality had about it the quality of Old World chivalry, and in the atmosphere of this large and masterful serenity such things seemed out of place.

To have all this in mind while sittings proceeded tested well the painter's power of discernment and portrayal. It gave also an understanding of the delightful faith of his compatriots, which often invited playful caricature, as when one of them, on being told that the Prince of Wales was to be made King, remarked, " Dat Prince of Wale, he mus' have big pull wit' Laurier; sure! "

One of Sir Wilfrid's most capable ministers was that player of many parts, Sir William Mulock, K.C.M.G., now Chancellor of the University of Toronto and Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario. Here is another " public man " built to Frederick the Great's standard of " The Guards ".

Commission was given me a few years ago for a portrait of him as the Vice-Chancellor of Toronto University. Having made an appointment with Sir William at his Newmarket home, where he was resting by doctor's orders, I met his secretary coming out, looking the picture of weariness; and on my remarking it, he said, "Why not? I've just had seven hours at a stretch ". Going in, I found the quondam invalid plunging into

another parliamentary document which he said would be run off in three hours.

That is how our statesmen recuperate, and that, too, is how, as Postmaster-General, Mulock was able to make the Department find a surplus on a reduced postage rate.

Work becomes, to willing hearts, a luxury. Most truly did Elizabeth Barrett Browning write : "Get leave to work—for God, in cursing, gave more good than men in benediction". And again, "Get work, get work, and know 'tis better than what you work to get".

As may be imagined, it was necessary to keep Sir William's mind occupied during sittings. His industrial sympathies and experiments in farming supplied themes not destitute of humour, especially when spiced now and then with the stimulating by-plays of politics. A second portrait of Sir William, as Administrator, hangs in Government House, Toronto.

Another of Sir Wilfrid's associates was his redoubtable Minister of Finance, Hon. W. S. Fielding. The aphorism is true, and might be repeated, that there are as many sides to a man's features as there are to his character. Hon. Mr. Fielding, like most men, had usually the handsome aspect of his face photographed. One of these pleasing prints was handed me in the hope that it would lighten my task; but, oh, dear, no ! It would not do, for it did not disclose Fielding, the statesman. I then for his portrait had to decline the photograph, and soon found a view that indicated instantly the massive strength of his mentality.

The difficulty of securing a proper estimate of merit in a public man is the bias of partisanship. My approach is by another route, a direct contact impression. With Fielding there was a delightful frankness in this home

touch. With some of his thought I didn't agree, but when he said :

> "Oh, give me the man who is willing to sink
> Half his present repute for his freedom to think,
> And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
> Will sink t'other half for his freedom to speak,"

the contact was quickly and pleasantly positive.

When completed at his Ottawa home, the portrait was submitted to their Excellencies, the Earl and Lady Grey, by whom it had been commissioned. Lady Grey hesitated to approve, thinking it an unfamiliar presentment. After explaining to her the process of my studies for it, she said, "Leave it and we will have him this evening to dinner; I shall arrange the light and my position at the table to get your view." On my calling next day, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Forster, don't touch it; it is perfect; it is a great achievement."

The request for a portrait of Rt. Hon. Sir John S. D. Thompson did not come to me in time to get sittings before he went on his State mission to England. While there the great call came, suddenly, from the very presence, it seemed, of his sovereign at Windsor Castle. The Empire went into mourning. Conveyance of his casket to Canada by a detail of the British fleet, and the solemn ceremony of the obsequies, were an appropriate respect shown to Canada's First Minister, and of the sorrow felt by the nation in his loss.

Sir John Thompson was a much more capable speaker than Sir John Macdonald. He once addressed a large political gathering in Toronto, and it was said to be the greatest speech ever given in that city. This tribute shows his impressiveness as an orator and his statesmanlike treatment of public affairs. The Earl of Aberdeen spoke more than once of him as the most masterful mind of any at that time in Canadian public life.

A friend told me the dialogue which he overheard on the night of that famous speech; a man beside him saying to his mate, "Tim, he's as short as he's long, so he is." "No, Jim," was the reply, "but I'm thinkin' it's as thick as he's wide he surely is." The truth is, the little man of five feet three was strong enough to carry two hundred and forty pounds personal weight, and that's no joke.

In painting him the standing figure was given a background of the draped British flag, which gave to it a feeling of height and suppleness of line.

The fire which destroyed the Parliament Buildings in 1915 burnt up this portrait of Sir John Thompson, and also the painting by F. M. Bell-Smith of the arrival of the casket of Sir John at Halifax, entitled, "Landing from the *Blenheim*".

Sir William Meredith, statesman, Supreme Court Judge, Chancellor of the University of Toronto, and oft-times High Commissioner, brought again both the incentive and the joy of a good portrait subject. Sir William's appearance and bearing prompted at once a reference to the grand style commended by Sir Joshua Reynolds. In his lectures, students were advised to study "the Italian Gusto Grande, the French Beau Ideal, and the English Great Style for an intellectual dignity that ennobles the painter's art". To me there is yet the "Art of Nature", by which a man expresses his own true self, and which bestows a quality upon his portrait without appeal to classic forms, a style which both reason and enthusiasm commend. Sir William's Apollo-like figure and easy manner suggested this sufficiently for himself.

When designing his portrait, I let him walk about the studio. Naturally came the question, whom would he be inclined to name as the dozen most capable men in the Ontario House. In a minute was caught a pose as

though by his desk in the legislative chamber, and his look of reflective concentration.

My standing subjects are seldom required to stand more than a few minutes; most of the work is done while they are comfortably seated. Good sense should always see to it that the sitter enjoys a maximum of comfort and ease.

Sir William's garden was his Eden. Here, in appropriate metaphor, he cultivated the bloom of health to cheek and eye. To this might be added, calm to the mind and peace to the spirit; and these were more than flowers of speech that might have grown amongst the blossoms and box bordering the walks he trimmed as a pastime.

Meredith, as leader of the Opposition, had first with Sir Oliver Mowat, the Premier, and afterwards with Premier A. S. Hardy, many of those flashing parliamentary bouts, which are so interesting to the members themselves and to the public. A full gallery usually witnessed to the attractiveness of debates when the Ontario Legislature was in session. On one of his campaigns, during a political address in London, a man in the gallery flung out repeatedly the silly gibe of that day : " Oh, get your hair cut". Meredith, presently looking in that direction, said, " I recognize that fellow now. He was before me in Court a couple of years ago and got a hair-cut at the country's expense ". That proved a sedative.

A broadminded statesmanship characterized the then Premier, Hon. A. S. Hardy, who, when it was learned that the members of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition were arranging for the portrait of Sir William Meredith, at once ordered the portrait to be charged to the Province, adding that " Mr. Meredith's services were invaluable and disinterested ".

Mr. Hardy had many of the characteristics of a later Premier, Sir James Whitney. He was bluff, honest,

fearless. Deputations of partisan colour were not favoured, and Grit and Tory fared alike.

Sir Oliver Mowat's long occupancy of the Treasury benches, and Mr. Hardy's continuance as head of the same party were reasons at this time for a stirring election cry, "It's Time for a Change". I happened to be in the Parliament Buildings one day, and Mr. Hardy, passing along the corridor, came over to me to commend generously my portrait of Mr. Meredith. I thanked him and said I hoped my reputation would hold good until the time was ripe for a portrait of himself for the building. "Oh, Forster," he said, "you know good things must go around." "You agree then, Mr. Hardy," I answered, "it's time for a change?" He threw up his hands and laughed in his characteristically hearty manner.

A few weeks after his withdrawal from public life, he called at the studio and ordered the portrait of himself which now has place in the legislative buildings. During sittings reminiscent narrative gave good play to his mobile features, and his eyes, forgetting illness, showed deep, luminous fun in them. Reference was frequent to his famous law-practice days. One was of B. B. Osler, the Dean of the Law Faculty, twitting S. H. Blake on his Bible Class, and asking him "What lesson is now on?" "Ananias for next Sunday, and I have in mind a certain learned counsel as a good illustration," was the prompt, caustic, and characteristic retort, to an accompaniment of hilarious applause.

Mr. Hardy represented the sort of client the portrait painter likes, because of his responsiveness. But this responsiveness might take on at any instant a change of colour; as, when in wheeling away the portrait, then near completion, to get a long range view, a wrong light fell for a moment upon it. At once a volley of invectives reached me, which, on the turn of the picture to its proper light, as quickly changed to compliments, with effusive and emphatic apologies and laughter.

CHAPTER VI

MORE PUBLIC MEN

MOST people are aware that the two sides of the human face are not alike. If measurements are taken from the inner corner of each eye to the mouth they will be found to be of unequal length. The right side of the masculine face and the left side of the feminine are usually the longer, though the contrary is the case in a fair minority of instances.

More startling, however, is the contradiction in the face map, one side frequently presenting an aspect so widely different from the other as to be scarcely recognizable. But differences in the individual are not confined to the physiognomy. Stevenson's Jekyll and Hyde story is not strange to the student of human character and countenance; nor, indeed, is it to the men who often find themselves puzzled by their own opposing reactions and eccentricities.

It is affirmed by spiritualists and magnetists that the right side of a person is positive and the left negative, the right masculine and the left feminine. But however this may be, the face balance is often so disturbed that the portraitist must choose decisively the view of the feature on which the whole success of the portrait may depend. Besides and beyond this, are there not at the same time a hundred inter related problems for the psychologist, whether he be scientist or dreamer?

Sir George Ross, who as Hon. George W. Ross, succeeded Hardy as Premier of Ontario, exemplified this puzzle to some extent in face and figure.

Martyr that he was to rheumatism, the posture to be chosen for his portrait presented difficulties, which were obviated finally by the shadow of a table dimming the

outlines of his crippled limbs; but the spirit which surmounted difficulties was always evident in the illuminated face.

Sir George as a subject was likeable because he was likeable at home in the freedom of his fireside. Farm-bred boys have much to talk about in their common experience of the hardships and exposures incident to farm duties, and of the firm fibre these give for after life. Often the rigid economies imposed make them frugal of time and avaricious of knowledge.

This Scotch laddie adds to the list of his race who climbed the ladder, round by round, from the little log school house to the Ontario Premiership, and then to the Senate of Canada. Indeed, his is a record that few have equalled in this or any other country. He was eminent in all branches of the teaching career; on the platform as a speaker; in parliamentary and public life; in literature, in international conferences and in statesmanship. "With the buoyancy of his Celtic temperament, he kept his mind alert and vigorous in spite of bodily infirmity." As teacher he was an inspiration to his pupils, and as school inspector an inspiration to teachers. One of his old pupils says : "When I was a little girl I used to sneak up to the front seat the day Mr. Ross came to visit the school so he would smile at me and pat my cheek and shoulder as he passed my desk. It was through his inspiration I kept on working till I got my honour matriculation."

Another tells : " I recollect his first visit as inspector, because upon the impressions left at that time depended my future success as a teacher. He came in touch with each child, and on leaving would give an inspiring talk, making the children feel that the future greatness of Canada depended upon them. They were going out to make Canada the best country in the world. In strong

tones he would say, 'Prepare yourselves, prepare, prepare', and with a bright 'Good morning', he was gone."

A fellow member of the Legislature said: "I never knew a parliamentarian so eager for accurate information as to the needs of all sections of the country that he might plan measures for improvement of conditions wherever betterment could be made." When he was knighted by the King in 1910, public approval was unanimous.

Stories of quick wit were popular; and here is one of Sir George Ross which stands almost alone for audacity. In his first campaign for the House of Commons, he accused his opponent, the sitting member, of voting a tariff on Bibles in 1867, a sensitive point to Scottish folk. The opponent, terming Ross an upstart and malicious libeller, flourished a Blue Book (of that date which showed no such tariff) in his face and asked the audience to condemn his accuser as a prevaricator and slanderer. Ross was embarrassed. Had he been misinformed? He asked to see the Blue Book. "No, no," was the emphatic reply, amid increased vituperation. Ross thereupon shot out his hand and seized the book, announced the title as *MacLean's Almanac, 1869*, and threw the volume on the table. Opponents were dumbfounded; Ross's triumph was complete.

When appointed to the Senate he might have sought well-earned ease; but no! Larger issues touched by tongue and pen all along were now ready to hand, and readily grasped. For Canada's foremost place in the group of British Nations his will and his word were given. Towards the goal of Canada's full-fruited power in this large relation these were his words, as quoted from Tennyson's "Hands all round":

> "Pray God our greatness may not fail
> Through craven fears of being great."

Sir James Whitney, as leader of Opposition, made it especially lively for Sir George Ross, when Premier, in debates that were brilliant and sometimes verged upon the spectacular; the gallantry of these two statesmen, however, never permitted them to deviate from high courtesy, even if criticism and retort were sometimes pointed and barbed.

The bluff candour and honesty of Sir James Whitney, who followed Sir George as Premier, are remembered by friends and foes alike. His answers to interruptors were so quick and pointed that the interruptions were not repeated.

Sir James made a capital portrait subject, for he was the acme of courtesy and punctuality. His actions were large, easy, and deliberate, and his studious look seemed to indicate that he had something worth while to tell. This was the key to my task.

His serious eyes were often belied by a merry twitch of the mouth; and his rugged features told the full story of his personal struggles and triumph.

He said he ploughed his father's acres till he was twenty before going to High School; and the slow progress of grammar school and college and the study of the law had to follow the tardy years. He began law practice in Morrisburg at an age when many were aspiring to public life or the K.C. distinction. But when he got going he made up time, as his rapid rise well demonstrated. In alluding to this he humorously hinted at the possible momentum of big bodies.

His sincerity was direct and positive. At a political assembly in Addington, the president of the County Association came to Mr. Whitney's room to say he wished to introduce a number of party supporters to him, but he refused to go and meet them. He said, "No! I wouldn't know them again, and I'm going to speak in a minute any way." The bewildered

president tried to explain to his followers as tactfully as he could Sir James's not coming to make their acquaintance. After a few quiet, puzzled minutes, a ripple of laughter burst into loud and boisterous merriment over the novelty of a politician so straight and candid that he wouldn't play the "glad hand".

On another occasion a deputation from the North came asking for some mining law changes. Sir James said, "No, it's not right." After much parley and no success, the deputation announced, "You'll regret this, for we'll see you out." "No one will more quickly or gladly step out than I," was the Premier's immediate rejoinder. When the next election took place, the returns showed that the North had gone solidly for him. Such was their respect for frank and fearless honesty.

In our studio talks, Sir James was often partisan and sometimes vitriolically so; but he told me that Liberal and Conservative must fare alike in administration, and politics must disappear from departments.

As proof that political differences are vapoury, the friendly nearness of the portraits of the several statesmen in the Legislative Buildings ought to be convincing. But if this fact fails to convince, let me add that it was Hon. George W. Ross who gave the commission for the Sir John A. Macdonald portrait to match that of George Brown, and that it was Sir James Whitney who ordered the portrait of the Hon. Robert Baldwin to balance the William Lyon Mackenzie. When Sir James gave this commission, he said, "Those two great champions of Responsible Government should be placed adjacent to the entrance to the Legislative Chamber, so that the people of Canada may never forget what we owe to the men who won for us our greatest heritage."

Let this reference to history introduce Canada's great patriot, whom I saw when I was a lad. William Lyon Mackenzie remained under the cloud of reputed treason

from the time of his apparently ill-starred rebellion in 1837-8 until his death. Yet, ere his passing, the number began to multiply of those clear-visioned Canadians who dared to call him friend and to hold in esteem his sacrifices (he had given his all) for Canada's future well-being. A generation later his name began to receive a little merited recognition.

The painting of Mackenzie's portrait was on my own initiative. I admired "the little wiry, peppery Scotsman who had changed the destinies of Canada". I had read about the principles he advocated and saw them being carried into Acts of our Parliament; but no open word caught my ear of recognition to the trail-blazer of this larger freedom.

Studying thus the bearing of Mackenzie's selfless patriotism on Canada's welfare, I had rashly prophesied that within two decades a monument would be erected to his memory by grateful Canadians. I had not then learned how inflexible is partisanship; for when that period was approaching expiry, the blind eye of prejudice was still turned towards the patent facts of history, and no monument was in sight. The thought that an historic portrait of him could at least be painted came to me, and it was done.

By favour of fortune, a daguerreotype sitting, taken by Mr. Palmer, an artistic photographer, gave a good reproduction of the massive frontal head, searching grey eyes, and deeply lined face.

The polished steel plate and silver surface of the daguerreotype recorded the multiplicity of fine lineations of the face; and so preserved much of the character which is usually lost in photographic transfer to a more or less spongy paper. So the Mackenzie study was a pleasure, as I designed the portrait of him with a quill pen recording the nine theses or principles of the settlers' petition to the Colonial Office, London.

Oliver Howland was Mayor of Toronto at the time, and on seeing the portrait, he said, "Here is Toronto's first Mayor and the designer of the city's arms, with its legend, 'Industry, Intelligence, Integrity'; its place is surely in the City Hall." It was secured for the City Hall, and Sir George Ross, then Premier of Ontario, had a replica placed in the Legislative Building. Mackenzie's name is now coming into its due honour.

Lord Durham's enquiry and report fully vindicated the settlers' point of view and the reasonableness of their prayers. The people of Canada should never forget that every one of the "nine principles" for which Mackenzie pleaded is now embodied in the constitution and laws of our land. Neither should they forget that he was not narrow, that his pleading had never been for a section only, but was for the whole population of the country.

When accused of disloyalty, he pointed proudly to his honourable family history and also told that his mother, widowed when he was three weeks old, ever prayed for the King and his counsellors. His mother's struggles and her selling for a pittance family treasures that they might have a little food, he recounted. He focused this sketch in a thrilling sentence, "Well may I love the poor, for poverty and adversity were my nurses, and in youth were want and misery my familiar friends; even now it yields a sweet satisfaction to my soul that I can claim kindred with the obscure cotter and the humble labourer of my native, ever-honoured, ever-loved Scotland."

In pleas for justice he was ready with tongue and pen. On a boat to Kingston a friend spoke to him, another joined, and then others. Presently a crowd began to press about him. A chair was brought, and an hour of most enlightening Canadian history was enjoyed by all on deck, from a master of the facts, in sentences that scintillated with gems of rhetoric and pleasantry.

William Lyon Mackenzie was not lacking in humour and love of wit. He delighted to repeat the pretty story told him by the Countess of Blessington, whose escort he had been to a dinner in London. This was during the months he was pressing the prayer of the Canadian settlers for Responsible Government. Mackenzie had expressed appreciation of having the most beautiful woman in all England as his partner at the table. "Oh, Mr. Mackenzie," she replied, "that isn't half as good as the Irishman's compliment." "What was that?" he asked.

"When the Earl was Chief Secretary for Ireland," she said, "we were at Dublin Castle, and it was my part to walk about the city and to bow and smile to the people, who made their salutations in kindly Irish ways. One day, on a street, workmen were digging and one of them had stopped to light his pipe. On seeing me he deferentially removed the pipe from his mouth, lifted his cap and said: "Arrah now, madam, would ye have any objection to me lighting me poipe wid the spark i' yer oye?"

Mrs. Charles Lindsay, a daughter of Mackenzie, was her father's amanuensis during many stormy years, sharing his exile and suffering when one thousand pounds price was upon his head. A framed copy of the proclamation offering this reward is seen in the background of a second portrait painted for his grandson, the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, to-day Premier of Canada.

Mrs. Lindsay said that one morning in New York, before breakfast, the family exchequer amounted to only twenty-five cents. A knock at the door announced the postman with a letter that lacked twenty-five cents postage. The question was debated whether their whole fund should procure the needed food or secure the letter. In hope of its bringing good news, the money was paid

for it, but it proved to be only a returned missive that had been sent on a fruitless errand.

Isabella Mackenzie, another daughter, the wife of John King, K.C., was an attractive and refined edition of her father. It was while in search of authentic material for the portrait of Mackenzie that I became acquainted with the Kings.

Their home was a bright centre of culture and kindliness, with an infusion of the strong leaven of national spirit. In it was breathed the atmosphere of the family traditions, even to sacrifice for the welfare of the state. I found inspiring portrait subjects in this home.

Mrs. King retained a beauty of spirit and of person to advanced age, possessing delicate, but deeply modelled features, and bright, responsive eyes in a face set in a corona of silver, wavy hair. Costumed always in original yet exquisite taste, Mrs. King was a welcome test to the ambitions and power of any artist.

John King was of regal type both as portrait subject and as a gentleman, and right worthily is he followed by his son, now the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, C.M.G.

When Mackenzie King sat for his portrait the premiership was a long look in the distance. It was the student of economic principles I saw and painted; a thoughtful, serious prospector or rather miner, following farther a lode which already had yielded rich truths for national and human well-being. His look was direct. His hands played no part in conversation or picture; everything concentrated in the penetrating yet reflective eyes. With him it is easy for anyone to be at his best.

Mackenzie King's most cogent and serviceable contributions to the world's literature have been on industrial, economic, and humanitarian relations. A literary excellence characterizes his message, and a statesmanlike dignity and moderation gives masterful point to his

utterances. These facts substantiate the hope of all parties that his accession to the premiership of the Dominion of Canada, while fulfilling a frequent prophecy, may prove that his preparation for a statesman's career shall fulfil a statesman's opportunity.

It is appropriate in this same relation that another name be mentioned with due honour, that of Hon. Robert Baldwin, who afterwards consummated Responsible Government, for which the ground had been prepared by William Lyon Mackenzie.

It is worthy of record, too, that Robert Baldwin, the son of the statesman, was one of the founders and first President of Toronto Young Men's Christian Association, to which institution his portrait was presented as a gift. Frail of body, he was always the buoyant, cheerful, magnanimous friend of young men, whom I, with many others, gratefully remember. He let no day pass without sending a message or contribution helpful to someone.

Hon George W. Allan's tall frame, distinguished features, and courtly presence bore the stamp of nobility. Delicate as a youth, and his five brothers having died in early life, he was sent away for a long holiday. He visited capitals of Europe and went to Syria and Palestine. While there the lure of Arabia seized him.

With a companion, a young English gentleman, he engaged a dragoman and under escort of friendly Arabs visited the mysterious city of Petra. Allan wished to go further and, obtaining other escorts, he and his companion set out over the desert route toward the Sinai Peninsula. This gave him many more long days of the dry, clear air of the desert, to which he attributed the building up of his constitution and his after years of good health. It was a thrilling experience throughout. When he was approaching the broken country to the

South, hostile tribesmen learned of the young Englishmen under escort and made a dash in that direction for their capture. A perilous flight of days and nights to elude their pursuers, that tested the endurance of steeds and riders alike, brought the pursued down into the rocky gorges of that rough, wild country.

Their calvacade had been sighted, and the dust of the robber horde could be seen. Eventually shouts began to echo among the hills. It became a terrible game of wits and endurance along those leagues of sinuous trails, and the Monastery of St. Catherine was yet miles away. Mr. Allan told me it was a dead heat for several hours in a declining day, with a question in mind about the monastery gate being found shut at sunset. A turn in the narrow valley gave distant glimpses of high walls, and they pressed breathlessly on, the enemy gaining on them.

A look-out on the wall evidently heard the reverberating shouts, for the dim shadows under a rising moon showed several figures, but the door was shut.

The exhausted band still hurried near while the dragoman held a letter up in his hand. It was a letter to the Greek archimandrite, or vicar of the monastery, from the British Embassy, commending the visitors. A basket was let down, the letter drawn up, and the company waited. While the letter was being read the clatter and panting of the robbers mingled with shots and shouts could be heard coming on. The basket was again lowered with a call to the strangers to get in, one at a time. Who would go first? Allan settled that by lifting his friend bodily into the basket, then faced the fusilade; but he, too, was soon drawn up amid the patter of musket balls, to safety. The faithful Arab escort then wheeled and disappeared.

A view of the monastery and its massive walls, not less than eighty feet in height, or sixty feet from the

ground to the window whence the basket was lowered, would indicate this feature as not the least of the thrills of his escape.

In our studio talks, he told once of facing a mob which was rushing Mackenzie's press and type to the Bay. The rabble were deaf to pleas of British fair play and all but flung Allan into the Bay as well.

When, in 1858, George W. Allan was requisitioned to run for the Legislative Council of Canada, the concourse that met him at the Union Station on his return from a two year visit abroad crowded the station yard and approaches, back nearly to the Rossin House (now the Prince George). As told by the *Colonist:* "The haughtiest man in the British Dominion might well be proud of such a welcome by all shades of political feeling and religious creeds, avowing highest personal regard and public confidence. Mr. Whittemore, the Chairman, presented the requisition with signatures making a roll fifty-six feet in length.

"After this first ceremony, the torch bearers, three bands, and the enthusiastic procession moved up to King Street; and, behold, new torches were lighted and rockets soared along the whole route eastward to the entrance to Moss Park, where a bonfire blazed a welcome home. Mr. Allan was escorted between the illuminated lines, the bands playing, 'Home, Sweet Home'."

Although Mr. Allan was regarded as a member of "the Family Compact", who should champion him but William Lyon Mackenzie. Why? Here are his published words: "Mr. Allan, in an age of covetousness, has been nobly liberal. After a disastrous fire, he lent a large sum without interest to aid home industry. He gave lands worth $20,000 for horticultural purposes (Allan Gardens). When the railway celebration left the managers short $3,500 he gave them that sum, but

will not give one cent to buy his election. As the constitution trusts me with a vote to be cast for the general benefit, I am bound to state my belief that Mr. Allan is much the safest candidate for the country."

George W. Allan aided liberally the arts and sciences. He presented the Canadian Institute with the valuable site in Richmond Street on which it stood for years. The important pictures by Paul Kane owed existence principally to Mr. Allan's munificence. The Ontario Society of Artists and its school of art profited greatly by his presidency. After serving Toronto as Mayor without salary he procured the portrait of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and presented it to the city of Toronto.

As speaker of the Senate of Canada and as Chancellor of the University of Trinity College, the wisdom and dignity of this prince among men were the spontaneous expression of his life, and when he sat for his portrait as President of the Toronto Conservatory of Music the fortunate chance brought a penetrating tingle to every touch; and the honourable mention given this portrait at the Pan-American Exposition, 1891, was due to the superlative subject; it must have been.

Mr. Allan, in his address to his constituents, quoted the statesman-like charge given to his father, when invited thirty-three years before to the same Council, as constituting their charge to him to-day :

" We repose trust in you, and ask you to give attention, unbiassed by party considerations, to all matters which may concern the well-being of our country."

CHAPTER VII

MEN OF AFFAIRS

TIMOTHY Eaton was a psychologic study, which means that he was an artistic problem. "It's dogged as does it," was the declaration of his big frame. There was in his eyes no flash of frenzy, such as a poet, painter, or writer sometimes displays. His great thoughts were in the back of his head, so to speak. There was no bulldog jaw to prate about, but he had a bulldog's capacity for hanging on. He had the thick, broad hands of the worker, yet they were shapely, as of a man of taste.

In the black times of the early '90's, he, like others, was hard put to it; nevertheless, at that very time he asked his London supply houses for greatly increased credit. The audacity of the proposal, the logic of his arguments, his clearly phenomenal faith in himself, and his previously good record quickened the pulse of phlegmatic Britons, and they gave a cautious extension of credit. A few weeks later a representative from England called and asked to look into his books and the business. Mr. Eaton told the ledger keepers and managers to show him everything. In about three days he saw Mr. Eaton in his office. The result of lengthened conversation was the question: Would Mr. Eaton consider one million dollars for the business as it stood? "What would I do with a million dollars?" he asked.

"Travel, read, enjoy yourself," was the answer.

"But I travel all I want to now. I can leave the business three months, six months, if I wish, and it will go on. I enjoy myself in the way I've trained myself for years. No, I won't look at it." The offer was

raised to two millions; and ultimately to three millions, only to meet the same reply.

Mr. Eaton's methods were his own. He set a young clerk of nineteen to see what he could do with the fitting up of a new department, and this without instruction, in order to test the measure of his wit or gumption. Next day Mr. Eaton looked in. In a rough, imperious voice he asked, " Why this ? What stupid notion made you do that ? Where's the sense in the other thing over there ?" The boy, in confusion, felt the injustice of the criticism, but by help of the Irish in him, said, " I've done my best without advice; if you don't like it, I'll leave"; and thereupon went away to sob and get his hat and go. He was sent for to the office, where Mr. Eaton raised his salary and gave him a responsible place. I believe he is still with the firm.

Timothy Eaton was a good conversationalist, when you touched the chords of his philosophy. I once remarked upon cost of living and wage levels as leaving little margin between. That seemed to awaken him. " I've worked overtime for forty years and it hasn't hurt me", he said. " If a man really wants to get ahead, is there any better way ? Tell me that !" " A man who works longer hours than meets his needs will have a margin of profit; that gives his family comforts and he and the whole country prosper. How else will it be done ? Tell me."

" Another thing, Mr. Forster : If a good workman can live on what he earns in three days and he won't work four, he loses self-respect, and raises the cost of everything. How will you keep costs down unless everyone keeps faith with himself and with others ? Tell me that."

" And tell me, who does a man work for if not for himself ? Does he not use a manager's brains to supply him with something to do, that gives him a living ?

He's got a job, and the good spirit he shows in his work makes his work good, and that betters his chances, for he's working for himself, isn't he? Isn't that true?" The honest light of his eye and the play of his features showed how sincere he was in his questions.

His visions of a Canada extending its commonwealth from Labrador to Vancouver Island, and the genius to co-ordinate these reaches in a business organization, showed his ability. He pushed the principle, "Keep faith with the public", until over the whole Dominion, even to the harbours washed by Behring Sea and Greenland currents, his name became favourably known. Long ere his passing not only all Canadians but also the hinterland Indians and the Esquimaux of the last North had come to put their faith in him, and his mail order business extended over three continents.

After the death of Timothy Eaton, his son John, afterwards Sir John Eaton, carried on the business of the T. Eaton Company in the same large spirit.

Some craniologists say the head shape shows the owner's character. Head maps of father and son in the case of the Eatons were almost identical, but that was only the line of hat rim. There was a world of difference in the men above and below that hat line. A bulbous dome of benevolence overhung Sir John's kindly, luminous eyes and mouth born with a smile.

One of his departmental heads on the home journey from New York, once said to me: "He's a prince. I had made a couple of night journeys between Montreal and Toronto on a large decorating order, and Sir John happened to be on the train. He asked searching questions and learned that my wife was very ill; told me to return home and stay with her a couple of days and see that she got all attention. 'But that job must be finished', I countered. 'Tom'll see that through;

you stay home a couple of days.' I tell you, Jack's a prince !"

Sir John, as a sitter, might submit to classification, but it would puzzle a colony of scientists to determine the class. He, luckily for me, brought to the studio one of his departmental heads, with whom occasional business was discussed between stories, thus giving me an opportunity to anchor a line of character now and again.

But I do affirm that for power of mimicry and for the possession of those volatile moods which trick the painter into byways and coverts of expression, he was equalled only by two others in my experience. One of these was his own mother, Mrs. Timothy Eaton, founder of the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, and herself one of the brightest of dramatic reciters, although she never appeared on the public platform; the other, Madame Carmichael, of Paris, France.

The securing of an emphatic likeness of such a man holding in solution all the qualities and possibilities which were discernible to his friends, may well be acknowledged as a triumph in portraiture.

The outfitting of a machine-gun battery for service in the Great War, exceedingly large and continuous contributions to hospitals, universities, colleges, and other benevolences, bestowed with a whole-hearted self-effacement, merited the genuine and touching sorrow which was felt when all too soon the Dead March and muffled drum were heard.

There is a delightful Irish flavour of speech and sentiment amongst the members and employees of the T. Eaton Company, apropos of which a good story is told. One man, an employee of a few weeks' standing, was asked by a friend how he was getting along. "Oh, foine", he replied, and went on : "Ther' wuz four fellows got the bownce th' other day". "Were you

amongst them ?" enquired the friend. "Oh, no ! No ! Oh ! they weren't Irishmen, they were jist, jist ardinary men."

Among Canadian men of affairs whose portraits I have painted, I cannot leave out mention of Hart Almerin Massey. Mr. Massey's business face and his home face were separate and individual faces. My commission required the latter, but as he brought the former persistently for a time from the office to the studio, I was under necessity to paint it; but when this was done and discarded, the fireside face got the right-of-way on another canvas.

The name of Hart Massey is a permanent memory through his public benefactions, which are to-day administered by trustees of his estate, and also through the Massey Foundation. It is by this munificence that the princely heart can be measured rather than by the building up of a big business, for it is in giving, not in getting, that are rained down the blessings of the gods. Mr. Massey, it might be mentioned here, was singularly blest in his sons, Charles, Chester, Walter, and Fred Victor.

Coming into emphatic relief in any group, by virtue of a vigorous personality and a mode of expression as distinctly his own, as well as being large in mental and physical mould, was Edward Gurney. Mr. Gurney had many elements of greatness, and he would, I believe, forgive allusion to some of these: first, a great vision of human possibilities; second, a clear conception of consequent responsibilities; third, a sense of humour which kept balance with the weight of affairs; fourth, courage to grapple with the most difficult problems; and fifth, a singularly sound and philosophic judgment.

There was pungent finality in Gurney's aphorisms. A characteristic example occurred as we came away together from a great funeral service in the Metropolitan

Church; when responding to my observation upon its impressiveness, he said, "Death is the greatest event in life".

We little realize the religious life that is lived, often quietly, by some of our business men. At a mid-week meeting in the Metropolitan Church, Dr. Ezra Stafford was discussing the "Imitation of Christ", and, his habit being to ask some one of the auditors how he would explain certain problems, he asked a question of Mr. Gurney, who at once stood up and said, "I've been studying that portrait" (pointing to the one of Dr. Punshon). "That wonderful expression wasn't caught until the artist lived in the very soul of the man. What I see in the Christ, that is what I want to reproduce."

As a young business man, Mr. Gurney had an intimate friend in a young preacher, Rev. George B.; said the latter to him one day, "Ed., I want you to come and hear me preach next Sunday. I'm tackling a new subject." After the service Gurney was asked how he liked the sermon. He answered, "George, that sermon needs more singing and prayer." George told me he never forgot the lesson of that criticism.

I cannot refrain from quoting, before taking leave of Edward Gurney, a personal remark which he made while viewing a three-quarter length (posthumous) portrait of his father which I had painted from a bust photograph. After examining and commending the likeness, he said: "Forster, those are my father's hands exactly. They are not in the photograph. Where did you find them?"

As occasion came to preserve the lineaments of such men as Gurney, came also the query, is adequate value yet given to Chesterfield's apothegm, "Blest be the art that can immortalize"?

John R. Booth, of Ottawa, the "Lumber King", sat for me while in the vigour of his eighty-third year. His portrait was commissioned by Earl Grey for Rideau

Hall. The Earl said, "Forster, I've found the most typical Canadian the country has produced, and I want his portrait for Government House."

I painted Mr. Booth in Prince Albert coat, in becoming style, as I thought. When the Earl saw the portrait, he said, "Oh! that won't do. That's not my Canadian. I want him in his fine old otter fur cap and overcoat collar." And so I painted him over again, the bronze note taken on by the seasoned fur and the bronze leafage in the background of his favourite wintry woods making a rugged and delightful harmony.

Mr. Booth was an illustration of the joy to be found in work and the rewards that come to the ready and willing worker. Canadian birth, common school privileges, a pair of strong hands, and a willing heart were his only assets. He learned with axe, broad-axe, cant-hook and pike-pole, the craft of the lumberman, and advanced from post to post, becoming successively manager, partner, owner, and finally sovereign over great territories.

He retained his delightful simplicity throughout, and told me that his joy was to ramble among the trees and by woodland brooks, the scent of fir and moss about him like incense in the forest sanctuaries. His expression was a surprise to me, for Mr. Booth was a man of few words, spoken with apparent effort.

Not many years before this he had to undergo a serious operation. On his recovery, his physicians advised his going South to recuperate, but he went North instead, into his beloved woods, for two or three weeks and returned fully reinvigorated.

A foreign visitor was directed to his whereabouts when the Canada Atlantic Railway was being built, and found him rebuilding an out-shed on the lot belonging to a poor woman. The right-of-way having taken a

corner of her little building, Mr. Booth saw to it that she was fully compensated.

He had a bit of humour always ready. Once an hostler, wanting a larger tip, said to him, "The young man who drives that span of horses always gives me a bigger tip than you do." "Oh, he has a rich father; I haven't," Booth answered with a twinkle of good nature in his eye.

As one of nature's gentlemen he never failed to recognize the honour and dignity of work. He called it a noble and healthy pleasure to get something done that is worth doing, and have a good appetite and sound sleep into the bargain.

In the Pullman on the way to New York in 1904, I noticed a gentleman sitting alone. A few minutes were active in gathering in the lines of his head, which showed remarkably fine balance. The mental-spiritual area was strongly ascendant, but the vital and animal features were in splendid proportion. Purpose, action, and judgment were all in evidence, and his benevolent eye looked out through a wise orifice. He glanced my way and smiled. This was an invitation to go over and speak to him as my elder. I found that he was Henry L. Lovering, of Coldwater, Ontario, and that he was on his way, with a group of Sunday School workers, to Jerusalem, to attend a convention of the World's Sunday School Association, to be held in that city. I, too, was bound for the East, and saw much of him en route. Of my Jerusalem memories I shall speak in a moment, but first a word of what later years revealed regarding Mr. Lovering.

He was an English lad who succeeded in the forest and lumber industry by taking unremitting interest in his work, developing the genius and resourcefulness of a practical engineer, and working his way up to a responsible position. The outcome was that when the Dodge

Lumber Company dissolved, he was one of the group to purchase their mills and limits.

Although he made a fortune, Lovering was too great a man to be absorbed in mere money making. He held it a principle of life to make the world better, if possible, while he lived in it, and therefore busied himself with philanthropic and public service. In a Nazareth Orphanage his sympathies were touched, and he became sponsor for two orphan girls. In Egypt, similar whole-souled generosity was seen. Schooled in the University of rugged and chastening experience, he was a sage in counsel and a gentleman by instinct.

To return to the visit to Jerusalem, an address before a Christian Convention by the Samaritan Patriarch, which was interpreted to the Convention by the chief Jewish Rabbi of Jerusalem, was a significant and thrilling occurrence. An address by the commander-in-chief of King Menelik's army in Abyssinia, who was introduced by a black clergyman from the Southern States of America, also gave more than a note of colour to the programme. The reading of a psalm of David to the Assembly by the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem, prefaced by his statement that membership in the Hague Peace Conference was his greatest glory, suggested, as did the whole Convention, the coming day when all nations, kindreds, peoples, and tongues, shall work together under a reign of mutual good-will, the key principles of the Kingdom of Peace.

Of high rank among men of business was Joseph Hobson, of Hamilton, son of the celebrated engineer of the St. Clair River Tunnel, and other public works. With his name might well be associated such others as Cyrus Birge, Wilcox, Whitton, Moodie, etc.

The princely spirit is in the soul that seeks no public adulation, but which in beneficent service devises ways and means to meet the greatest needs—needs that are

felt not only in a civilization as yet preponderatingly pagan in its manifestations, in spite of all its Christian professions, but also in civilizations which have not yet had the advantage of even a knowledge of Christian ideals. It was only in the most casual way that traces were discovered in out-of-the-way places, even in far-off China, of Hobson's well-considered helpfulness and substantial good-will.

There's a place also among these heroes for Edward C. Whitney, of Ottawa. The wealth he accumulated might come to anyone who sets out with a will to acquire it : and some men glory in this faculty of acquisitiveness, regardless of any obligation to return benefits to the communities or commonwealth whence the wealth has been extracted. Large bestowments in Mr. Whitney's case were the sign manual of an ampler nature. Like his brother, Sir James, he was of large physical mould, and his ponderous frame, large hands, strongly marked features, and forceful manner did not belie his nature.

Wycliffe College, which gives a place of honour to the portrait I painted of him, has enjoyed his cordial benevolences for years, and is to be a beneficiary in even larger measure. Mr. Whitney once told Mr. S. H. Blake that it was his greatest joy to give where his giving would be an increasing benefit. There was another side to him, however, as is shown by the remark of one who had to see him in the interest of certain benevolences : " He could be very difficult to interview. Upon two occasions he was very gracious, but the last time I saw him I received the roughest treatment I ever received from any man in my experience."

Mr. Whitney's rough life from boyhood in the lumber woods and river-driving made him at times imperious in action. He one day knocked a defiant lumber-jack off a boom, and then fished him out of the water with

a pike-pole. A deep stream will show fierce eddies at times.

Many who had been refused help from big financial men could get assistance from him. Once the Salvation Army required a building for headquarters in Ottawa, and no one would give them a hearing. They finally went to Mr. Whitney, who, at first, with angry words, refused them, until they told him that none of the other men of means would listen to them. Mr. Whitney, upon that, gave them a cheque for the full sum required, and seemed ever afterwards proud of having helped those whom the other rich had turned empty away.

When he presented to the University of Toronto a library on Egypt and other antiquities, a friend jokingly asked, "Why not give something up to date?" He smiled and asked if merit was not still measured by the test of time.

Although he was hampered in later years by lameness, failing sight, and difficulty in hearing, there yet lingered the love of friends and the jovial and almost radiant good fellowship of earlier days and the smile that was beautiful to see.

In painting Sir William Macdonald, the Canadian Tobacco King, I found a sensitive and original personality. Sir William's reticence was phenomenal. When requested by the Ontario Government to give sittings for a portrait, he did not deign even to acknowledge the receipt of the request. Dr. James Mills, President of the Ontario Agriculture College, in collaboration with whom he had planned the Macdonald Institute which he endowed, undertook to arrange matters, but was no more successful. The artist then packed his kit and went to Montreal, and awaited him in his office.

When Mr. Macdonald came in and saw that he had been caught he capitulated with smiling courtesy and

made the sittings, which were given at the Windsor Hotel, thoroughly agreeable occasions.

In conversation he frequently tripped me up if I used a careless word, which, in the preoccupation of serious painting, was probably more frequent than usual. For instance, to start conversation once, I asked how early in the winter might one drive across the river. "You mean across the ice," was his prompt correction.

A story was given us by George H. Flint at one of the sittings. It came from Australia through travellers who had visited Canada, and contained facetious play upon the personalities of the three best supporters of McGill University, Montreal, namely, that one of them was a sugar refiner who would not use sugar; one a brewer who never drank beer, and another a tobacco manufacturer (Sir William Macdonald), who neither smoked, chewed nor snuffed tobacco.

As a matter of fact, Sir William detested smoking, and this originality acutely surprised the faculty of the Ontario Agricultural College one day when Sir William was in Guelph to look over the site for his projected Institute and Hall. The officials thought it would please the philanthropist to see them smoke, with the result that wherever Sir William went he saw human smokestacks. Dr. Mills heard him muttering something, but did not understand until, opening an office door, and being met by a smoke cloud, Macdonald angrily exclaimed, "Bah!" and shut the door. "I wanted to go into that office, but the vile stuff and the stupidity of the users make it impossible! Let's go somewhere that is clean."

Sir William was gentle to little folk, and withal was blessed with humour. Visiting the great Agricultural College (which he had established) at St. Anne's, Que., on one occasion, an ovation was given him, and a little girl presented a small cluster of flowers. He stooped

down and thanked the child, saying, "What is your name, dearie?" "Halfpenny," she answered. "Oh; you're as good as two Bishops", was the quick response. Farthing was at that time, as he still is, Bishop of the Diocese of Montreal.

Other eccentricities of this famous old bachelor were many. He would not have a telephone. Cheques received, if not marked, were torn up and thrown into the waste basket, and naturally heated correspondence often followed. And a Highlander's sometimes foolish boast was his that he never forgave nor forgot.

During the second half of the nineteenth century a store of respectable dimensions, fronted with a figure of Queen Victoria, stood on the south side of King Street East, Toronto. Edward Lawson, the proprietor of the Victoria Tea Warehouse, introduced me to a young tea broker, and said, "This young man will be worth knowing, for he has the right spirit."

Mr. Lawson admired young men with ideas and courage to express them. From that date (1883), I noted the forward reach and upward climb of Mr. Peter C. Larkin, until his business reached large proportions, while this Prince of tea merchants has become a commanding figure in the counsels and destiny of the Dominion of Canada.

Mr. Larkin's tall and attractive figure, dark and penetrating eyes, carrying the beady strain of Iberian blood, which was also noticeable in the late D'Arcy McGee, and his overhanging brow, all gave the impress of a more than ordinary picture subject.

To have set in motion moral forces intended to stimulate a man's desire for his own physical and spiritual salvation is to have earned a princely name. Hon. P. C. Larkin's largesse has contributed in a regal measure to the building and endowment of the Toronto General Hospital, of whose Board of Governors he was

chairman until his call to London. To the erection and equipment of St. Paul's (Anglican) Church, Toronto, he also gave with similar generous hand.

Beyond this public domain I have neither permission nor desire to trespass, for Mr. Larkin, as an almoner, is no Pharisee. A fortunate inheritance of physical and mental talents of incalculable value is bringing the profit and reward of their immediate and constant investment to this man of energy and principle. His conversation is seldom trivial, but he can unbend upon occasion. Crossing the Atlantic once, I found him good for a game of shuffle-board; and a deck promenade with him was as good as an hour in a library.

As an instance of his courtesy; I not long ago brought him a question, not a foolish one, but the High Commissioner had me in his office and gave me a full half hour to answering, with a broad survey, informing, enlightening, and assuring. It made the question seem trivial to the questioner in the face of new knowledge and a larger understanding.

His portrait hangs in the Ontario Club, Toronto, a club which provides the social background to its Council of Liberal Political Principles. I believe this club house is a monument to the wholeheartedness of Mr. Larkin's associates and to his own liberality during many years of presidency and directorship.

CHAPTER VIII

MEN OF IMPERIAL MINDS

ON one of his visits to Toronto, as guest of Lt.-Governor Sir Mortimer Clark, Earl Grey came to my studio to see the portrait which I had recently completed of General Booth. He asked at the same time to see other portraits, and appeared to like particularly that of the chief of the Salvation Army and the Goldwin Smith. He said, "There is another 'Booth' I would like you to paint. When could you come to Ottawa?" That was the origin of happy visits at the Federal Capital, during which portraits of His Excellency, of John R. Booth, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Sir Sanford Fleming, Sir John Hanbury Williams, and Miss Gladys Hanbury Williams were painted.

With the Earl a peculiar psychological condition arose, due to the insistent presence of members of the family at sittings, which gave no opportunity for that quiet intimacy and mutual understanding which are so helpful in bringing out the best in the sitter. The fear on the part of the family of His Excellency being bored seemed likely at times to create that very condition, but, happily, no hint of anything of the sort appeared in the portraits.

Under the Earl and Lady Grey an atmosphere of hospitality and charm pervaded the vice-regal mansion at Ottawa. Lord Grey was a man of vision. To him was due, in large measure, the organization of the Champlain Tercentenary celebration at Quebec, which brought together on Canadian soil representatives of France, Great Britain, and the United States in a fraternal peace demonstration. The fundamentals of race unity in Canada were emphasized and brought well into display in the splendid series of pageants and historic

reviews which took place on the Plains of Abraham, and which were appreciated to the full by all who were so fortunate as to witness them. The event was indeed epoch-making in the fullest sense of the phrase.

As Governor-General, Earl Grey endeared himself to Canadians by his affability and unaffectedness. Taking a jaunt into the woods at one of the Booth lumber camps, he entered the dining hall and seated himself with the men at the long table. The men hesitated over what to do, but the Earl reached for a piece of pie and commenced to eat. At once there was an exclamation, "*Mon Dieu, oui, c'est à nous!*" from the French Canadians, which meant, "By Jove! Come on, it's up to us!" and they all began their meal without embarrassment.

The Earl was always studying national and international matters, and when free from his family, he would talk them over with me while I was at work. When Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania gave a great warning address on the exhaustion of continental forests, he at once wrote to him and had him come as guest for a conference on Canada's forest problems. He would also discuss international salmon, seal, and turbot propositions with an ingenuity for keeping goodwill strong with its exercise between neighbours.

He came to his afternoon sitting one day in effervescent good humour. He had been out for a drive and meeting a runaway team had jumped from his sleigh and stopped it. The driver, in profuse gratitude, thanked him and asked his name. He replied, "Grey". "Well," said he, "grey or black or yellow, you're a d—d fine fellow."

Among other happy reminiscences of that sojourn at the capital is one of the study made of Miss Gladys Hanbury Williams, daughter of General Sir John Hanbury Williams. Her portrait was painted in garden

costume with "Leghorn" hat; in the background is a hint of the Rideau pines, and a foreground of gladioli echoes the rose petal tint of her cheeks.

She was an inspiring subject for the brush, not only because of her gift of radiant beauty, but also in the added charm of womanly good sense which illumined this young lady, then in her early teens. Her soldierly father was also an interesting sitter during these visits to Rideau Hall, where one felt the touch of the farther reaches of overseas dominions, Earl Grey and he having been together in South Africa.

When the Earl of Aberdeen was Governor-General, he sat for his portrait in the historic picture, the "Welcome by the Parliament of Canada to the members of the Colonial Conference at Ottawa, 1894", at which function he had presided. He was a man of such nervous action that the making of a portrait study of him was not an easy problem.

The Earl's openly expressed admiration of Sir John Thompson, and his giving me quotations from that statesman's memorable address of welcome to the delegates to the conference, gave me my first clue to method. His familiarity with and reminiscences of Imperial statesmen had to be played upon, and assisted not a little toward the final successful likeness of him seated on the throne chair of the Senate Chamber, where the welcome was given.

In the production of this picture, acknowledgment is due to Warring Kennedy, then Mayor of Toronto, for his co-operation and aid. By his courtesy, I was enabled, as a fellow-guest, to meet the members of the Conference and to secure a brief sitting from each at the Queen's Hotel, following the luncheon given them by the city. Hofmeyer, of South Africa, was the only one not present. Several of the gentlemen afterward gave more extended sittings at my studio.

Included in the composition were portraits of the deputation from the British Empire League, which had waited upon the Government to press for such a conference. These were Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Dr. Sir George Parkin, Sir John Bourinot, Alexander McNeill (known as the Member for Her Majesty), who presented in the House of Commons the motion for the conference; Colonel George T. Denison, and also members of the Senate and Commons, to the total number of eighty.

Mr. M. O. Hammond was good enough to write of this picture, " Mr. Forster has risen above the limitations of portrait work and produced a rare combination of excellence, excellence of tone, of picturesqueness and of faithful portraiture. The softness of the light of the Senate Chamber and its all pervading fullness would have been the despair of many artists, but Mr. Forster must be admitted to have handled them with admirable skill."

The creative genius of this conference was Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G., who, it may not be generally known, invented the " Standard Time " system now in world use. I first met Sir Sandford at an annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Institute, which he had founded. He sat for me for the presentation portrait now owned by the Institute. He was at the time working on the manuscript of important proposals to be made in the interests of science, and asked the privilege of continuing this work while the portrait was being painted, and I painted him as so engaged.

His having only recently succeeded in having the system of standard time reckoning pretty generally adopted throughout the world, is the reason for the " globe " with the " time bars " of his invention in the background of that picture. From that date I was

honoured with a friendship which led to many extended visits at his Ottawa home.

Sir Sandford was long one of Canada's most outstanding figures, he having been the engineer who planned Toronto Harbour and Esplanade, the Intercolonial Railway, the mountain section of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and other national and provincial public works. He was also a member of the Colonial Conference, London, 1887, the active mind of the Colonial Conference in Ottawa, 1894, and promoter of the All-Red Cable 'round the world. His handsome and stalwart figure is missed from Canada's capital, as is his leadership from its scholarly and public-spirited assemblies.

Sir Sandford's eye for colour lacked one reaction, namely to red. During sittings for four different portraits, one for the Royal Canadian Institute, one for Rideau Hall, one in the Colonial Conference, and one for his own home, he freely indulged in humorous narratives of situations in which this so-called colour-blindness played a part.

As a young man paying court to his future wife, he one day chose what seemed to him a fine piece of cloth and had his tailor in Toronto make him a suit from it. This he donned and started for an Easter visit to the distant home of his fiancee. He was charmed with the merry parties he encountered all the way on the train to Prescott and thence on the stage to his destination, but was unconscious of the cause of amusement until the young lady answered his knock at the door, when she screamed with hilarity at sight of his suit. It was a bright pink ! She chose his suits and neckties after that.

As Chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, Sir Sandford enjoyed especial intimacy with Principal Dr. George Munro Grant. Dr. Grant accompanied Sir Sandford on the perilous survey of the

mountain route for the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was of kindred spirit with Fleming in planning the All-Red Cable system within the Empire, and was one of his advisors in promoting the Colonial Conference at Ottawa. Principal Grant was a man of impressive personality. His was the finest Nordic head I have ever had the pleasure of painting.

His vision was international, yet he was intensely Canadian. Amongst his extensive literary work he edited *Picturesque Canada.* Lucius O'Brien, the artist, told of boating with him in search of beauty spots for this publication, and Dr. Grant's one arm was so powerful, that he constantly pulled the boat around against O'Brien's two.

Sir Sandford found a kindred spirit, too, in Colonel George Taylor Denison in framing and promoting the plan for that great conference. Denison's leadership in the British Empire League was acknowledged both overseas and in Canada.

Another name of Imperial significance, Sir George R. Parkin, had fellowship in that same project. Sir George's Cassius-like frame bespoke the thinker. In his boyhood essays, he told me, he instinctively treated Imperial themes, because General Fenwick Williams, the defender of Kars, and other Maritime Province men, had played heroic parts in the Crimean War. His young imagination was so fired by Britain's far-reaching interests, it is no wonder that young Parkin developed into a great Imperialist.

His educational services in the College School, Fredericton, N.B., and Upper Canada College, Toronto, and his tour of the British possessions in preaching the gospel of Imperial Unity, fitted and proclaimed this ardent apostle the man for a greater task.

When the Cecil Rhodes Scholarships were founded Sir George became organizing representative of that

trust. He now found scope for genius as a public tribune in the countries covered by the trust, and so developed an international mind. I met him last at the Dominion Day dinner in London in 1922. His address was marked by forcefulness and wisdom as his international vision vividly proclaimed the ultimate purpose and end of our aspirations and strivings.

The Earl of Minto, when Governor-General, was an excellent sitter for his portrait in my painting, the "Departure of Canada's First Contingent for South Africa, 1899". As Lord Melgund, he had been on the general staff of the Turkish Army, and I shall never forget his courteous correction of opinions which I expressed regarding the Turko-Bulgarian Campaign, and of my too free judgments on these Eastern Europeans.

The scene of the painting mentioned was in old Quebec, and as both it and the one of the Colonial Conference were destroyed in the fire which so severely damaged the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa in 1915, a descriptive paragraph from the pen of Mr. Horace Boultbee about this picture may not be out of place here: "It is late afternoon on the docks of the Old Capital. Dropping over the huge shoulder of Cape Diamond at the left is the hazy sunlight of autumn, throwing part of the scene into shadow and part into stronger light. Massed into filmy background is a maze of ocean shipping, and in the distance the sunlit Beauport shore. Almost the entire contingent is on board. A group of men in khaki ascend the gangway, while bringing up the rear is Colonel Otter, the commanding officer. He is momentarily detained by Lord Minto's farewell, while an anxious mother embraces her son under the sympathetic gaze of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. A couple of urchins, who have eluded the guard, and an old veteran of some long past war add variety to the deep lines of prominent visitors, in which one recognizes

most of the members of the Dominion Cabinet of the day."

Colonel Delamere told me that, as the *Sardinian* swung out from the pier, a stentorian voice sang the first notes of "God Save the Queen", the battery band in the foreground took up the strain, and soon it swelled from ship and shore. The volume from ten thousand throats echoing from the upper air, gave a strange spiritual elation to the music of the anthem as it floated down from the cliffs and the parapets of the citadel above.

The events of the later Victorian days bring into vivid relief the name of Lord Strathcona. Few men have meant so much to Canada as the Scottish lad, Donald Smith, who came to Labrador in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and who ultimately became one of that company's directors.

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal was a man of most practical habit of mind, as will be shown from the following story of the measures which he took to promote amongst employees of the Hudson's Bay Company a knowledge of how to cook and camp in the open. It came from his own lips one day when he brought his hand down upon the desk, saying: "Teaching boys to cook a meal is sound sense. I came as a raw boy of eighteen to a northern Hudson's Bay post, knowing nothing of roughing it. The crude methods then used were banal except for some good ideas practised by Indians. When I got to Montreal, I went into a bakery for a time, and afterwards as a cook in a restaurant to learn the arts of cookery. I then, as junior factor, as factor and superintendent, gave all employees instruction how to cook and serve wholesome meals and in this way to take care of their health in camp life in the wilds."

The sequel to this is arresting. His vigorous years enabled him to carry with ease the weight of great issues

until he was ninety-eight. For years, and up into the '90s, it was his habit, he told me, to sustain himself on a Spartan diet, partaken twice daily. His routine of work began with an appointment with his secretary at eight o'clock in the morning, and never ceased, but was greatly varied by engagements, interviews, or budgets of business until two o'clock the following morning, from which hour he would endeavour to sleep until seven and recommence his quite agreeable treadmill at eight.

The climb of Donald Smith was by no seven league stride, but was won by plodding perseverance. He told of leaving Glasgow when a shilling was of such value to him that he wouldn't throw it away on a cart to convey his trunk, but, like a true Scot, borrowed a wheelbarrow to carry it to the boat.

He rendered efficient service during the critical days of the taking over of the North West Territories from the Hudson's Bay Company by the Dominion of Canada. The Métis half-breeds and their Indian friends, having been stirred to rebellion, the white settlers at the Fort Garry post were in grave peril of attack. Donald Smith was taken prisoner by Riel, the leader; but owing to his having married a kinswoman of their chiefs, he got the ear of the Indians. His address to them broke the spell of their infatuation by showing the futility and unwisdom of their action. Many Indians withdrew before the arrival of Colonel Wolseley's expedition.

Sir Donald, later, risked his all in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway to bind the Dominion together. As Canadian High Commissioner in London, his notable services to Canada and the British connections in far-flung dominions won for him the peerage.

I had many occasions of meeting this great and generous Canadian. It was his prompt response and good counsel that enabled me to be present, through Royal permission, at the private service of thanksgiving

for Her Majesty Queen Victoria and her household, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, 1897, and to make studies for the painting of that memorable jubilee occasion.

His note to the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor of Windsor, brought a ready response and a suggestion that I come to Windsor two or three days in advance. The Marquis placed me under the care of Very Rev. Dr. Elliot, Dean of Windsor, for any assistance required in preliminary studies. In these I had to visualize the scene, with the candles lighted temporarily to give the peculiar combination of natural and artificial light.

During the service I had a seat beside Sir Arthur Sullivan, composer of the music of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, and composer also of the music of this very memorable service. In our conversation he said Her Majesty had a broad and deep understanding of music's power and persuasiveness, particularly in worship.

My picture was forgotten in the dignity and compelling spiritual passion of the liturgy and in the full significance of that hour.

I noticed a little by-play in exchanged glances between Prince Henry of Prussia and the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia when the lines, "Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks" were being sung.

When the service ended I mingled unobtrusively, to study for mental photographs, amongst the state personalities representing the Emperors of Russia and Germany and the King of Denmark, as well as the members of the Royal Family of Great Britain. The picture is kept as a souvenir of an event of deep meaning to the heart of Britons everywhere and of importance in the annals of British history.

The year of the coronation of King Edward VII found me again in London. That was a momentous year; a year of expectations and also of disillusionments. Prodigal expenditures were made to give the coronation

Thanksgiving Service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, for Queen Victoria and Household

Diamond Jubilee, 1897

event a joyous as well as patriotic setting. An unchaste spirit was rampant amongst the hordes surging up from the purlieus of London, and its contagion quickly spread to the better dressed of the gay and noisy throng that paraded the streets. Songs of greater or less ribaldry, coarse jests, and similar conduct seemed to augment in salacious flavour with the increase of the crowds. All the while an undercurrent in the atmosphere brought a breath of warning. Seers had spoken. Spiritualistic circles had received message after message, declaring that King Edward would never reach his coronation day.

Three nights before the date set for the coronation, the streets of London were all but impassable with a sentient, vibrant mass of humanity, and with noise, gaiety, and vulgarity brazenly increasing.

Next morning a hush of dread overspread the land like a black pall of silence. Only whispers were spoken to say, "The King is ill". . . . . Seldom in the history of any people has there been witnessed so strange a spiritual transformation as came over England in a night. Bulletins reported, "Slight indisposition", then "Condition complicated", "Reports not favourable", "Condition serious", "Operation advised", "Condition grave", etc., so the worst was feared. The Archbishop of Canterbury issued a proclamation calling upon all Christian churches and people to assemble at stated hours for prayer for the King. This was obeyed throughout the land. An Indian horseman was seen galloping from the Hounslow Barracks and making his way with all speed to the War Department. He carried a request from His Majesty's loyal Mohammedan troops, encamped in London, that release be given them from military duty for three days, in order that they might give themselves to prayer for His Majesty the King. Permission was promptly given. I saw the Indian troops in company formation engaged

in their devotions. The second afternoon a galloper was again seen hurrying to the War Department with a message to its head. This time it was with a request that the Field Marshal announce to the Lord Chamberlain and to His Majesty that Allah had given gracious ear to the prayers of his children and had mercy on the King, who would be permitted to receive the crown.

The operation performed on His Majesty next day was successful, and from then on favourable bulletins were posted. Great gatherings for national thanksgiving were later held throughout the Island and the Empire. Mrs. Verner said, "God does not forget, but he can forgive". A new spirit was evident in the people of England. Interrupted preparations were renewed, but quietly. Ultimately, with solemn and stately procession, the King was conveyed to his coronation in Westminster Abbey amid the plaudits of a people who now with a deeper note sang, "God Save the King!"

Canada was to have been represented at the coronation by a large contingent of the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto, which had been transported to England by Colonel Pellatt and Major Percy Mason, but upon the postponement of the ceremony because of the King's illness, the contingent returned to Canada. The words of appreciation spoken to these officers by Field Marshal Earl Roberts and his reference to the efficient service of men of that unit under General Otter in Africa may have been the inspiration, at all events, almost immediately upon their return to Canada, a cable from them reached me, "Get sittings Lord Roberts, Honorary Colonel of Queen's Own.—(Sgd.) Pellatt, Colonel".

Lord Roberts was one of the most courteous and gentlemanly men I have ever had as portrait subject. Our first interview lasted about two minutes, because his frank manner made it easy for me to say what was

necessary. When I showed him the cabled order for his portrait for the "Queen's Own", he gave his consent at once and arranged to give me sittings. During those brief moments the view of his features, the action, the pose, and the style of picture I must paint were clearly presented to me.

In our conversation during sittings, I happened to refer to the bane of the army in the old days. He answered, "Yes, when I entered the service it was hard upon young officers, and many bright careers were broken through drink. The mess code was a tyranny. Fortunately, an incident occurred in my first year that helped me greatly." I understood at once that this incident was the winning of the Victoria Cross for valour, and the respect this had secured from his comrades enabled him to follow his own course and to keep sober as he desired. Lord Roberts' example and precept, it may be added, did much to refine and dignify the officers' mess in the Imperial Service.

The sittings were given at his home on Portland Place. A surprise and pleasure came in the presence of Hon. Dr. R. A. Pyne, of Toronto, a cousin of my subject, at the final sitting.

The Field Marshal, of course, was very much occupied in attendance in his capacity as head of the War Department upon foreign representatives in the necessary State ceremonies, but the attitude of his distinguished secretary made difficult my getting the promised sittings, and hindered me for weeks. I finally in exasperation appealed to Hon. Sir William Mulock, who was then in London. I knew his constitutional dislike of red tape, and told him of the impasse. He said, "I'll see what can be done." I don't know how he did it, but he did it. Next morning a note from Earl Roberts was received giving me an appointment, and sittings followed until the completion of the portrait. The day before

the last sitting, Lord Roberts was the recipient of two distinguished foreign orders, and as a result, with the help of his aide, a rearrangement of the sequence of the ribbons on his service tunic had to be made in the portrait, which the Earl later examined critically, with emphatic "Right!" "Right!" "Right!" to each.

After the portrait was finished and brought away, a note from his secretary came to me to say, "The Field Marshal will be pleased to arrange for a sitting if you will call to-morrow." I had just time before catching my boat-train to acknowledge the note with cordial thanks.

CHAPTER IX

FRIENDS IN ENGLAND

IN 1892, in London, when passing along Holland Road, one day, I chanced to notice on a door-plate the name of "Watts", and remembered this to be the address of George Frederick Watts, the dean of British painters, who had just been made a recipient of the Order of Merit, created by King Edward that year. Knowing there were a couple of rooms full of his paintings open to public view, I knocked, was welcomed in, and left to myself among the pictures.

After a time, Mr. Watts came into the room where I was. He was a tall and venerable figure, in grey sculptor's gown and purple skull-cap, for he was engaged in modelling his celebrated statue of "Power". I handed him my card. Learning that I was an artist, he asked if I were exhibiting in London (Mr. Gilbert Parker's portrait was shown that year), and if I intended opening a studio. On answering the latter question in the negative, he immediately said, "I'm glad for your sake, for all painters come to London, and most of them suffer want."

His statement that many London artists were indigent I countered by suggesting that this did not apply to the ranks of the Academicians. "But," said he, "it does." I expressed myself as glad that this was not true of some. To this remark came an interesting response, a very brief summary of which must include mention of the painter's early days of popularity, then a painful period of eclipse and ultimate recognition again.

Mr. Watts claimed that his success, after long years of hardship and professional neglect, was due to a firm adherence to principles, which he was convinced must

survive evanescent fads and fashions. He spoke of his life maxim, "The utmost for the highest", daily repeated and never forgotten.

He then asked, "Have you any work that I might see?" Having with me a small packet of photographs of some of my portraits (I was on the way to show them to an old acquaintance, J. J. Shannon, R.A.), I opened this. "You are a portrait painter, I see," he said, and added, holding out one of the prints at arm's length, "You get character in your portraits."

This being the first compliment of that kind I could remember to have received from a brother painter, I was positively startled and embarrassed. Of another, he said, "Pose and expression accord charmingly." I was speechless with confusion. Looking at another, the one of Mrs. King, he exclaimed, "Oh, this is superb!"

Recovering some equanimity, I was enabled to say, "Mr. Watts, this gives me the opportunity of referring to a collection of portraits you permitted to go to the United States seventeen years ago." "Yes?" "They were shown in New York, and I made a pilgrimage of five hundred miles to see them. In studying them there was revealed to me strongly some of the deeper possibilities of the portrait painter's art, and I hope I have not forgotten the lesson." He bowed graciously and answered, "Mr. Forster, what you have just said is more to me than the highest honours I have ever received."

Perusing a *Life of Watts* the other day, I came across a statement to the effect that Mr. Watts felt most keenly the bitter criticisms in New York of his portrait show in that city. I wonder if that fact might not account to some extent for the heartiness of his last remark. A few items of wise and encouraging criticism and advice made this interview a fortunate and memorable one to me.

Among a number of my British sitters was Thomas Willshaw, of Altrincham. I had gone round with a friend, Dr. A. T. de Mouilpied, to an evening church class Willshaw held in that town, and was greatly impressed with his originality in its conduct. Here, thought I, is another Socrates playing his inconspicuous but useful part among these slow-thinking people. I saw him again in his home, where I painted him, and found him there a man of wide reading and many interests.

An unexpected commission came from a group of friends the following year to paint for Central Hall, Manchester, a portrait of Mr. Willshaw. This was a welcome chance to work out in a fuller and larger way a proposition, if not a problem, of both concern and curiosity.

He was a business man, and a stalwart, public-spirited, Christian gentleman. Among his activities, he maintained a "Theological Class" for church workers, from which more than a hundred had entered the gospel ministry. As lay member and chairman of the Chapel Committee of his denomination, he did signal service to church erection in almost every part of Great Britain.

That is the historian's statement; but mine is, that his eye revealed a mentality engaged in finding out other people's thinking, with a definite purpose to direct their minds into channels of practical good.

Walking out to a luncheon counter one day when the portrait was in progress, we met a group of disputing youngsters. "Ho! boys," said Mr. Willshaw; "what's the matter? Isn't your game planned right?" He set their game in order, and giving one big boy final instructions, said, "I'll come around in half an hour and see how it goes." We returned that way and watched the game for a minute. Mr. Willshaw complimented them and said, "It's good to organize your play, and it's well to have the whole lot appoint a

committee of three to whom to refer disputes. Team play, boys; team play". They looked their thanks.

The Willshaw portrait was exhibited at the Manchester Corporation Art Gallery's annual show. It was again selected by the Curator and "invited" to be shown the following "Season" in a special exhibition of portraits in the same gallery.

A Briton of similar character was Gilbert Young Tickle. He was a magistrate of the Borough of Bootle and a member of the Board of Magistrates of Liverpool.

In the long fight for clean municipal government and breaking of public house control of local politics he revealed the hero stuff which fills the annals of British administration everywhere. His portrait was exhibited at the annual show in the Walker Art Gallery.

Tickle, by the way, was a lay-preacher of rare power in his denomination, the "Disciples". His addresses scintillated with the finest wit, and carried sound argument with merriest humour. Among the joys of my visits to England were his fellowship, and the fund of good stories at his fireside—stories told with kindling flash of his brown eyes and whimsical manner, and with laughter literally "holding both his sides". He some years later gave the Toronto Rotary Club a roaring ten minutes on his thrilling and tragi-comical experiences with Muskoka mosquitoes, which kept his hearers merry for a week.

One day a modest youth asked him for the privilege of going over a warship in Liverpool harbour. He provided him with a permit; then he said, "I'll join you". A pleasant hour together cemented a friendship with the young man, who was afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer and Premier Lloyd George.

Chance came to me of having as sitter a gentleman of high standing in the social and public life of London, Mr. George Corderoy, Government Surveyor, etc., of

Queen Anne's Gate. I had previously had the stimulating task of painting a portrait of his father, the founder of this professional office, and also one of his intellectual and comely mother. I happened to be in London on his return with his bride from a honeymoon jaunt abroad, and the young subjects made excellent themes for pastels. In addition to his own claim to personal and professional merit, he was blest in his wife, whose musical genius added a grace to proud motherhood through the years and to her beauty of countenance as well. It had been my privilege to paint her portrait, as Lydie de Mouilpied, in her Paris home, when she was four years old. The romping, rollicking, sunny laughter of herself and brothers had been sunshine of spring to me during my student days in France. Little Lydie was an entertaining chatterbox as a sitter, until she wished some other diversion. She would then ask, in her naive French manner, if she might go. If I was reluctant to cease work : "*Je m'en vais tout de même*", (I'll away all the same) heralded a scamper to other pleasures. I early learned that if I promptly accepted the delightful tyrannies of these little people and joined them for a jolly round of play, I could soon have another twenty minutes willing devotion to my study of childhood's ineffable charm.

Once Lydie's *causerie* shaped itself into a question, to which I absent-mindedly replied in the affirmative. She immediately said, "*Il ne faut pas dire, oui; on dit non, à c'la.*" (One doesn't say 'yes', one says 'no' to that) to the great amusement of the listening family.

On an early visit to London, I had a portrait to paint of a Scottish lady of no little distinction, a Mrs. Thompson. Her pleasure was quite evident when she was informed that the request came from her son, a practising physician in Canada. A heart full of motherly gratitude was manifest in the spirit with which she entered into

the programme of the making of the portrait. Hers was a dowager type, in which the grace of command was echoed in a courtesy of response by all about her.

As the sittings proceeded and the portrait took on style and character, Mrs. Thompson's youngest son, over whose home she presided, brought to her one day the news he was full of elation to communicate, of his engagement to a young woman to whom he had been paying attention. A new expression crept into his mother's countenance. A veil seemed drawn over a light, as the gleam of bright silver for some reason is lessened.

In the confidences of the following days, the coming eclipse of her mistress-ship over the home, her retirement from its direction and control, and the yielding of command to a daughter-in-law were plainly shown to be sore thoughts to her. The swift flight of years which brought the crisis was one unwelcome fact, and the divided fealty of a good son was another, bringing in either case scant solace.

One morning I came to put the finishing touches on the picture and saw a new light in her eyes, like a hint of gold. A mellow sweetness suffused the whole face. She had reckoned up the new interest which inspired in her son the new hope and purpose of his life, and she said, "This is for him, and by the same favour it is for me; why shouldn't I be glad? And why shouldn't he and his espoused command the home? Mr. Forster, the springs of a mother's life are deep in the eternal heart, and the fountain of consolation is in the same source."

A clear imprint of experience coming into a most interesting countenance could be easily discerned; and some of it must have been caught, for when I saw this old portrait the other day, the history of its growth came afresh to me, as though the whole story were written in its lines.

On the line in memory's gallery hang many pictures graven with the burin of unforgettable kindnesses shown me by friends amongst whom many weeks were enjoyed among the Channel Islands. During the painting of the portraits of General Sir Isaac Brock in Guernsey, his island home, I found occasion to consult Colonel Percy Groves, then in command of the Guernsey batteries of field artillery. He was Curator of the Condé Library at St. Peter Port. He had published several volumes of regimental history, and was an authority on details of the uniforms of all ranks of the various regiments of the British Army of every period. An interesting fact, verified by the Standing Orders of the War Office, was that before 1812 the standard height of guardsmen was six feet four inches. By successive "orders" this standard was lowered, owing to the likewise lessening stature of the race; the standard of men of the line was five feet ten inches; that also became lowered for the same reason. Expert opinion, however, claims that long periods of peace react favourably on human stature.

When I required a model to wear General Brock's uniform, the largest soldier on the Island, the drum-major of the Town Regiment, was not big enough to fill it. General Brock's younger brother was six feet seven inches, and of mighty proportions, I was told by those who remembered him.

Colonel Grove's assistance enabled me to hand over to the Government of Guernsey a portrait of General Sir Isaac Brock, K.B., which was historically true, and received pronounced approval. In co-operation with this same expert in research, I obtained drawings in colour of the uniforms of all ranks of the regiments taking any part in Canada during the War of 1812-14; verified by War Office Standing Orders.

The whole atmosphere of my sojourn in the Channel Islands is still to memory one of charm. The soft air,

the picturesque shores, deeply indented with coves and exquisite snug harbours; the water-lanes and landscape beauty, the floral setting of the homes make them indeed Islands of Dream. The kindly assistance given by the Tuppers, Mr. Kentish Brock, and the Careys, in my historic researches, and my sojourn in the home of Mr. W. Hubert, a chum of my Paris years, make Guernsey the gem in memory's setting, though Sark is the ruby of the cluster.

I must refer here to an amusing incident of a brief stay in the neighbouring Island of Jersey. I went with a Jersey friend on the little train to the west end of the island, where the sand has been blown from the bare teeth of rocks, which snarl viciously at the western gales. Halting at the next eastward station, my friend told me to walk down to St. Bredlade's Bay. Here a little village with a tenth century church nestles at the foot of the Downs. But the curve of the sand beach of distinctly rose tint was a lovely surprise to me. I made a quick sketch of this with the break of rippling blue and the bluff, rugged buttresses which abruptly broke the ellipse at the far end.

I then walked along the firm and inviting sand promenade to the precipitous bastion, which said "No farther". The beauty and the air had stirred exuberant youth in me and I began to pick my way up the bastion's slightly broken face. Twenty minutes found me fifty feet up, and forty minutes one hundred feet up, with much better prospect forward than backward. Indeed a backslip now would be perilous, if not fatal. The umbrella hooked on my arm was my chief handicap, but toe and finger grips were winning. In an hour or so some scout growths of green reached down to give a hand hold. As I presently found myself prone on a bit of grassy earth, the startling rattle and vicious palaver of nine dogs rushing down upon me from a

pinnacle farther up gave me no time for rest or reflection, but called for action. I could not retreat and so broken stones aimed in rapid fire and the umbrella point thrust into the ribs and jaws of the brutes began to tell, when with a shout and thump of boots a strange figure came down the crags gesticulating as he ordered me back over the precipice. That was out of the question, and I confess to a fierce impulse as I moved to attack and vehemently ordered him back. He hesitated; that was my advantage. The dogs turned by this time to worry the wounded ones amongst themselves. I pointed to them, and as he gave them attention I moved up, strolled over the hill and laughed and laughed. I turned by and by to sketch the smugglers' eyrie against the western sun.

In similar romantic effect, some years later, the shores and strands, the hills and vales, the lanes and the vistas, the strongholds and retreats of the romantic Principality of Wales, became a never-to-be-forgotten setting around the family pictures of my friend, Ernest Tickle.

Inasmuch as the Welsh people claim England by right of annexation and the Channel Islanders claim ownership of England through the Norman Conquest in 1066, and affirm therewith a status more English than the English themselves, these visits herald another tribute of regard for the home feeling among friends in *All England*.

During the year 1900, while carrying out the commission of the Social Union of the Methodist Church, Canada, to produce portraits of Susannah, John, and Charles Wesley, I came into touch with a number of men of exceptional interest in the religious life of Great Britain.

In the possession of Rev. Charles E. Kelly, Book Steward, City Road, London, I found and reproduced the Susannah Annesley portrait (painter unknown). It

was painted in archaic bonnet, but revealed a beautiful type of face, whose features, after the mellowing years as mother of the Wesleys, merited Dr. Adam Clark's encomium, "The most beautiful type of womanhood in Britain". Another portrait, painted by Williams in 1838, in her sixty-eighth year, I copied at Headingly College, Leeds; it had been much damaged in restoring, yet gave clear traces of the sitter's refined and noble character.

Mr. Kelly had also a portrait, by Hudson, of Charles Wesley, apparently under forty years of age; and there was another portrait at the Mission Rooms, Bishopsgate Within, by Russell, painted in 1777, with face almost youthful despite his eightieth year.

For the John Wesley there was an extraordinary amount of material, mostly posthumous, nevertheless interesting indeed. The venerable Mr. Hayes, of the Allen Library, had a collection of seventy-six engravings. Mr. George Stampe, of Great Grimsby, Yorkshire, had a collection of fifty-four modellings, and also the gown, shoes, and the life mask of John Wesley, which last was most useful in giving texture of skin and a slightly protruding tooth, which gave effect to the mouth expression. I had this cast photographed at the angle and with the lighting I wished for my portrait.

The examination of original material involved visits to many parts of Britain. I reproduced the Hamilton portrait, owned by the State (National Portrait Gallery). Of the other portraits, Hone painted three and Reynolds one, the last I found in Didsbury College, Manchester. Its authorship could be recognized at once by the mouth, for this, like many other of Reynolds' portraits, revealed hints of that master's own mouth.

Six weeks of travel and correspondence failed to bring me in touch with the original Romney, described by Wesley as the best of him yet painted. And when it

was at last found in the home of Walter Cassels, Esq., Brompton, S.W., he being absent on the Continent, six more weeks' further correspondence passed ere I was privileged to make the desired copy of it.

In the meantime the interest of the several owners of Wesley portraits was stirred by various opinions over the choice of younger or of elder years for the portraits to be made for Canada. I must pay tribute to this thoughtful discussion by the noble men who were at that time wearing with honour the mantle fallen upon them from the Wesleys themselves. As opinions were not a unit, indeed positively divided, I had to decide for myself. The conviction grew that the veneration of the memory of each of the Wesleys made strong appeal for portraits of riper years; that the Evangel they represented was in its mighty issues a practical commentary upon the wisdom that could be portrayed in the age that wears the grace of wisdom. Moreover, a thorough study of all the portraits revealed sufficient in the Susannah Wesley by Williams, the Charles Wesley by Russell, and the John Wesley, at eighty-five, by Romney, to feel a sense of safety in following their lead into the later years, and into the intimate life of the originals, such as I have sought to present in their portraits now in Canada.

I have hitherto scrupulously avoided quoting any general comments upon my work. If I forsake a safe seclusion now, it is only to let the light focus upon the Great Eighteenth Century Spirit who has been the inspiration of an effort that is somewhat historic.

Rev. W. H. Adams, in the *Halifax Wesleyan* of June 12th, 1901, said : " Mr. Forster recently spent much time in England in the study of the Wesley statues, busts and paintings. The result is he has produced a picture which has in large measure laid all these under tribute, and yet which is different, and independent of

them all. It shows more verve and vivacity than any previous painting.

"As you stand before Mr. Forster's painting you feel profoundly satisfied. Here you have at last a full as well as faithful unfolding of Wesley's character. You are made to feel that Wesley was a man of intense activity. You are impressed with his self-command and his native dignity. His vast charity, his bubbling humour, his sanctity and sheer sanity, are all here,—and here in such combination and harmony as in no previous production of either brush or chisel.

"This is unquestionably the man who commanded the profound respect of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the literary king; the man to whom you would look for an example of pure and purposeful philanthropy. And this is the man with winsome blue eyes, fresh complexion and soft white hair, to whom children would run with love and confidence, while their elders regarded him with reverence. Wesley's was a truly composite, many-sided character, and Mr. Forster has brought it all out in his admirable picture."

I was asked recently to paint a replica of the John Wesley. This now hangs in the Central Hall, Westminster, London.

On seeing it, Rev. Dr. R. J. Wilson wrote in *Toronto Daily Star*, September 27th, 1924: "The eyes, those wondrous eyes, suggest a man who has been long in prayer; they are at rest; they are not commanding, they are beseeching. The whole picture suggests poise, a mind alert and keen, dominated by a soul at peace with God.

"The left hand holds a copy of his 'field bible'; the right uplifted has not the forefinger pointed forward as though directing the wrath of God, but upward, calling all the blessings of the Unseen in benediction upon the hearts of his peasant flock. Everywhere in the picture is the suggestion of one whose message is eternal, whose authority is unchallenged because God-given."

CHAPTER X

KNIGHTS OF THE OLD CHIVALRY

GLADLY was welcomed the opportunity to paint for public and private galleries a few portraits of military men. When asked to paint for the Ontario Government a portrait of General Wolfe, research was necessary to secure authentic material.

There are a few portraits and drawings of the captor of Quebec in London galleries, but they all hark back to either the caricature by his envious rival, Townshend, with face like the flap of an envelope, or the one painted by Highmore. This latter portrait was found in the possession of John Scobel Armstrong at Nancealvern, Penzance, Cornwall, and showed Wolfe as a young lieutenant. It was painted on his return from the Continent, where, as a young ensign of sixteen, after all the officers of his regiment had been either killed or wounded, he successfully commanded it through three bayonet charges, and thereby won promotion on the field at Dettingen. Wolfe presented his portrait to his tutor, Rev. Samuel Swinden, in appreciation of that master's beneficent influence upon his life, and it remains in the Swinden family as a much-prized treasure.

Further research in the War Office revealed the Standing Orders, describing the uniform of the General's rank on his service in the Canadian Expedition, through which his name will be forever linked with the destinies of this continent.

My portrait represents him standing in the boat approaching L'Anse au Foulon (Wolfe's Cove), in the dark of the morning.

It is gratifying to see the house in Westerham, Kent, where he was born, secured to the State through the

fore-thought of Mr. Leversham, of Montreal. The statue of Wolfe in that town was evidently designed upon the fiction of his rival, "that he danced frantically and strutted pompously, flourishing his sword when he was informed of the important commission", an action quite unlike General Wolfe temperamentally, as one may safely infer from his dignified letters and despatches.

For the portrait of General Sir Isaac Brock, the data was found on his native Island of Guernsey. Through the courtesy of Hon. John Beverley Robinson, I was introduced to the Misses Tupper, of St. Peter Port, nieces and heirs of the general. These ladies very kindly placed in my hands the original chalk drawing, the only authentic portrait of General Brock extant, and also his uniform, perforated by the musket balls which terminated his splendid career, and the letter which he wrote to Sir George Prevost during the night preceding that fatal morning.

When my study was finished, the Bailiff (Governor) of the Island, Sir John Savery Carey, and a deputation including Kentish Brock, Esq., from the "States" (Parliament) waited upon me, and said they hoped that I would consent to the portrait I had made remaining on the Island, their belief being that his native home had first claim. I expressed appreciation of their desire, and said, "My country, Canada, claims Sir Isaac Brock as her particular hero, because his great master achievements for the defence of Canada and the Empire were performed within our borders. And as the portrait, if satisfactory, may be regarded as a commission from the Ontario Government, therefore this first portrait must go to Canada."

I offered, however, to paint for Guernsey a portrait in larger half-length from the original material, which included authentic documents and data. The proposition was referred to the States and approved, and the

resulting portrait of General Brock now hangs in the States House.

The first study, after serving its purpose for the large portrait owned by the Ontario Government, is now in the Archives at Ottawa, which also contain, through the kindness of the Misses Tupper, General Brock's uniform and other relics.

In painting the portrait of General Simcoe, the founder of Upper Canada, I was indebted to the venerable Dr. Henry Scadding for use of the portrait which was given him by John Graves Simcoe's family. This he brought from Simcoe's ancestral home in Devonshire, and therefore was a safe guide for my study.

This doughty soldier and statesman had earned the favour of the King by his capacity for intelligent campaigning during the years of the rebellion of the American States; hence the responsible task committed to him of organizing the new Province of Upper Canada and its first Parliament. Peopled as it was in great part by Loyalist refugees from the revolting States, his task proved a sympathetic one.

In this task, he was greatly assisted by Captain, afterwards Major-General, Æneas Shaw, of the Queen's Rangers. This officer established Fort York, east of the old French Fort Rouille. He was given a grant of 500 acres north of the military reserve. On this he built a log house, the first house in York, which he named Lambeth Palace, and here he entertained the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, when he visited Upper Canada. Shaw Street in Toronto commemorates his name and place.

A couple of incidents reveal the masterful spirit of General Shaw. When captain of the Highland Company of the Queen's Rangers, during the operations near Lake George, noticing a field piece that was stranded in mire being left by the Brigade during a retirement,

and the enemy making a rush to capture it, he shouted, "Highlanders, about! retake that gun". This they did, and the gun was afterwards attached to that company by General Orders in recognition of that heroic act.

When he was in command of a detachment of this regiment it was ordered from a New Brunswick station to Niagara in the winter of 1791-92. Major Shaw brought the men on snow-shoes through the trackless, uninhabited forest to Chambly, Montreal, in twenty-four days. They were largely fed by the way on trapped and hunted game, the courage and cheering example of the Major keeping up their hearts. Simcoe reported this exploit to the Secretary of War in high terms of praise.

All General Æneas Shaw's sons were in the army and all won distinction. The eldest, Captain Alexander Shaw, served with his father in the American Revolution campaigns; afterwards at Alexandria, at Naples, in Calabria, and at the battle of Maida, with Moore at Corunna, in Walcheren, in Brabant, and with Wellington in the Spanish Peninsula and at Waterloo, being frequently mentioned in despatches for bravery.

His son, Captain George Shaw, as junior officer in the second battalion of the Queen's Rangers, and Captain of Militia in Upper Canada, saw service at Montgomery's Tavern, Navy Island, and the Prescott Windmill. He held the lines of communication which prevented the junction of Mackenzie's and Papineau's forces in 1838.

This Captain Shaw's son, George A. Shaw, served in all ranks from private, during the Trent Affair in the early '60s, commanding a company during the Fenian Raid in '66 and, by steady promotion, rose to the command of the 10th Royals, afterwards Royal Grenadiers, retiring with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

When Shaw was a junior officer, Colonel Wolseley, the Militia Commander-in-Chief, was giving young

officers a grind on the drill-book, and said, "Men always move off with the left foot". Shaw saluted and asked, "Are there not exceptions, Colonel?" "What exceptions?" asked Wolseley. "When skirmishers advance and kneel to fire, they take up the advance with the right foot." "Correct", said the Colonel. "What other?" "When order is given, 'Right close', men move with the right foot first." "Right again; the drill-book is wrong; I'll have it changed."

When Colonel Wolseley took the Northwest Expedition in 1870 from Ontario over trails through the wilds of the north shore of Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg and thence to Fort Garry, he learned a few lessons in Canadian wood and river craft.

His reports are interesting and informative. One item states that no beverage except tea was given officers or men, and yet, despite exceptional hardships and exposure, the men often being wet for days, no case of chill or other illness occurred. The men were in excellent health and spirits throughout the whole expedition, and there was a remarkable absence of either crime or complaint.

A young Canadian officer of the expedition, Captain Fred C. Denison, showed qualities of leadership which were not forgotten by his commanding officer. In 1883, when Lord Wolseley was asked to organize the Nile Expedition for the relief of General Gordon, he cabled for "500 Canadian boatmen and one officer, Denison preferred." Colonel Fred C. Denison commanded these boatmen during that eventful, though fruitless, campaign, winning distinction and Royal thanks.

When Colonel Fred Denison came to have his portrait painted, I ventured to express the hope he would be painted in the khaki suit he wore on the Nile Campaign, but he preferred the uniform of the Governor-General's

Body Guard, of which he had held command. "That," he said, "is the old 'Denison's Horse', and links up an interesting family history." He was particular about the several clasps on his Egyptian medal, especially the "Kerbecan", which recorded distinction in action for which he had been recommended for a V.C.

A characteristic request was that the date of the portrait should be 1895. He knew that the grim monster death was on his track, and that within a year at most the "Last Post" would be sounded to close his career; noble and notable as citizen, statesman, and soldier.

Colonel George T. Denison, Colonel Fred's elder brother, was quite as pronouncedly a military man (both were lawyers by profession). I used to admire the swinging pace of these two brothers on their three mile walk into town of mornings.

George T. had the spirit and mind for state-craft. Frequent press letters appeared over his name with advice on public policy; and I cannot recall their ever being controverted. He could tell of counsel given to national leaders at critical moments, and never was there a hint of egotism in the recital. The movement of his frame was always confident and his look was always large. This is how the painter saw him.

He had shown genius as a youth in improving the efficiency of his regiment, Denison's Horse, now the G.G.B.G.; and in 1866, by his cavalry dash he disconcerted the Fenian Raiders' plan in the Niagara District, and thus contributed much toward rendering their invasion a fiasco.

Colonel Denison's treatise on "Cavalry Tactics", written the following year, won the world's prize offered by the Russian Government. Thirty years afterward, we happened to be standing together as his old troop rode past. Pointing to them he said, "Only now

has the British Government issued to its cavalry the equipment adopted twenty-nine years ago at my suggestion by Russia, France and other nations." He was one of the outstanding examples of Canada's soldier citizens.

Another brother, Admiral John Denison, entered the Royal Navy as cadet in 1867, and retired as Admiral in 1913.

During visits to his beautiful home at Alverstoke, overlooking the Solent, where his portrait was painted, I found that an ideal home circle surrounded the man whose Imperial service embraced all latitudes and climates. His tales of the hazards of the service were not without humour. For instance, in the semi-military work of suppressing slavery among the South Sea Islanders in the '70s, the cannibal natives frankly admitted their preference for neighbouring nut-fed islanders as sweeter and more tender eating than salt-meat-fed sailors, who were tough.

Brigadier-General Sir William C. Otter took up military study while in civil life. In the Queen's Own Rifles he advanced by merited promotion from private in 1861, being Adjutant at Ridgeway in 1866, to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1875, diffusing throughout all ranks the enthusiasm of his own ardour in soldiering.

A junior officer told of Otter's talk to the men in each car of a special train, carrying the regiment on a fraternal visit to the 7th Fusiliers of London, one Dominion Day. "Men," he said, "you have the reputation and honour of the Queen's Own in your individual keeping. Let it never be said that there is a 'B.J.' soldier amongst you." The men understood this at once to mean that any relaxing of sobriety was likely to liberate a swaggering "By Jove" air, and the men kept faith.

When Canada's first contingent was offered to the British Government for service in South Africa in 1899,

Otter was given command. Well did he and his men behave, winning Lord Roberts' encomium, "The Canadians always carry out their programme."

A certain major on General Otter's staff tells of an incident when the Canadians were hotly engaged with Cronje. A shell from the Boers came perilously near, and he and other officers flung themselves prone, under a "safety first" impulse. When they looked around they were shamed on seeing Otter still seated, quietly smoking; his only rebuke to them being a sly twinkle in his eye at their want of self-possession.

Colonel William Hamilton Merritt was an equally enthusiastic and capable soldier, and a courtly subject for the artist. It was a temptation to paint him as a hunter of big game, and he recited many experiences as such in the Dark Continent. Colonel Merritt said that wild game paid little attention to the black natives, they not being hunters, but were intensely shy of white men. The pity of it, eh?

Three springbok being espied far out of range, his "boy" walked on the side next them, in a free and jaunty manner, as though on journey bent, Merritt keeping step on the off side. When the line of march verged within rifle shot the native gave a grunt and Merritt dropped. The boy walked farther out of range. A rifle shot brought down the selected animal, whose horns now adorn a Toronto smoking room.

Colonel Merritt preferred to be painted as a soldier, he being one of the fourth Canadian generation to command "Merritt's Horse", of Merritton, Ontario. He saw active service with Canada's second contingent in South Africa, to the organization of which his energy contributed most. His papers on military science, given at the Toronto Military Institute, were valuable and enlightening to young volunteer officers, and contributed

not a little to their efficiency in the Great War, in which they did such excellent service.

Brigadier-General James Mason, sailor, financier, soldier and senator, well sustained the honour of the Dominion. He was wounded in the affair at Batoche, N.W.T., in 1885. As second in command of the Canadian Contingent present at Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, 1897, he received imperial compliments. At a review of the visiting corps, the eccentric behaviour of his horse in prancing side-wise and keeping his eye on the royal carriage during its progress, won for Mason a merry royal recognition, and afterward Field Marshal Lord Roberts' encomiums upon his good horsemanship.

This is an appropriate place for Lord Roberts' name amongst Knights of the Old Chivalry. As space is given him in another chapter, I will merely tell here of having noticed the Field Marshal, at a review on the Horse Guards parade ground, ride out from the staff group to speak to a private soldier in the ranks. I asked him the reason for his doing this. He told me, "That man's brother was most desperately wounded during the South African War, and I was anxious to know how he was getting on. I was glad to learn he is making a marvellous recovery." This little touch of humanity revealed in "Bobs" the soul of high chivalry which was his.

Lord Roberts had promised to look me up on his next visit to Canada and to give me a sitting for another portrait. That visit occurred in 1908, on the occasion of the Champlain Tercentenary. When he saw me, he at once recognized me and said, "Yes, Forster, I'm coming to give you that sitting." Turning to Colonel Septimus Denison, his aide, he said, "Kindly arrange for this, will you?" The great heat and his extra activities brought on an old trouble, however, and on

the advice of his physician he cancelled all engagements and immediately returned to England.

Colonel Clarence Denison tells a significant story of distinct soldier types. As member of St. George's Society Executive, when interviewing applicants for Christmas cheer, he would recognize by their physical movement (although they were in mufti), the cavalryman, artilleryman, and infantryman. His question, "What troop or brigade?" "What battery?" "What regiment?" never failed to elicit a confirming answer to his discernment. The frame, as well as the features, tell a man's life story, where uniform, manual, and routine have written it. The personality of the soldier, however, is said to be less individual than is that of men in the activities of peace vocations. I have examined the portraits in great national collections and find this to be in a general way true.

Does an uneventful garrison life with a certain soulless routine under the autocratic direction of superior officers account for facial dullness in the soldier and officer of junior rank? Here is a problem in human psychology. This dourness was not noted so strongly in the faces of those in high commands, upon whom rest frequent and heavy responsibilities requiring original thinking and quick decisions, nor in those of citizen-military-officers in active business, whom chance brought to the studio.

Hovering in the background of this statement, supporting arguments may be found for a military system on purely defense basis, a system which, I venture to think, meets the judgment of sane statesmen as opposed to the uneconomic system of costly standing armies.

Upon the grouping of several independent companies of volunteers in Toronto District into the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, Colonel Durie, a professional soldier, a Sandhurst graduate, was given command and the task

of developing this volunteer regimental unit. Durie later organized and was promoted to Officer Commanding the 2nd Military District, with headquarters at Toronto, and Major, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel, Gilmour, of the Civil Service, succeeded him in command of the Queen's Own. Gilmour held this through the Trent and Fenian Raid incidents, creating in his men the spirit of a crack regiment. In 1875, upon his retirement, Colonel Otter, then a clerk in the Canada Company's office, was gazetted O.C.

When Otter became District Officer (D.O.C.), Miller, a commercial man, became Lieutenant-Colonel, and commanded the regiment throughout the Northwest Rebellion campaign of 1885.

In order of succession came Lieut.-Colonels Allen, Delamere, Hamilton, and Pellatt, all of whom were engaged in civil occupations. These men, whose portraits add historic enrichment to the Q.O.R. Officers' Mess Room at the Toronto Armouries, demonstrated, as did thousands in the volunteer ranks, their spirit of fine chivalry in the days of our country's peril.

No one will deny to Brigadier-General Sir Henry M. Pellatt a place of honour amongst our citizen soldiers. The transporting of the Queen's Own Rifle Regiment to London to participate in the ceremonies of the Coronation of King Edward in 1902, and again a few years later sending over a large contingent to take part in Field Training and Exercises at Aldershot, helped greatly to prepare our Canadian boys for their transcendent achievements during the four or five unparalleled great war years in France and Belgium. Under him the strength of the Queen's Own was raised to two battalions, commanded by Lieut.-Colonels Percy Mason and Gunther, civilians, yet splendid soldiers both.

My interest in men of arms was not confined to Canada. I painted for the Early family of Lynchburgh,

Va., a portrait of Major-General Jubal Early, the hero of Fredericksburg and a hundred other engagements in the Civil War. A Northern soldier, years ago, used to regale me with vivid tales of Early's phenomenal success with an army of 7,000 men in persistently surprising and whipping Phil. Sheridan's army of 30,000 for more than three years, until starvation in the South did for Sheridan what his fighting could not do.

This Northern soldier had been an active and daring scout; and on one of his night prowls around the enemy lines he noticed a picket on a distant hill. Riding as far as he dared, he tethered his horse and crept up within a few yards of the picket to get a view of the valley. He there saw the whole of Jubal Early's little army camped; estimated their number, and then crept away with the news to his commanding officer. This was duly reported to headquarters, and a certain famous retiring movement began next morning which the newspapers found it difficult to explain.

The Northern soldier referred to resided later in Canada. General Early spent some time in St. Catharines and the soldier, meeting him there, told him the evidence he had gleaned that night and asked if he had estimated right. Early looked keenly at him for a good minute, and then said : "So you're the ——d rascal that played for me one of the prettiest games of the war. Have a glass of wine."

Early's portrait brought together numbers of Confederate veterans in reverent and fascinating reminiscence of desperate years away back in the '60's. One of these was General Munford, Stonewall Jackson's former secretary and trusted friend.

To Munford's cavalry fell the task of leading all Jackson's manœuvres and attacks and of covering every retirement he made. Munford's was the privilege of demonstrating the phenomenal genius of his chief, that

great military leader. After Jackson's death, he enjoyed General Robert E. Lee's confidence and brought to him the same splendid support which had endeared him so greatly to his former beloved superior officer.

His last daring action flashes a revealing light upon Munford. At Appomattox, his brigade held one flank of Lee's army. Intimation had been passed of the probable surrender of Lee that day, but no instruction had come to the commanding officers. With his brigade, Munford dashed through Grant's tightening cordon; circled to the west, buried his field guns, and then led his men to the meadow at Lynchburg, where the 2nd Virginia Cavalry had been mustered in, four years before, with himself as Colonel. He there addressed his comrades, bidding them take up the dull tasks of life with unconquerable spirit; to rebuild with patience their shattered commonwealth and desolated homes, and with the same manly hearts face life as they had faced death. He then mustered them out, unconquered.

The unsurrendered flag he afterwards, as one of the pall-bearers, laid upon the bier of Jefferson Davis, the President of the lost cause, and it was buried with him. My portrait of General Munford hangs in the Virginia Military Institute.

It was for General Munford that the design for the flag of Virginia was painted. His father had been custodian for fifty-six years of the State Seals which embodied the old flag design. These, having been mutilated by the enemy, had not been accurately restored for the new Commonwealth, which was a grief to the General. After much research with him, which I continued at his request, I was enabled, to his joy, to work out the original design of George Wythe.

Governor Stuart of Virginia had my painting of it reproduced in 1917 as the State Flag, and it was carried

in President Wilson's second inaugural procession at Washington. An excerpt from my report and a photograph of the design were published in *Art and Archæology* for August, 1919.

Governor Stuart's uncle, General J. E. B. (Jeb) Stuart, had been a picturesque and efficient cavalry leader. For him, too, the Confederate grey uniform lent itself splendidly to effective military portraiture. He made a strong appeal to the imagination and devotion of the Confederate Army and the Southern people.

His appearance in force at unexpected places was disconcerting to Federal movements; and Lee depended much upon his intelligent daring for the capture of despatches and important prisoners.

He was killed in action in the second year of the war, but not until his cavalry had established for the South a name which it held throughout the entire war. Because of his red beard, his friends laconically named him "The Fox"; but to his enemies he was the "Red Devil", for reasons readily understood.

Another high Southern type, whose portrait I painted in Washington, was Colonel Hilary Herbert. A young lawyer when civil war began, he organized a company of the 8th Alabama Infantry. He quickly developed a passion for drill, which gave his company distinction. Casualties in action soon gave him his majority, and the whole regiment responded.

As Colonel at Gettysburg, his regiment was moving in column of fours, 10th company leading, when there was a hot rush by the enemy on his left flank. Herbert at once shouted, "Change front! Forward on 10th Company! Fire as you come into line. Double quick—march!" This unusual manœuvre had its effect on the opposing troops, as was long afterwards confirmed by General Sewell, then Colonel commanding the New Jerseys at that point.

Later, in the Chancellorsville and Antietam series of actions, Sedgwick, with 30,000 men, seriously threatened Lee's flank at Salem Church. Acting Brigadier Herbert, with three regiments, the 8th, 9th, and 10th Alabamas, attacked with such skill and fury that the Federal field guns and infantry were overwhelmed and Sedgwick's right was broken in confusion, losing, in addition to casualties, more prisoners than the attacking numbers.

A delightful sequel to this engagement followed many years later, when General Grubb and his 23rd New Jerseys erected on the field, near Salem Church, a shaft to their heroic comrades. The tablet to the boys in blue was balanced by one on the opposite face to the boys in grey, "whose ranks we could not break". Colonel Herbert, then secretary of the Navy in President Cleveland's Cabinet, was present on invitation and was photographed hand-in-hand with General Grubb on the field where a few had whipped many times their number.

In the same national capital, I had the pleasure of painting the portrait of Admiral Fletcher, of the U.S. Navy. It was Admiral Fletcher who commanded at Santiago in the war with Cuba, and who was in charge later during the "strained relations" with Mexico. He is an excellent example of United States naval officers, alert, dignified, and efficient.

Sittings were given by Admiral Strauss, too, who installed the heavy gun turret, and whose formula provides the American heavy-arms and smokeless powder. Admiral Strauss was, in 1918, decorated by King George for distinguished service in the co-operation of the U.S. fleet with the Allies.

Coincident with the naming of these Knights of Old Chivalry, why should not mention be made of the fair women who wear and honour their names? Mrs. Fletcher graciously carries the impress of the well born, and was an inspiring portrait study. Similar in manner,

although differing in type, was Mrs. Strauss, a most attractive subject for the brush. The latter's charm may have echoed the spirit of her husband, or it may have been part inheritance from her father, General Sweitzer, who had been chief of McClelland's staff in the Civil War. Or it may have come directly from her mother, who, as Margaret MacGregor, was partner of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward) in leading the cotillion in her father's ballroom when the Prince was his guest in Cincinnati in 1860.

The dear old lady preserved the beauty and graciousness of those years until a ripe age. Having to play the important part of Commandant's wife at a succession of United States Army posts for four decades, an air of distinction sat easily upon Mrs. Sweitzer, and gave quality to the portrait which it was so much pleasure to paint.

Mrs. Strauss
Washington, D.C.

CHAPTER XI

GUARDIAN SPIRITS OF OUR RACE

THE recalling of the last-mentioned names in the preceding chapter was like the lifting of a sluice-gate for the inflow of a tide of other names. They are names of worthy women, who are not only admirable types of womanhood, but are also entitled to a place on any honour roll that proclaims more than usual excellence.

Memorials of many of them should emblazon Halls of Fame, noble pioneers of whom a poet has said :

> " They went their way, those women strong and grand,
> And as they went they blazed through this young land
> A trail that countless feet do follow still,
> To homes of peace and prayer by vale and hill."

Others are stars in the firmament of history. For example, Mollie Elliott Seawell, the author of the *Sprightly Romance of Maracs*, *Papa Bouchard*, *The Jugglers*, *Little Jarvis*, *Betty's Virginia Christmas*, and other excellent tales. The privilege was once mine in Washington to be Miss Seawell's escort to dinner at the home of one of the United States Ambassadors. In that company, hers was the pre-eminent spirit. In fine humour she was easily the brightest and wittiest of them all. Her home was a rendezvous on a stated afternoon each week for men and women of gifts and attainments. Greatly was the *entrée* to this salon prized, not only because of the names of those who gathered there, but, also, for the friction of ideas in semi-serious banter which frequently distinguished it. There was a mingling of the old world and of the old South in its social courtesies. Miss Seawell's portrait is now in historic

companionship in William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.

Approval will be readily given the honoured place occupied by the portrait of Mrs. Hoodless, of Hamilton, Ontario, in the Macdonald Institute Building at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, because of her great accomplishments in behalf of advanced and highly practical education of Canadian young women. A comeliness and intelligence that would have adorned, if not ruled, any Four Hundred, were dedicated to higher opportunities for a priceless service to the race. She it was who advised with Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal, and laid before him the project of the Institute, which was planned and organized by her for the training of young women alongside the Ontario Agricultural College for young men.

To Mary Urie Watson fell the task of creating and inaugurating in the same Institute a course of study fully adapted to Canadian home life and for the numbers of young women who entered upon this course of training and study. Miss Watson became, thereby, the founder and was for eighteen years, director, of the system of home economics for women. It was Miss Watson who made Mrs. Hoodless's dream come true: and the portrait of her glowing young face under its coronal of silver hair, as it hangs beside the portrait of Mrs. Hoodless in the Macdonald Institute, signalizes for its more than 800 graduates their esteem for and appreciation not only of their Preceptress, but also of the excellent and helpful instruction received by them at her hand.

There will be conceded to the portrait of Mrs. John Calder, of Hamilton, the right to its historic place in the Memorial Building at Stoney Creek. This is the old "Gage House" which had been the United States Army headquarters in 1813. Nearby is erected a monument to the heroic Canadian militia and regular British

troops, who at that place, after a night march from Burlington, surprised and almost annihilated the United States force. The establishment of these memorials of the brave days of old was largely due to the patriotic efforts of Mrs. Calder and the good women of Hamilton.

Mrs. Mary L. McDonnell, organizer of Mrs. Youmans' dream, first president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and founder of the National Council of Women, was another remarkable woman and an example of the uncommon common sense of her sex. It is but little known that for years Mrs. McDonnell administered the business of the Toronto Rolling Mills at Sunnyside, or that she was the chief organizer and spirit behind the movement in the late eighties which brought into actuality the designation "Toronto the Good".

Josephine Wheelwright is an eminent representative of the women of the South. During the reconstruction years after the Civil War, she was the first Southern girl to register as a student of scientific nursing. Nursing at that time had no professional standing, "Sairey Gamps" in the North and "mammies" in the South being the sole and not always efficient helpers in sickness and suffering. Miss Wheelwright was thus a leader of the vast and honoured sisterhood of trained, professional nurses on this continent.

She entered St. Luke's Private Hospital, Richmond, under the eminent Dr. Hunter McGuire, General (Stonewall) Jackson's staff surgeon, and after graduation she nursed for him and for the famed Dr. Weir Mitchell, until the natural call to home service came. In this greater realm, as Mrs. Josephine W. Rust, mother of worthy men, she is of wholesome intellectual and social influence in and beyond the United States capital. The *Médaille de la Réconnaissance Francaise*, given her by the President of the Republic of France, and the

bestowment upon her by the Government of Italy of the Order of the Italian Red Cross, *Al Benemeciti Della Croce Rossa Italiana*, are significant of the range of her beneficent influence.

This reference to Josephine Wheelwright's pioneer spirit in the career of nursing will at once carry the thought of many to Mary Agnes Snively, R.N., who was practically the founder of the great schools of nursing in Canada through the influence of the one which she built up in Toronto General Hospital. Miss Snively's graduates are known and esteemed on every continent and in every clime. The nurses tell me she used to be severe. Once, when a group of novitiates first appeared before her, she asked them if they were not afraid. Too timid to confess that they were, they answered, "No!" Her prompt comment was, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Evidences of deep respect and sincere affection came from all parts of the globe on the occasion of the placing in the nurses' quarters at the Toronto General Hospital of the portrait of this great woman.

Reminiscences took on gaiety in her recital of the transformation which had taken place in the character of the nurses since the days of the old General Hospital. The hired women of those days were rough and uncultured and demanded beer at regular hours, and patients had to run the gauntlet of many hazards under their hands. Then the orderlies were ancient, broken down men with histories in misfortune. The advance of medical science was naturally resented by these people, but gradual changes finally swept all that away, and a new era was ushered in.

When the time came that her portrait might be viewed, Miss Snively said, "I'm fearful I'll be like the Scotch-woman whose family urged and urged her to sit for a photograph until she finally consented and sat. When

she saw the proof, she remarked to the photographer, "Ye'll no be saying this is like me?" He answered, "Oh, yes, ma'am, that's an excellent likeness; oh, it's just like you!" "A weel!" said she, "it's a vara humblin' sicht!"

When on a professional visit in Washington a rumour came to me one day that the wife of the President of the United States had called at a certain home to see a couple of portraits of my painting which had been recently placed on its walls. A few days later an invitation was received to call at the White House.

The interview with Mrs. Wilson (the former) was as of two artists, and the first result was a quick and cordial understanding. Mrs. Wilson was a woman possessing in full measure the grace of refinement, intellectual attainment, and charming presence. As courtesies between Canada and the United States of America were being exchanged at this time over the One Hundred Years of Peace, she expressed the wish that I, as a Canadian representative of one of the highest arts of peace, should paint her portrait. Her references to my work were earnest and generous indeed. Her artistic nature made the sittings at the Executive Mansion a genuinely sympathetic pleasure.

Upon her splendid character a revealing light was thrown by a Princeton graduate who, on seeing in my possession a photograph of the portrait I had painted, said, "When I was ill of typhoid fever, she, as wife of the Principal, often came to see me. Her motherly ministry not only saved my life, but her counsel and encouragement made a better man of me. I truly reverence her memory."

Similar tribute might be paid to the name of Mrs. John Crosby Brown, of New York. She was the daughter of Dr. William Adams, who for forty years before Beecher's day was New York's outstanding

preacher, and his mentality and literary gifts were inherited by her.

Her distinguished son, Dr. William Adams Brown, holds a foremost place as philosopher, scholar, and divine. The painting of his portrait created much interest among his friends, by several of whom I had been advised and warned that because of his studious abstraction, he would be an impossible subject. Most happily indeed the reverse proved to be true : for a portrait is not a " still life " study, but a vitally active life study, in which all the moods and preoccupations have place and play their part. Dr. Brown's penetration was keen as he quizzed me critically on the principles of the portrait painter's art. And humorously he wanted to know how movement could be indicated on a still canvas.

Of special distinction and charming wit was Mrs. Susan Moulton McMaster, the founder of the Moulton Ladies' College, and one of the chief promoters of the Women's Medical College, Toronto. It was, without doubt, the keen interest of this woman in education and in the cultivation of the excellences that inspired her husband to found and endow McMaster University. The hours of sittings passed all too quickly with her resourceful conversation and brilliant sallies. Such a spirit usually finds the sitter as fresh at the final sitting as at the first.

On meeting her again, years afterwards, in Washington, it was like a tonic to me to see those wonderful qualities still in active play and service even though their possessor was well up in the nineties. Truly the foundation of youth is in the spirit, and is not the fountain of beauty also in the same spring ? Let me give two examples that will be approved, I am sure, by those who knew these women.

Miss Wilhemina Seigmiller will be widely remembered by her contribution to " helps in school art ",

through the Applied Arts Drawing Books edited by her, and by her direction of art instruction in the schools of Indianapolis for many years. Her work was original, not to say revolutionary, and her personality was one worthy of special mention. Her drawings were remarkable for grace and beauty, and this same grace and beauty seemed to grow into and become part of her own character from the days when, as little more than a child, she was one of my pupils.

Shaftesbury says, "Beauty is an expression of the divine life of the world". It certainly is a spiritual essence. Whether in the young or in the elderly this essence pervades all types in varying degree, and can be discerned in the proportion that it is liberated in the life of the subject.

It was seen in Mrs. Jane Knickerbocker Cunningham, of Washington and of Lichfield, Conn. When her portrait was painted at the latter place she made our interviews welcome occasions. Another charm of Mrs. Cunningham was in the fact that her lineage led personal, family, and state history back through pages of national story beyond the struggle for independence, beyond the Colonial Indian wars to the Dutch Commonwealth of New Amsterdam.

To most people a reference to the "Knickerbockers" only induces a vague flight of fancy to colonial burghers, with flowing collars, knee-breeches, tall, soft, broad-brimmed hats, and flintlock muskets, and to women in equally old-fashioned garb at spinning wheels. My surprise can be imagined, therefore, to find in my subject of eighty years the last of the historic name and of the old stock that has stood through centuries for stability, honour, and the high virtues bequeathed to the New York breed.

It was the good lady's habit to take an afternoon drive. When the portrait was near completion, she invited me

to put down my brushes and come out with her. I accepted, and shall never forget the fertile play of fancies in my companion, kindled by the clear glow of a warm November day among the rolling Connecticut uplands, just then in the vivid illumination of autumn.

On one of the leaves of memory's sketch-book is the name of another woman of note, to whom history is happy to yield a place. Mrs. Edward Seymour, of Lichfield, Conn., was a granddaughter of Colonel Benjamin Talmadge, one of Washington's aides, and of William Floyd, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The relation of a life story and brush work went on happily together. With her father, a Congressman in Washington during the years of her girlhood, and herself a frequent visitor at the homes of the widow of Alexander Hamilton, the reputed composer of the Declaration of Independence; of Webster, Calhoun, Clay, President Madison and his famous wife, Dolly Madison, and many others, her reminiscences were a vivid historic linking of to-day with the beginnings of the American Republic.

As wife of the Supreme Court Judge Seymour, she charmed the social life of the capital by her bright and attractive dignity. At eighty-two she danced with three generations of nephews; at eighty-four she was one of my most entertaining sitters for a portrait, which is now sharing, with a distinguished company of court names, a place in Lichfield County Gallery. She was known and beloved by young and old as "Aunt Mary".

Mrs. John A. Vanderpoel, artist, author, philanthropist, was "Aunt Mary's" niece.

How does the following epitome of her accomplishments appeal to lovers of life? Painter in oils and water-colours; magazine writer; author of *Colour Problems; A Practical Manual for Lay Students;*

Chronicles of a Pioneer School, 1792 to 1833; member of the Association of Women Painters and Sculptors; Vice-President of the New York Water Colour Club; member and past Regent of the Colonial Dames of America; Curator and Vice-President of Lichfield Historical Society and County Gallery, which is housed in the library building erected by her son; chief librarian also of this library, to the valuable contents of which she has made extensive additions. Mrs. Vanderpoel's well-employed talents have gained her international celebrity and esteem. This daughter of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins is no "blue stocking", but the soul of hospitality, kindliness, and good sense, and I willingly add that she made a very effective portrait subject.

Of kindred spirit, though of different type, is Mrs. Archer Anderson, of Richmond, Va. Her father, John Y. Mason, was a member of the Cabinet under Presidents Tyler, Polk, and Pierce.

On one occasion his little midget daughter of three years, who loved to nestle in his waste-paper basket under the table, hearing a Cabinet member express formal regrets at having to retire and to lose the fellowship of his distinguished comrades, piped up from the basket, "Every dog has his day; you've had yours; what more do you want?" Her presence at private interviews was not frequent thereafter.

Her father being twice Ambassador to France, she enjoyed intimacy with Empress Eugenie and the foremost women of France. Her repertoire of the gossip of courts of Europe was full, and personal acquaintance with the great men of France of the Third Empire made her conversation during sittings extremely interesting and enlightening. At a ball given in the Tuilleries in honour of a visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, she thought the Empress Eugenie and the British Prince

Consort were the handsomest, most elegant, and beautiful pair she ever saw together, and their dancing was as graceful as the dancers were attractive. Queen Victoria and Napoleon III. were an equally well-matched pair, both, while short in stature, being easy in movement and happy in manner. Mrs. Anderson told of Lamartine being several times in her father's Paris home, of his actions and speech being *grande* in style, and always his vest was dirty with snuff. Guizot, the historian, called quite often, and he was punctilious but snappy in manner and violent in temper.

The pleasure of my association with Mrs. Anderson was enhanced by becoming acquainted with her husband, Colonel Archer Anderson, who with true affection, was styled, " The First Gentleman of the South ". He was not less the courtly gentleman for being head of the Great Treadigar Iron Works of Richmond, Va., and he was an ideal lover to the last day of his life. Besides the life portrait of Mrs. Anderson, I painted for him, from an old tin-type, a portrait of her as a young wife, with their first-born on her knee. It made a sort of quaint, Holbein type of picture, and it hangs on the stairway of his home. Early in the morning of the day the Colonel died, his nurse discovered him out in the hall, in dressing-gown, leaning over the balustrade, and looking reverently down at this picture. She exclaimed, " Why, Colonel, what are you doing here ? " " Just worshipping at the shrine of my little girl wife ", was the old man's gallant last tribute.

I want to speak of a group of women whose self-abnegation and consecration to high service in lowly ways, and whose devotion to the welfare of others, make them worthy of chronicle.

Mrs. Case, wife of Elder William Case, was the first woman missionary to the Canadian Indians. Into the lodges and camps of the Ojibways and Mississaugas of

Rice Lake and Simcoe and Muncey she brought nursing and instruction and reformation through the gospel of love. She was a true helpmate of her husband, that pioneer Indian missionary and circuit rider of Upper Canada.

Mrs. McDougall, the wife of the Rev. George McDougall, the famous missionary of the Northwest Plains, was another woman of equal consecration and capability. For months at a time she and her younger children would be the only white persons within a hundred miles. She was the nurse, sister of mercy, counsellor, and teacher in the Indian villages, while her husband and her eldest son, John, were away on perilous missionary journeys.

Mrs. Crosby, wife of Thomas Crosby, did service to Indian women and children of British Columbia, truly parallel to that performed by her husband; she, in the quieter heroism of administration, facing many crises amongst the bands at home, while he faced the stormy dangers of the two thousand miles of that unpacific coast.

The Board of Education of the City of Toronto did itself honour in giving the name of Hester How to the Elizabeth Street public school.

During sittings Miss How's eyes moistened occasionally in telling of keep-sake letters from lads grown strong under responsibilities and many under public trusts, who, before 'teen age, as the result of vicious home and other influences had been a civil menace and already with criminal records, but who had been redeemed to right life under her ministrations.

Joe had been dismissed from one school, and then from another, and was finally placed by Superintendent Hughes under Miss How. Joe was defiant. She looked at him with her arch kindliness which seemed to say, " My boy, I understand you and I see oceans of

good in you", but no word was spoken. After some time Joe's rigid frame relaxed a trifle, sufficient to let his eye glance toward her eyes. "Joe, let's slip into my office for a minute." He assented.

She there briefly sketched a life programme for the lad and asked if he would assist her in certain work about the school and with his pals. It was a long, patient ordeal which followed; but he kept his word, and whenever he made a "break" he would tell her of it. He also, in his enterprise, asked her counsel. This story is yet unfinished, with Joe in a position of honour in a neighbouring Province. Many others she told, stories of lives warped by environment and their redemption into honourable and useful citizens. Such achievements make her life and should make her name immortal. They confirm the title of the school teacher to an important place among nation builders, and give to the profession its true nobility.

CHAPTER XII

MODERN CRUSADERS

THE phrase "romance of missions" is no platitude. Intimate acquaintance with many of these crusaders, whose altruism is so large and so devout, unfailingly charged the atmosphere of home and studio with exhilarating pleasure.

It was not mine to meet in the flesh all the missionaries whose portraits it was a privilege to paint, for in some instances only fading prints and the recollections of former friends remained to give likeness; but whether painted from life or from print, the historic values of the portraits are precious as that of emperors, kings, and crusaders of old. And this not because the men concerned were men of public fame, for that was limited, but because of the immeasurable service they did for mankind.

I wish that all my readers could have seen and known Dr. Thomas Crosby. He was a man over medium height, with a full grey beard, and with eyes a lustreful and penetrating blue which saw farther and deeper than other men's; eyes which were steady to face any fortune, but which at times fairly danced with exuberant joy of a spiritual enthusiasm.

This Yorkshire lad, who came early to Canada and who made his home near Ingersoll, Ont., when he heard the call to the mission field had neither scholarship nor means. This fact did not daunt him, however, and he worked his passage from New York across Panama and up the coast to British Columbia, where, supporting himself by labour in a lumber mill, he gave his spare time to work among the Indians and began a study of their language.

He took up the activities of a missionary long before receiving authority from any church; and when he

applied for ordination properly to carry on mission work, no clergyman was found to stand sponsor for him before the President of the Conference, who at the time was Dr. William Morley Punshon. This great man enquired into the work he was doing, and then declared, "He is better deserving of ordination than half you scholars", and forthwith had him ordained.

Crosby, on the Pacific Coast, was a marvel to mariners, a deity to the Indians, a terror to whiskey traders and other blackguards, and a praise to governments.

A landsman one day congratulated Crosby on the happy time he enjoyed in his missionary trips. Crosby said to him, "I'm going on a three day run; I'd like a good man to help me." "I'll go", said the man, and they started. A violent but not unusual storm drove them on a bleak coast, where they put up for the night under the overturned boat. Breakfasting early next morning on bacon and water soaked bread, they launched again, but a changed wind became a gale. Crosby said, "This is just what I want", as it favoured his course. He put up the foresail and jib, unlashed the sternsail and threw it overboard as a drag. The little craft fairly leaped and flew before the wind. They shipped spray and were soon water soaked, while Crosby was delighted as the boat sped through the wild waters. But his companion prayed for mercy; he had had enough. When they landed he found means to return home overland.

Thomas Crosby quailed before no conditions of weather or life on that wild coast. At great gatherings his voice could be heard in preaching and prayer over any tumult. He confronted fierce and maddened Indian medicine men; seized and smashed the whiskey kegs of illicit traders; and broke up potlatch orgies in which frenzied tribesmen were bent on massacre.

Crosby's name is a hallowed memory on every island and fjord from Seattle to Nome. Those who read this

sketch of him can have assurance of my happiness in having so masterful a spirit for portrait subject and friend.

Ebenezar Robson was much to the white settlers what Crosby was to the Indians. His lithe, sinewy frame was a physical echo of the life he had lived. With an equipment limited to a hair brush, a tooth brush, and a small pocket Bible, he followed all the trails from New Westminster to Caribou, and from the coast to the Arrowhead Lakes, regardless of weather or season, sleeping wherever night found him.

He was mighty in his many-sided ministry, a keen theologian, a fearless prophet, a tender and sympathetic friend to frontiersmen and miners, and a man of apostolic fervour and grace. Full to the limit were the precious minutes of our sittings with stories of incidents in connection with the laying of the foundation of Christian civilization in British Columbia. He laughingly told of once preaching in a bar-room on the Caribou trail, when he pictured to his motley hearers the perils and tyranny of the hunger for gold, to the eternal soul's loss. "Why run such foolish risk?" he vehemently asked. To this a half-fuddled miner responded, "Well, I dun' know, pard; I just feel like riskin' it; see?"

The names are historic of Rev. Edward White, the pioneer preacher, and founder of New Westminster; of Arthur Browning, companion of Robson in the canoe from which Robson, stepping from its bow, became the first missionary to the Empire Province, and Browning being second only by a canoe length; of James Turner, the messenger of a cheerful gospel to every district of British Columbia, particularly the Kootenay and the Yukon.

Turner found a good horse needful on his huge circuits. Once, when he was trying a new mount, the beast, before he was well into the saddle, bucked and flung him broadly upon the ground. As he leaped to his feet to re-mount, he heard a bystander remark irreverently,

" 'Pears as though that colt is spreadin' the Gospel a'ready".

Up and down the coast and along the mountain trails are told many tales of these men, and of their contact with the rough and ready frontiersmen. On one occasion a good Irish priest, on horse-back, overtook Turner, who was on foot. They became acquainted, and on arriving at an inn, Turner helped the former put away his horse, after which they dined together, returned to their room together, and breakfasted together. Being Irishmen, on similar ministry bent, they had much in common and became good friends.

As both had a long journey ahead of them the good father, noble knight that he was, offered Turner the use of his horse for the first lap of it, and Turner accepted the offer. The frequenters at the inn saw the priest arrive and Turner leave on horseback and conjured up a story of a night at cards, with the horse as the stake, which must have been won by the Methodist, " for didn't Turner ride the horse away ? "

When questioned afterward about the card game story, parson or priest would smile, for, as humour, it was good of its kind. But while in some instances the joke was thrown upon these Knights of the New Chivalry, never was jest allowed to discount their self-sacrificing devotion, or proofs of their ministry.

During my visit at the Pacific Coast I had the pleasure of having as a sitter George Major, who as a young man was the driver of the first stage coach from New Westminster to Caribou, along the famous Caribou trail. It was his boast that during those years of the gold rush he never lost a horse or a passenger. He did tell of once being nearly lost himself, when rounding the precipitous face of Mount Stephen, where the trail creeps dizzily 3,000 feet aloft. He was taking six horses for relays, when a grizzly bear sauntered enquiringly along

and met the group. The horses became frantic and seemed likely to plunge any moment over that awful precipice. Major's terror-prompted shouts impressed bruin in like manner, for he turned and disappeared.

Of the prairie heroes, James Evans looms largest. He was a philologist, and the inventor of the phonetic syllabic system, based on the Cree language, by which to-day all Indian tribes from the Rockies to Labrador communicate with one another. Lead lining of Hudson's Bay Company tea chests supplied material from which he cut the types for the printing. He made his own type frames and used a Hudson's Bay Company hand copying press for his work. Evans will always maintain a pre-eminent place, not only for scientific service to Canadian Indians, but also for the range of his journeyings and his influence for good, amongst the tribes of the Great Lone Land.

In painting his portrait from a faded copy of a daguerreotype, I was aided greatly by having known a brother, Dr. Ephraim Evans, and also his youngest brother, David, on a neighbouring farm to my old home, as well as later generations of the Evans family. The resulting likeness, when unveiled with ceremony in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, evoked from the veteran Dr. Griffin, who knew him intimately, a dramatic testimony. When called upon by the chairman he paced the platform in front of the portrait, examined it critically, and then turned to the audience and said : "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the most remarkable likeness I ever beheld. It is the living image of him. The painter of it was inspired when he painted that."

Robert Terrell Rundle, the glowing zealot and intrepid missioner of a spiritual gospel to the nomad bands of the prairies and foot-hills, followed hard upon Evans' trail. So mighty was his influence, and so wide,

that one of the tall peaks of the Rockies has been named in his honour.

The Rev. Mr. T. W. Watch, not knowing that I was painting his portrait, stopped in the midst of a sentence on seeing it and exclaimed : " If I didn't know it to be out of the question, I would declare that to be Rundle the missionary." He had listened eagerly to Rundle's Indian tales in his boyhood English home, where the retired missionary was a welcome visitor.

Rundle often worked from the Hudson's Bay Company's posts and factories, to which the chiefs and their bands came to trade. Invited by a celebrated chief to visit his band, Rundle promised to go the first opportunity possible. The Indian scouts one day announced that the pale face was coming. In the distance Rundle descried what appeared to be an army on the march, many mounted, others afoot. As they neared he recognized the chief, who had brought his sub-chiefs and the whole band to greet him. In spite of his protests, he was placed upon a white horse richly caparisoned and escorted in great pomp to the village. Here he had to eat first with the chief and afterwards with each of the sub-chiefs in order of their precedence, for the courtesies of these people are subtle, and he would not offend; but ere this ceremony was over he was praying silently for respite. Nevertheless he acquitted himself as a hero should.

A fine test of diplomacy came when another great chieftain, appreciating Rundle's sacrifices and his loneliness, offered him one of his wives for company and to cook for him and mend his clothes, which probably needed repair, a generosity which he had to decline. He also refused their costly gifts; giving as reason his Master's commission and example, " Not to be ministered unto, but to minister".

The Indians' testimony of Rundle was: "He came to us poor, he went away poor, but he left us rich indeed."

It was in Thomas Hurlburt, scholar, linguist, and dauntless "black-robe" that Evans found his ablest coadjutor and successor. Hurlburt's call to Indian mission work was a vision of an Indian appearing before him, and he was not disobedient. In his first Indian convert, he recognized the man of his vision. He plunged into the study of their speech and psychology until finally he was able to think, speak, and even dream in Ojibway, and to converse familiarly in seven Indian languages between the Missouri and the Mackenzie rivers. He collaborated with the celebrated antiquarian, Schoolcraft, in folklore research, and was an interested geologist; but the passion of his soul was for the conversion, instruction, and uplift of the Indian race.

So strong was the spiritual impact of these missionaries upon the people from the Ottawa River to the Rocky Mountains, that the Hudson's Bay Company attested its material benefit by stating that bands which in 1839 brought to the posts ten packs of furs, brought ninety packs in 1859.

Hurlburt outlived Evans and supplemented his literary service to the aborigines by a vast number of hymns, translations, and epistles, printed in the Evans syllabics.

What recognition is there to-day of these fearless, tireless, patient heralds, whose worn frames yet transcendent spirits shrank from no peril of hunger, frost or fever on long trails in this crusade?

George McDougall was another example of equal enthusiasm and efficiency as missionary, pioneer, and leader. I was greatly impressed in listening to his thrilling story, for he looked the part he played so well. He did notable service to the Indians of many tribes as friend and advisor, and also to the Dominion of Canada

at a time when pioneer whites so frequently failed to show British candour and fair-play in dealing with these wards of the nation. He and his young son John accompanied the Indians on their hunting trips to harvest the buffalo meat for pemmican and hides for warm garments, etc., and they developed skill equal to that of the bravest in fierce and dangerous exploits amongst wild, stampeding bison herds.

McDougall was entrusted on behalf of the Government with delicate missions to the Sioux and other tribes, which he successfully accomplished because of the reputation he had established for himself as the Indian's friend.

He perished in a blizzard while yet in the maturity of his strength. His son, John McDougall, whom I knew more intimately, had a not less remarkable career as missionary and patriot. The Indian's faith in British Government officials, in the Hudson's Bay Company, and in the integrity of Christian missionaries, made easy a conclusion of the nation's treaties with the various tribes throughout the Dominion, and at the same time these have ever defended the native races against spoliation by unprincipled exploiters.

From Herschel Island comes Bishop Stringer, whose giant frame seems built for work in which Nature flings to men a challenge for single combat. A familiarity with the phenomena of the northern aurora seems to give these men something which is missed by those in softer climes. A cheerier and more generous air and a broad-chested kindliness stimulate deep breaths in you as you talk with them. Bishop Stringer's modesty would not allow him to tell of the difficulties and exposures suffered on his long treks and the risks to life experienced on his lonely crusades to outpost Indians and Esquimaux. Yet as I talked of the facts I knew and of a ministry that had all my sympathies, a gentle

dilation of pupil would give focal intensity to the eye, and the portrait thus was able to tell that much more of the man.

How much such men have done and are to-day doing for the denizens of the Arctic zone may some day be sketched, but can never be fully estimated. Nor can we weigh their worth in leavening the Christian community at home with First Century spirit, when blessed by their periodic visits.

When young men learn shoe-cobbling, carpentry, dental and dispensary work, and other useful trades and callings as auxiliary to their theology and pedagogy in preparation for frontier missionary life, is it a marvel that we add points to their favour above their brothers in the settled districts, howsoever worthy these be?

Stringer's call to this far outland service may be said to have verified the sacred maxim, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings", for King Edward VII requested the privilege of meeting him.

A sitter, who brought with him the impress of his Scottish heredity, of his vigorous contact with frontier life, and a well stored memory into the bargain, was Dr. John MacLean. This compact bundle of Highland energy, theological acumen, and literary power, was the first missionary to the Blackfeet Indians, and greatly is he revered by them to this day. He is a walking encyclopedia of historic lore, with a penchant for telling the good things other folk do, or have done.

The Methodist Church of Canada, now part of the United Church of Canada, showed wisdom in appointing Dr. MacLean its Chief Archivist. In this congenial work, he can, during his superannuate years, well serve the church and the nation; but this important activity can never dim the lustre of his more than half a life's

span of years in the missionary saddle. His books provide excellent reading for young Canadians.

The tale of self-effacing service to Indians and whites in Canada's Northwest must include Rev. George Young, President of the first Manitoba Methodist Conference. Courtly and intrepid loyalist, by his conduct and counsel he did much to restrain the savage impulses of Louis Riel and his bands, and bring calm to the bewildered white people of Fort Garry during the rising of 1870 and 1871. He was also the spiritual adviser of the martyr, Scott, and stood by him when he was done to death.

He represented the best qualities of a Christian gentleman. In his deep study and experience, he tested and proved that there is a more practical value in prayer than a merely favourable reaction upon the suppliant, as some suppose. His conviction was very clear and positive, while his humility made him reserved in the recital of instances.

Place must be given to an exemplar of chivalric crusading to the far bounds of the Celestial Empire. Modesty in the recital of thrilling experiences and endeavours of more than ordinary daring characterized Rev. V. I. Hart, the founder of the Canadian Methodist missions in Sz Chuan, West China. He was a man of distinct ability in dealing with the Chinese race. Having had several years' experience under the American Methodist Episcopal Church in other parts of China, he was engaged to take the leadership of the first party of teachers, doctors, and missionaries from Canada in 1891. It was a long and laborious journey of months up the wonderful Yang Tse; then a more wearying overland trek of weeks, running the gauntlet of hostile sanitary conditions, at that time as menacing as the unfriendly peoples with whom he, the only one of the party acquainted with their language, had to deal. He established

a hospital, a school and academy, and a printing office as aid to the evangelistic work in Chengtu and the cities and villages within reach.

His responsibility for the workers and communicants under him during the anti-foreign riots in 1895 was heavy indeed, and the qualities of the man may be judged by the immutable loyalty to him of his native associates, and the fact that few Canadians lost their lives in the massacres. His portrait and that of Mrs. Hart, his brave and helpful companion, have a place in the College they founded at Chengtu.

One of the young medicals who were of this first party was Dr. O. L. Kilborn. He took up both evangelistic and medical work in Chengtu, finally assumed charge of the hospital, and subsequently, after the passing of Dr. Hart, became the leading man in the mission and in the Union University which was later established in that city. As secretary-treasurer of the mission, he was chief administrative officer. He refused to leave his post during the Boxer pillage and slaughter. The story of his life is another missionary romance.

His wife, Dr. Rheta Gifford Kilborn, was associated with him in practice of medicine and in teaching in the medical department of the University. Not only was Mrs. Kilborn a true help-mate to her husband in the home, but in the scientific and administrative field her co-operation has brought to the awakened women of West China an interest and a salvation which, by direct reaction, is sanctifying the home life of the people of the entire district. The confidences of the studio added luminous tone to the forms of these great souls against their historic background. The fellowship of all nations in brotherhood is coming with a certainty that the clear-visioned acknowledge.

Among foremost Knights of the New Crusade stands Samuel Henry Kellogg, D.D. (1839-1899). Kellogg

was just the type of man to represent India. Dark of eyes, hair and beard, he lacked only the swart skin of the Hindu; and India supplied for the sittings the chief themes of untiring conversation.

During student years he published a brochure, *The Living Christ*, which told what Christ was to him then, and Christ was all in all to him through a remarkable life.

Upon graduating he turned his back on a promising career, volunteered for mission work in India, was ordained, married, and set sail without delay. The captain of the vessel was washed overboard in a cyclone when three days out, and the mate proving incompetent, Kellogg, who was brought up on Long Island by the sea amongst fisher-folk and who had studied navigation as a boy, was given charge of the captain's nautical library and instruments and charted the course all the way to Ceylon.

Once in India, he plunged with avidity into language study. As the station was undermanned he was soon left in sole charge of the work, and the small staff of Hindustani helpers. "It was hard at first", he wrote, "but had the good result of bringing me on in the language much faster than I should otherwise have learned it." In six months he was taking his turn in conducting the vernacular services.

He was most thorough in taking methodical notes on language. Stopping for an instant to speak with a native, out, on parting, would come his note-book and pencil, and with radiant face he would ejaculate, "I have a new word!" By 1876 he had completed a *Grammar of the Hindi Language*, which is still the authorized text-book of the British Civil Service Schools.

The mother of his children having passed away in 1879, he was obliged to return to the United States for their care and education. Pastorate in Pittsburgh and at

the same time Professor's chair in the Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., and later, the pastorate of St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, filled fifteen years of ministry, remarkable for spiritual power and penetrating study of divine revelation. One of his students said, "He had in rare degree that highest gift of a teacher; contagion. His spirit radiated subtle emanations that students could not escape. To be in his classroom was to be immersed in that intellectual atmosphere." At the same time his faith was the central fire glowing in his heart, lighting up his face, and shining through the whole man. Hundreds of ministers are preaching the gospel to-day who look back to those years under Kellogg as precious and fruitful in preparation. He was the same in the pastorate. Young in spirit, his charm of manner gave him powerful influence over every listener, young or old.

But Dr. Kellogg was always the missionary, while he also kept up his Oriental study, and was an honoured member of the Eighth International Congress of Orientalists in Stockholm in 1889.

Besides his famous Hindi Grammar he published *The Book of Leviticus* for the Expositor Bible Series; *The Jews, or Prediction and Fulfilment; The Light of Asia and the Light of the World*, of which it is said : "No other book in the English language fills its place as a thoroughly comprehensive and clearly discriminating comparison of the legends, doctrines, and ethics of Buddha and of Christ"; *The Genesis and Growth of Religion; The Past, a Prophecy of the Future*, etc., all breathing a spirit aflame with an apostolic fervour reminiscent of those intimate comrades of the Master Himself.

When a re-translation of the Old Testament into Hindi was undertaken by the North India Bible Society in conjunction with the British and Foreign Bible Society,

Dr. Kellogg was invited to represent the various Presbyterian societies of the world as one of the three experts to be concerned in the work. As an accomplished Hebrew and Semitic scholar and master of Hindi, he took up the task. This called him back to the India he loved.

In carrying out the special work for which he had been called to India he worked incessantly and happily with his collaborators, yet at the same time was planning a series of Princeton lectures on "Hinduism in Relation to Christian Thought; Points of Contact and of Contrast".

What a versatile genius he was! In technical subjects so much at home; in conversation, never dull; able to take photographs; to steer a ship, or to discourse with rare spiritual enlightenment as occasion demanded. An accident called him suddenly from earth before his work was completed, but the notes he had already made aided his *confrères* greatly to a full completion of the great task.

Often urged to preach, he cheerfully yielded whenever possible. On September 30th, 1899, his last Sabbath on earth, he preached in the Methodist Church at Musoorie on the words, "Neither shall they die any more". One of the auditors said, "It was the most glorious sermon on death and eternal life to which I ever listened. The speaker looked as one speaking from the eternities."

Bible readings were held week-days during the "season", and the Doctor was asked to take the one due May 3rd. He could not, but said he could take the one arranged for May 2nd. A large and expectant audience greeted him. He talked on "The Mysteries and Glories of the End of Time and Hereafter". His hearers were spellbound, for he spoke as if for him the heavens were opened and he had glimpses of the glories beyond. Next morning, early, while he was out for

usual exercise, his bicycle swerved and he fell. God took him, but whether before or after the fall is not known.

For India, too, another attractive study was made of Mrs. Charlotte Byers and a wee dusky lassie, one of the rescued famine orphans whom Mr. and Mrs. Byers brought over on their home furlough. "The Zenana" was my subject, with the lady missionary in khaki dress, pith hat, umbrella and fan, seated on the morah or seat of honour in the home of a peasant and the little woman in sari and jewels standing by her side listening to the wonder teaching of Mem Sahib.

Sundi was a most interesting child. She once saw Mrs. Byers put a long pin through her hat when going out, and asked if she, too, couldn't have her head bored for a hat-pin. She was greatly mystified at seeing snow and walking on the ice in winter. These later made miracle tales to her Indian playmates. The stories unfortunately were received with scorn, and she forthwith refused to tell them anything more, no matter how pressed for these strange narratives.

Sundi was afterwards married, and her husband being of higher caste, his village failed to receive her cordially. Muttered dislike was taken patiently; but when dislike developed into vindictive tattle, Sundi decided that heroic action alone could settle the difference. Accordingly, procuring an ox-goad, she went from cottage to cottage, demanded that her accusers come forth and make their statements to her face as Christians should. She herself, she declared, was a Christian, which put her in a caste equal to the highest, and she would not allow any slander nor reflection upon herself, her husband, nor her children. This had its effect. Apologies were sent in from all the neighbours, and her husband became one of the foremost men of the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Byers built up the thriving district of Asansol, Bengal, he as Presiding Elder or District Superintendent, and they were zealously evangelizing a new district at Tamluk when broken health forced them to cease. With their lives wedded to India and their souls knit in a fellowship with those of their fellows of darker skin, theirs is another fascinating story of missionary chivalry, and another mighty agency toward inter-racial understanding and comradeship.

Japan, too, has its heroic records, among several of which my sympathies have become entwined. Rev. Dr. George Cochrane, the first pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and once my own pastor, was the first Canadian missionary to Japan. In this instance, as well as in the previous one, my interest had the advantage of family relationship for its quickening. With Dr. Cochrane was associated Dr. Davidson MacDonald. The impress of the broad vision of these men, their high-minded tactfulness at a time of acute sensitiveness among a people not yet adjusted to an "Open Door", and their deep personal devotion, is still strong upon their successors and upon the Sunrise Empire itself. I shall never forget a hallowed hour in the home in Shizuoka of one of their first converts, the handsome and saintly son of the Samourai, Mr. Yoneyama.

It is a privilege to pay tribute to them and their successors; and I further affirm that never have I seen a better spirit of unity between all evangelical denominations, nor greater self-abnegation in strenuous and tireless activities, than on the part of missionaries in every one of the many missions visited.

The venerable Dr. Newton, now of Atlanta, Ga., when sitting for his portrait as retiring President of the Kwansei Gakuin, said, "Nowhere will you find more striking fulfilment of the maxim, 'Service not Self', than in the missionary fields of the world."

CHAPTER XIII

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF JAPAN

I WENT to Japan in 1920 as a delegate to the World's Sunday School Convention in Tokyo. A month in the uplands of Karuizawa, where we were guests of Dr. Norman and Rev. Percy Price, away from the heat of the plains, was a pleasant preliminary introduction to Japan, as well as being delightfully restful. That being the rendezvous of missionaries for the summer, the directors of the World's Convention found their way thither.

I was asked by these men if I would make a lecture tour of the interesting Island of Kyushu, to promote amongst the people a knowledge of the purposes of the convention. This promised both artistic and historic attraction in addition to any service which I might be able to give a good cause, and I accordingly agreed and prepared to go immediately upon the completion of a portrait of Dr. Newton which I was painting.

While I was at work upon this portrait Prince Tokugawa called upon me to inspect it. I did not realize at the time that I was entertaining the President of the House of Peers and a scion of the Shogunate that had practically ruled Japan for three hundred years.

After the directors had returned to Tokyo for executive convenience, a telegram came from them calling me to that city, when they laid before me a proposition to paint, on behalf of the World's Sunday School Association, the portraits of their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress of Japan. Consenting to undertake the task, I cancelled my Kyushu engagement, and at once entered upon the difficult art problem involved

in this commission, having a large room in the Imperial Hotel as studio.

Dr. Ibuka, principal of the *Meiji Gakuin;* Hon. Hampei Nagao, Director-General of Imperial Railways, and Hon. Mr. Nagasaki, Counsellor of the Imperial Court, were the men whose directions I was able to follow in carrying out the project.

I had an interview with the last-named on the subject of costume to be worn by Their Majesties and also the general style of the pictures. Learning that a Field Marshal's uniform was the court regulation for His Majesty, and European evening dress for the Empress, I ventured to ask, "Did the Counsellor think there would be inconsistency in a Christian Convention whose fundamental principles are Brotherhood and Peace, presenting a portrait in a uniform which symbolized war, division, and hate? Would it not be practicable to have a Japanese civil royal costume?" The Counsellor responded, "It would be possible to have the royal civil costume, but the Emperor wears it only once a year, and then it is on the occasion of His Majesty's visit to the Temple to worship at the shrine of his ancestors." He smiled as he suggested that such a costume under the circumstances might be as remotely consistent with Christian ideals as a Marshal's uniform. The subtle humour of the answer was apparent. In any event, the fact that the Emperor was known to prefer his official garb settled my problem.

Photographs of their Majesties were brought to me by a deputation of two gentlemen, one of whom carried the pictures in a royal *feroshki* (handkerchief), while the other formally addressed me to the effect that these photographs were placed in my hands as a sacred trust, by royal consent, and with the distinct understanding that no eyes were to look upon them but my own. The speaker here glanced at Mrs. Forster, but seemed quickly

to conclude that an exception naturally would have to be made, that my own eyes would include those of my wife. He intimated further the condition that when I had finished for the day, the photographs should be placed under lock and key; and said, he trusted that when the portraits were complete, the photographs would be returned without any mark or stain upon them.

I was not ignorant of the fact that a spot or blemish upon the photographs would be a discourtesy, if not a serious affront, compromising not only myself, but also my sponsors and all the Christian people in whose name I acted. I therefore accepted them respectfully and assured the gentlemen that their wishes and instructions would be fully carried out.

There were afterwards in my hands the Emperor's uniform with cap, sword, gloves and His Majesty's jewelled "Orders", medals, and regalia; also the orders and necessary materials for Her Majesty's dress and the ermine and velvet train. Responsibility for all these precious articles did not sit lightly upon me, any more than did the task of adequately carrying out my commission on behalf of the thirty nations which it represented.

Knowing well that sittings from Their Majesties would be out of the question for traditional reasons, I made strong claim for an opportunity of seeing my august subjects in order to make absolutely certain of a true interpretation or translation of the photographs to truly represent the originals. It was not, however, until vigorous and convincing argument was advanced that the Director-General of Railways undertook to arrange this, if possible. The opportunity came a few days later, when Their Majesties and household left their summer place at Nikko to take up winter residence in the Imperial Palace at Tokyo.

The day prior to their coming I was introduced to, and spent an hour with, the Ueno Stationmaster. The

entire platform and approaches were placed at my disposal. This enabled me to select a position with favourable light, commanding the line of march from the royal train and through the station to the carriages.

I was dressed *de règle* and in my place in good time. The position had been selected wisely, for, while I was not much in evidence, the view was excellent, I being quite close to Their Majesties. First came the Imperial Standard Bearer; then, after a space, that important responsible personage, the Stationmaster, after him the bearer of the royal treasures, and then the Emperor himself in khaki uniform with atterdant officer, followed by a retinue of statesmen, officers of highest command in army and navy, and courtiers with the Royal Princes.

After a space came the Empress, dressed in an exquisite soft blue European costume, her maids of honour and court ladies following at respectful distance. I cannot recall having ever before made such quick and careful mental snapshots as on this occasion, and they were of invaluable service in the after weeks of study.

I felt at once that for my portraits the simplest design was imperative. Courtiers may posture, but kings, never : as a result, the simplicity of the portraits has never been criticized.

When the pictures began to assume recognizable appearance, there loomed large the problem of accuracy of likeness, the first essential of a good portrait. To most laymen this might not appear difficult with good photographs in hand. The experienced portrait painter knows, however, that no photograph is accurate either in the perspective of the human object or in its register of the personality of the human subject. This failure of the photograph was lucidly explained by the artist Jacobi, when he said, " The camera has no soul, and it has only one eye". The painter must conjure up the sentient individuality who posed before that one eye of

His Imperial Majesty
The Emperor Yoshihito of Japan

the camera. He must, in effect, see expressed in the countenance the procession of mental moods.

Thought interchanged and mutual understanding are of infinite importance in the painting of a portrait. To depict the essentials of character, the artist must perceive and feel their pulsing, vital motives. This, you will apprehend, was not a trifling enterprise for an Anglo-Saxon whose subjects in this instance were Mongolian. The cranial structure differs greatly in the various races, a fact which I realized now if never before. The delineation of the eye of the Emperor took me days to accomplish; the nose proved to be much more than a proposition in geometry; while the complexion was a challenge in its almost baffling complexity. The whole Japanese race became an intense study to me at this time. Everywhere, in park and street, in shop and hotel, I scrutinized the infinite variety of faces to discover the lines which would interpret the enigma which confronted me. My friend Nagao gave me many hours in a free and searching discussion of this ethnic problem. I would here record my appreciation of this gentleman's unfailing courtesy and devoted interest in the success of my work. And why not? It was he who had laid the original proposal before the Minister of the Imperial Household, and thereby became sponsor for the artist and guarantor that there would be neither breach nor failure in any item of the entire programme. The portrait of the Emperor was of special concern also to the Counsellor, Mr. Nagasaki, while a family friend of the Emperor, Viscomte Fujinami, paid repeated visits to the studio. Their varied viewpoints and the different facets of illuminating comment made by them helped greatly in the final success of the portraits.

I cannot omit to mention here that in bringing the portrait of the Empress to satisfactory completion, the

chief assistance was given by the Ladies of Honour, Madam Yamanaka and Madam Matsudaira. The former, who is a daughter of Count Chinda, for many years Ambassador at the Court of St. James, came repeatedly. Their scrupulous, not to say meticulous, criticism and their analysis of the Empress's character, given with whole-hearted affection for Her Majesty, together with their own indefinable charm of manner, stimulated effort to achieve the best that was possible without the benefit of personal sittings.

The Emperor unfortunately was in ill-health at this time, and it is a question whether sittings would have proved of real advantage. Sittings from the Empress, however, I would have welcomed indeed, but I was consoled for their lack by intimations of Her Majesty's daily kind enquiries as to the progress of the portraits.

The setting of the Imperial portraits and their presentation engaged the earnest thought of the members of the committee, though final responsibility fell upon me. I had the picture framed in antique gold, with the royal sixteen-petal chrysanthemum in bright gold at the top centre, and cherry blossoms fitting into each corner. On the tablet of the frame containing the Emperor's portrait was inscribed :

> "To His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, from the foreign delegates of the World's Sunday School Association, Tokyo, Oct. 5-14, 1920."

The tablet on the frame of the Empress read :

> "To Her Majesty the Empress of Japan, from the women delegates of the World's Sunday School Convention, Tokyo, Oct. 5-14, 1920."

The unveiling of the portraits at the convention was an event of singular impressiveness. Preparation for

this went on behind the drop curtain while the convention was in progress.

I must here pay special compliments to the judgment and fine taste displayed by the young Japanese architect, Ryutaro Fouruhashi, in the designs made and plans carried out in this connection.

At the proper moment, Dr. Llewellen Brown, the Director, addressed the vast audience, explaining that the Japanese people reverence their Emperor and Empress. "As a courtesy to these people whose guests we are, I ask you to rise and remain standing during the unveiling and reveiling of the royal portraits, all maintaining absolute respectful silence. At a note from the band you will kindly join in singing the Japanese National Anthem, which is a prayer; and when the curtain is lowered you may take your seats."

The programme was carried out to the letter. When the curtain was raised, a white drop screen was seen hanging across the entire stage. In front of it stood a high case or cabinet draped with two Japanese flags, which are white with red sun centre, while in front of the cabinet were great baskets of chrysanthemums, the whole forming a rich and beautiful picture.

Judge J. J. Maclaren and Dr. Brown, representing the World's Christian Sunday School Association's Convention, stood, one at either side of the cabinet. The great concourse, in tense silence, saw the flags begin to draw apart, and very slowly the portraits came into view in a splendid light, in relief against the Rising Sun of Japan.

For a long two minutes the people looked into the faces, as it were, of the Emperor and Empress, in a stillness which seemed to mean a realization that these faces would not be seen again. The band softly sounded the note of the National Anthem, and the Japanese, who filled two galleries, took up the strange, impressive minor

song in full volume, all the audience, who could, singing the two stanzas. As the anthem's suppliant notes were fading the flags began slowly again to creep over the portraits until they were finally lost to view, and the great curtain in silence was lowered upon the scene.

The injunction that the portraits on being completed were never to leave my hands until they were delivered and placed in the Imperial Palace was fulfilled. They were slipped out of the frame, wrapped in folds of white silk tied with very broad silk ribbon, and taken by me in person by automobile to the Imperial Palace, Mr. Nagao accompanying me. The frames immediately followed in another automobile.

When the portraits and frames had been fitted together again in the reception room, they were conveyed, followed by a procession of officials, to the great Audience Chamber, where they were placed on a long table against the wall, in a good light, under my supervision. We then returned to the reception room to join the arriving official delegation. The procession of delegates then marched to the Audience Chamber, and, remembering that the spirits of the Emperor and Empress were believed by the Japanese already to invest the portraits, we all, in appropriate regard for usage and authority, bowed first to these symbols, and then to the representative of Their Majesties, the Minister of the Imperial Household.

Mr. Justice Maclaren then stepped three paces forward, bowed to the portraits and to the Minister, and read to him the words of the presentation address :

" The delegation of the Eighth Convention of the World's Sunday School Association, from more than thirty countries, desire to give some evidence of their appreciation of the courtesies and favours extended to them by His Majesty, and also by His Majesty's officials and the people of this country, and pray that His Majesty

may be pleased to accept, as a permanent token of their gratitude, the accompanying portrait in oils of himself. It is the earnest prayer of all the delegates that His Majesty may be blessed with long life, peace and prosperity."

Mrs. Edward W. Warren, widow of the former President of the World's Sunday School Association, then went forward in the same manner and read the following address :

" The women delegates to the World's Sunday School Convention, now in session in Tokyo, desire to express to Her Majesty, the Empress of Japan, their appreciation of the marked courtesies and special favours shown them by Her Majesty and her people everywhere, and will be pleased if the accompanying portrait in oils be accepted as a token of gratitude and personal esteem from the women of the many nations represented. They also hope the portrait will be evidence that the prayer of the world's womanhood does not cease for Her Majesty, and that from the Land of the Rising Sun the Light of Good-will shall extend over all the earth."

The Minister made appropriate replies to both addresses. There followed mutual hand-shaking with members of the Household Staff and delegates, the Minister and his interpreter both taking pains to assure me of their personal satisfaction at seeing such excellent likenesses, and as they expressed it, such beautiful pictures. The company then slowly retired.

I later received from Their Majesties a beautifully enamelled silver box with the royal chrysanthemum decoration and the family symbol embossed thereon, in grateful acknowledgment of which I drove to the Palace as courtesy required, and recorded my name.

The Empress, a few days after the presentation, received Judge Maclaren and Dr. Brown, and expressed to them her great satisfaction with the portraits, and

was kind enough to say she thought I must have worked very hard to get such excellent results and in so short a time.

It is true that the six weeks available for the task had been a severe limit, entailing intense concentration through many continuous hours, and necessitating vigorous sprinting in the Hebea Park of nights to keep me fit for the strenuous days. Many of these days saw work begin at seven o'clock in the morning, and one at least did not see my brush laid down until eleven o'clock at night. Small wonder was it that a severe fever prostration followed.

Tributes of approval and appreciation of the portraits were strong and cordial in both the English and vernacular press of Japan. *The Japan Magazine* for November, 1920, reproduced photographs of the paintings and a brief statement complimentary to the painter. The *Year Book* of " The Christian Movement in Japan, Korea and Formosa " for 1921, had this to say :

" Mr. John W. L. Forster, of Canada, enjoys the unique distinction of being the first foreign artist to be granted the privilege of painting the portraits of Their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress of Japan. These portraits were presented to the Imperial Household by delegates from thirty different countries to the World's S. S. Convention. This incident should go down in history as an event equal in importance to the contribution of Buddhist relics to the Emperor of Japan by the King of Korea in the Sixth Century."

On October 20th, 1921, I received from the pen of Rev. S. Heaslett, Bishop of South Japan, a message through Rev. Dr. O'Meara, Principal of Wycliffe College, Toronto, from which the following is quoted : " The Emperor and Empress of Japan have always been considered divine beings. This has led to various restrictions being placed on intercourse with them.

There have been ages when they were kept in the semi-seclusion of the palace and never looked upon by the eyes of others than their immediate attendants. On making their appearance after the Revolution it was customary for the people to worship them. No one has ever painted their sacred features. Photographs (official) are displayed for sale in shops with a piece of gauze pasted over the features to hide them from the vulgar gaze.

"For anyone to have been allowed to look in an intimate manner upon them, and paint them, was an extraordinary event, unexpected, epoch-making. For a foreigner to have been so allowed was more so. Ten years ago it would have been absolutely unbelievable.

"The significance of the event—with its accomplishments—lies in the fact that it is one of the historical steps—the first—in the shattering of the legend of divinity, which has been one of the buttresses of the throne of Japan, and a hindrance to the spread of the Gospel. To have been the instrument in this is a great honour. To a Christian it means that one has been chosen to make Christian history in one of the (hitherto) anti-Christian nations."

CHAPTER XIV

PRELATES, PRIESTS, AND PREACHERS

FRANKLY, the spiritual vocation does not always produce the spiritual face, as it should. I have seen in young probationers as they lodged in my father's home the true, pure light of a high consecration. I have seen this, in the practice of the ministry, degenerate into a worldly look. Oh ! the pity of it. Why should there ever occur a bartering for any material gain of the "Divine call to a high ministry", and the taking on of a mere "clergyman's profession" which makes possible so noticeable a change in the spiritual outlook of some men who hold that office ? That a love of advantage, or to dictate or to rule is in human nature is no apology for such descent. Neither does it answer the man of the world to say all are not sold to selfishness. He and his fellows can see through a pious look put on, as they can read intrigue in a politician's face.

The loss of the spiritual glow is a terrible loss and its substitution by anything ignoble is disappointing to everybody. The demand is that the man of God be a *MAN OF GOD* from centre to circumference, from heart to finger tips. I thank heaven for those I know whose transparent godliness is read by and known of all men, and I have no need to advertise it in any names that may be referred to in this chapter.

St. Andrew's Church stood at the corner of Church and Adelaide Streets in the days when its pastor, Rev. D. J. Macdonell, expressed his interpretation of Divine love, in the phrase, "The larger hope"—of a final salvation for everyone. Objection to this was voiced by ultra-Calvinist members, and schism developed. Half of the congregation went out with Macdonnell to

New St. Andrew's, on King Street, at the corner of Simcoe. This move established for visitors to Toronto the famous "Four Corners", laconically announced as Education, Legislation, Salvation, and Damnation. The corners were occupied respectively, by Upper Canada College, the Legislative Buildings and Government House, New St. Andrew's handsome church, and a none too savoury saloon.

The other half of St. Andrew's went north to semi-suburban territory at Jarvis and Carlton Streets, and established Old St. Andrew's with a brilliant minister in early prime, Dr. George M. Milligan, as pastor. When he had completed twenty-six years of successful ministry, Dr. Milligan's congregation had his portrait painted. This portrait represented me at St. Louis International Fair and other exhibitions.

Dr. Milligan is a man and a minister of high standards and ideals, as his preaching fully attests; and I cheerfully add, he was a most agreeable and helpful sitter. This great preacher seemed charged with the grand themes of Revelation. His was no fragile ministerial face, but a virile physiognomy that beamed with a spiritual glow. Replete was he with North Country humour and perspicuity. Not a moment during his studio visits was dull; his repertoire of Scottish stories seemed limitless, and their telling matchless; the sea, the glens, the hills, and the heather were in them. The men of Scotland were graphically sketched from Chalmers to Carlyle; and I remember his tale of the canny fisherman drifting in the fog who interrupted a shipmate's prayer; "Dinna ye commit yersel' ower much, Duncan; Ah 'hink Ah see land."

Mention of the name of Rt. Rev. Archbishop Robert Machray, Metropolitan of Canada, will recall to many the giant figure and all-conquering stride of this heroic missionary Bishop. He humorously alluded to the vast

area of his bishopric as having developed his usual five miles an hour pace to compass its supervision.

It was his vision and enterprise that laid the foundation and built St. John's College in the suburb of that name, in Winnipeg, for the training of church leaders, needed by the incoming inhabitants destined to occupy "The great Lone Land". His portrait hangs in Manitoba University, of which he was one of the founders, and for years its Chancellor.

In his successor as Metropolitan, Archbishop Sweatman, of Toronto, the gentle graces shone. I think of him with affectionate regard, having had the joy of touch with him in fireside intimacy.

To see the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, and later Primate of All Canada, Dr. S. P. Matheson, his stalwart frame and the sweep of his full, flowing beard, his lustrous and kindly brown eyes, would be to appreciate the opportunity in this instance also of the painter-historian. The composition of my portrait of him in vestments, seated in a bishop's stall, called for, as I supposed, the crozier beside him and the distant sacred table and candles, just within range of the picture. But these were peremptorily ruled out, for his Grace would have none of them. This scion of famed Selkirk settlers had sufficient memories of the hardness and simplicity of their life to insist that a Bishop should be as his people.

While speaking of the fathers of the Church, I recall Archbishop Lynch, when sitting for his portrait, telling with jovial, Hibernian humour, of suffering from insomnia. He called in Dr. J. E. Graham, who on enquiry of his Grace what was troubling him, was answered, "Faith, it's you I'm asking what's the trouble." After describing his ailment, he said, "Doctor, I've just been thinking, wouldn't it be well to bring in

some good Presbyterian and let him preach to me; I think may be then I could get a sleep".

Do we adequately recognize the debt owed to the men who relieve life's care by a spiritual ministry?

Future centuries may still more highly exalt the name of General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. When he sat for me at Government House, Toronto, he was an excessively busy man, keeping several secretaries at work day and night, and, of course, was very nervous, sometimes almost irascible. After one of his outbreaks he glanced my way and saw me smiling, and said, "Forster, how is it you keep good-natured with an irritable subject like me to paint?" I replied, "General, I have listened to you many times in the Old Land and have been trying all these years to live up to your preaching." He laughed heartily, and was good-natured for a whole day afterward.

I have heard him speak impressively for an hour with his hands unseen behind him.

The portrait of him, standing as I had often seen him, like an impassioned Hebrew prophet, was presented by representatives of the four leading evangelical denominations in Canada to the National Gallery at Ottawa. A replica of it was later presented by the Territorial Headquarters Staff of Canada to the Territorial Headquarters in London.

As preacher and minister, Rev. Thomas W. Jeffrey was in many ways notable. A labour radical in his youth, he was sent by his club to France, during the Revolution of 1848, which dethroned Louis Philippe, to assist in the overthrow of Governments. In a Paris mob one of his compatriots was recognized and challenged. The Englishman accepted promptly and stated the terms: "Pistols breast to breast." The mob made the Frenchman stand up to it. They both fell dead at Jeffrey's feet. It was an address given by Dr.

Morley Punshon in Exeter Hall that led Jeffrey into a changed life.

He was a psychic and mystic of quite inspirational moods. Among many similarly astonishing incidents and experiences he told me of driving past a farm house which was up a lane from the road, and being urged by an inner voice to turn in and go to this house, he obeyed. He rapped at the door, but there was no answer; he then turned the knob and entered. All was silent, and no response to his calls. He stood and prayed aloud for the protection of the owners and for blessing on all who came under their roof, and went on his way.

Some years afterward he had occasion to visit Kingston Penitentiary. While he was going through the wards, an inmate beckoned to him and asked if he remembered calling and praying in a certain empty farm house. Mr. Jeffrey remembered, and asked why the question. The man said, "The house was not empty. I was in hiding, intending to rob the old couple who lived there on their return home, and murder them if I had to. Your prayer made me feel what a black sinner I was. When you had gone, I slipped away. I prayed all that night and God forgave me. I gave myself up to the authorities for other crimes to which I confessed, and am serving time as I deserved. God bless you. I never cease to pray for you, for you saved my soul."

Looking out of his parsonage window once he saw a man whom he knew walking down Sherbourne Street, bent on a criminal errand. Jeffrey prayed for him, that he be given to see the heinous wrong he was doing himself and the companion he was about to visit and that he turn and lead a better life. The man stopped, as if he had heard the preacher's words, turned about and went home. Jeffrey called on him next day, and the man told him that some strange influence had stopped him on the previous day from the commission of a crime

he had planned, and that he had come to a resolution to live a true life from now on. He then learned the other half of the story from the pastor.

When Mr. Jeffrey was sitting for his portrait, the conversation touched a high theme and his countenance glowed with the enthusiasm of it. I went on painting what I saw in his face without special consciousness of its illumination by any particular passion, but I had caught an effect in the portrait that arrested his attention.

He looked at the picture from different angles, shaking his head and uttering a staccato, "No! no! no!" Puzzled and worried, I asked, "What's wrong?" He answered, "Nothing wrong, but you've caught a glow and a glory in my face I never had; it represents a grace I've never yet attained, but," after a pause, "by the grace of God I will". To me it was an intimation of the possibility of calling out the best in my subjects and painting it, a practice adopted thenceforward, for which I thank the delightful memory of this remarkable man.

Rev. Dr. Ezra Stafford's tall figure, staid countenance, and capricious motion of lips when a bit of humour was in mind, will be remembered. His frequent visits to the studio were quite a stimulation to me through his interesting analyses of the portraits shown. His deduction therefrom of the life story of my subjects was in many instances surprisingly accurate. One example will illustrate.

Seeing a new portrait on an easel, he began laconically: "Scottish or North of Ireland lad comes as immigrant; settles in the woods; clears the land; builds a home; organizes a school for his children; starts a corner store for the settlers; becomes a grain merchant and builds a mill; is Township Councillor, Reeve, and then Member of Parliament. What do you say, Forster?" I asked if he was acquainted with the man. "Never saw him before; don't even know his name." He had

given an accurate history of William Lees, M.P., my subject.

It would seem that human soul processes, influenced, perhaps determined, by hereditary impulses and by the emergencies and restraints of environments, develop and mould character. The thrust or projection of mental purpose along nerve channels to the muscles of expression must, in the course of life's activities, build up these muscles and stamp one's features with the record of life's vicissitudes and experiences. In faithfully and courageously portraying the animated individuality of his subject, the sympathetic and true portrait painter becomes both interpreter and historian to a degree not yet fully appreciated.

Still another clergyman, Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, did not permit episcopal dignity to eclipse his human sympathies when, as client, he visited the studio, and enabled me to work out an interesting characterization.

It is surprising, yet reasonable, from how many faces flash the light of genius in those whose vocation is the realm of the spiritual. For example, Rev. Professor Thompson's eulogium given at Knox College upon Professor George Paxton Young, who had been a great teacher of spiritual philosophy, was the finest in the history of that institution.

Then the equally human touch will appear in an acknowledgment of Thompson's skill at shuffleboard on a ship's deck. The same exuberant humanity was seen in Rev. William Fritzzell, who, in the enthusiasm of a hard-won victory, challenged any two of the ship's company to match himself and me at the game.

The fact and experience of conversion, meaning, as it does, a complete overturning or transformation of character, coming to the consciousness of John Potts as a young bar-room rowdy, he became by that same new

birth a mighty evangelistic minister and a spiritual power that has left a world-renowned name.

I first painted him for the Orthopædic Institute, Toronto, which he was mainly instrumental in founding for treatment and cure of cripples. His towering frame, keen and kindly eyes, voice charged with a volume of spiritual persuasiveness, and a simple but compelling directness of address, made him a remarkable preacher. I heard Dr. Potts preach to the Jerusalem Pilgrims at Athens, on Mars Hill, in 1904, when the whole assembly was shaken as with a seismic tremor while he proclaimed the God whom Paul had declared on that same hill over nineteen centuries before.

As General Secretary of Education for his church, he gathered a large endowment fund for Victoria College. It is a serious question whether the benefit to the College has yet been balanced through loss to the country of his phenomenal pastoral and pulpit ministry.

A spirit equally earnest in service, as colossal in character, and even more world-compassing in thought, was Dr. James Henderson. His lustreful eyes, beaming face, and grizzled hair—what a subject for the painter! Scholar, philosopher, herald of righteousness, he was at the same time a master of rhetoric; he was the peer of Dr. George Douglas, and second only to Morley Punshon. His rich voice seemed to melt his message into music ere it reached the listener's heart. These great gifts yet leave the emphasis upon his life as shepherd, counsellor, and friend to the members of his flock wherever he ministered.

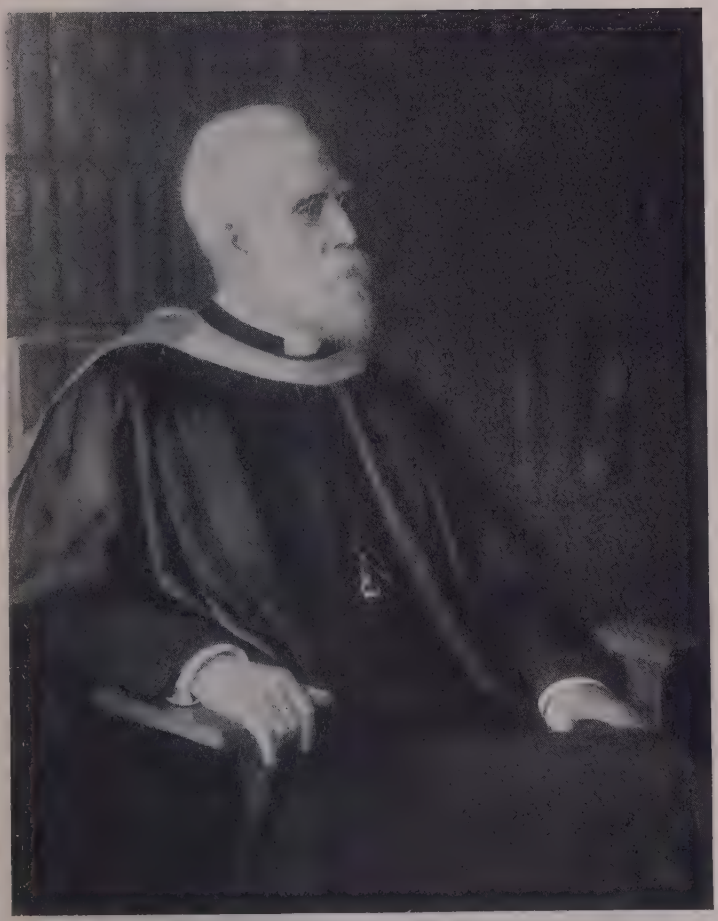
Dr. Henderson was placed by the Church in the Department of Missions to help administer it. In his reminiscence of eleven years given to this side-line of the ministry he says, "I was in labours, superabundant, often preaching four times a Sabbath and each evening

during the week. I do not regret it, as I have the satisfaction of knowing that I exceeded my abilities; so much so that I jokingly said after an accident, 'If I should die as a result of this injury you can write over my grave, "He hath done what he couldn't"'." He re-entered the ministry, following the accident, believing that to be his specific and divine calling, and he gave good proofs of it. But the impairment of health had sapped the supply of that physical exuberance so finely consecrated to the pastorate, which had magnetized with a spiritual enthusiasm his officials and congregations in parish evangelism during his earlier ministry. In his closing years he longed to be back in the pulpit, for he had a thrilling message to give. He remarked to a friend, "Preaching has been the supreme passion of my life." His passing was said to be like the "Benediction that follows after prayer".

Fortunate events brought acquaintance, and then friendship with Rev. Dr. Henry Wilson. His was a romance of the sacred calling. I cannot adequately describe the personality of one so truly human and yet so other-worldly as was he. The words of his daughter, Miss Madele Wilson, in *One of God's Best*, seem more fitting because more direct:

"The geniality of his character extended from the hearts of little children to the minds of great men. He was alike the companion of both. No personal ambitions, pleasures or rights ever swerved him from the path of conscience, duty or liberality.

"While assistant at the Cathedral of St. George, Kingston, Canada, and Chaplain to the Dean, the great crisis and turning point of his life came. The Salvation Army was up to that time an unknown factor. On its arrival, despite his high churchly standing, he boldly and uncompromisingly stood up for its principles,



T. B. Kilpatrick, D.D., S.T.D.

defended its methods, answered its critics, and later sealed his intense devotion to its cause by giving his elder daughter to its service. This attitude toward the Army cost him his living. His Dean gave him his choice. He made it and, leaving behind him the work of seventeen years, a city full of heart-broken friends, three lonely graves in the churchyard by the church he had laboured for years to build, he went forth, taking with him his two motherless little girls.

"He found home and position in St. George's Parish, New York, and in the heart of its rector, Rev. William Rainsford, D.D., the welcome so dear to him in this crisis. Here for seven years my father was head assistant of the Clergy House, where mornings were given to the study of Greek and Hebrew with the younger clergy.

"During a severe illness of the Rector, Dr. Wilson had to preach for a year; but parish visiting was more dear to him because of getting nearer the hearts of the people. He found a name, Potter, on his list, and asked the good lady if her husband attended church regularly. She answered, 'Not very regularly; he's inclined to go around a good deal'. He suggested this was not the wisest way of being a good churchman. Imagine my father's surprise on accepting an invitation to the same address to be introduced to his Bishop, Henry Potter, D.D."

Dr. Wilson's splendid gifts as priest and preacher came to the attention of Dr. A. B. Simpson, founder and director of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, a non-sectarian, fraternal union of Christians of all evangelical denominations, with headquarters at Nyack, N.J., where the portrait of Dr. Wilson now hangs. He told me of Dr. Simpson's influence in bringing him to a whole Christ for a whole man-spirit, soul and body—and of his becoming, with John Cookman, A. B. Simpson

and others, one of the Society's incorporators and officers. The growth of the Alliance and increasing duties drew him more and more away from his ministry in St. George.

As President of the International Alliance, as Associate Pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, the teaching and preparing of young men for the mission fields of the world, and as Field Superintendent, his gifts and powers had full exercise. His personal direction and conduct of conferences in all the cities of the Continent brought his fervent and scholarly proclamation of the " full gospel " to hundreds of thousands in a personal heart experience. In these statements there are, to the discerning, a hint of the world-girdling influence of Henry Wilson made vital by a world-encircling love and fertilized by a prayer-list that touched all its peopled zones.

He loved to tell that, after his acceptance and appropriation of the " resurrection life ", neither body nor mind knew weariness in a constant and joyous service. This radiant joy illumined his face and was inspiration to old and young. Great was his influence with children, for whom he had an exhaustless fund of stories. Once, as guest at a home where he had delighted the little folk on previous visits, he seemed slow in coming from his room in the morning. Impatient little feet had repeatedly approached the door; finally a gentle tap, and, " Please, Dr. Wilson, don't pray any longer; please come, and won't you tell us the monkey story again ? "

He was a most welcome guest and frequent visitor at my home, where to my mother and me his strong common sense, his healthy wit and good humour seemed a transparent envelope for the beautiful spirit of his life. Studio and fireside alike re-acted to the cheer.

From the ends of this and all other continents and islands, where his missionary pupils and friends had gone,

came lamentations on learning of his sudden call from earth. A significant and appropriate tribute of respect for Dr. Wilson was the invitation of the Rector and Dean that the funeral services be held in the Cathedral of St. George, Kingston, whence he had been driven years before; and the last sacred honours were paid him in the little church at Cataraqui he had built, beside which lie the dear forms he had loved and lost long since.

A type by himself and notable indeed was Rev. Dr. Albert Carman. His spare frame, harsh, penetrating voice, and searching eye revealed severe self-discipline. As Bishop of the Canadian Methodist Episcopal Church and, after the union of that body with Bible Christians, Primitive and other Methodists, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, he brought to these offices a genius for administration. He was a most alert and masterful presiding officer. In younger life he had been a school teacher, and then became a preacher. As founder and Principal of Albert College, Belleville, he was the pedagogue, always, yet never forgot that he himself had been a boy. Reminiscent and racy were the tales of his boyhood, and they made him wholly likeable; but when he talked of discipline, and even when he preached, he was still the Bishop, and he missed some of the masterful divinity of love from the mighty logic of what he taught. His preaching was didactic and strong; his personality was Puritan and his loyalty Imperial.

Associated with Bishop Carman as General Superintendent, was Samuel Dwight Rice, D.D., likewise an excellent administrator, educator, and preacher. Rice obeyed the scriptural maxim, "Let each esteem other better than himself". Merit was the secret of the gifts and honours that were his.

It was interesting to see, many years after Dr. Rice's death, a child whom he had christened attain, after

years of pastoral service, the General Superintendence, in the person of Samuel Dwight Chown, D.D. Tall of frame, with kindling eyes, fertile in humour and jest, Dr. Chown is a student as well as a great spiritual leader. He wears with pride the war medal given by His Majesty to the soldiers of the Fenian Raid.

The Department of Evangelism and Social Service in the Methodist Church was of his creation and organization, the later administration of which by Rev. T. Albert Moore, D.D., had the effect of drawing the other Christian denominations into similar activity. This resulted in welding together a score of national bodies into the Social Service Council of Canada.

Intimacy with these men in no way detracts from but rather enhances their proportions and the range of their influence as moral forces throughout the continent and beyond.

Dr. Chown's leadership in co-operation with those of Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches into the amalgamation known as the United Church of Canada, and his relinquishment of seniority, in order that the General Superintence or Moderatorship of the United Church might go to a younger man from one of the other branches of the uniting churches, was the crowning grace of a beautiful and noble life.

Tribute should be paid to Rev. Dr. Alexander Sutherland, who was one of the great preachers of Canada. In his case, again, the wisdom of withdrawing passionate prophets and preachers from the pastorate and making them "serve tables" as departmental administrators is always questionable where equal, if not better, executants probably are available. Great he was as Missionary Secretary for a generation of expansion in his denomination, it is true, but his name and influence, which should have circled the continents in the "cure of

souls", was narrowed to the orbit of dogmatic duties as a church officer and administrator only. We, who had formerly sat under the spell of his ministry, admired his strong and reasonable advocacy of missions, but missed the spiritual elation and persuasive passion of his early preaching. This passion seemed to expand his own soul in those days, and it would be false friendship to him not frankly to regret the change.

A different history is that of Dr. W. S. Griffin. He retained the functions of shepherd until the full age when superannuation of ministers is in order, and then took charge of the Superannuation Department. This he administered with efficiency until he was in his nineties. Dr. Griffin was a tall and handsome man with Roman head. He was a capable and an original type of preacher, deserving the term brilliant, a man of lovable character and of irrepressible buoyancy of humour. Did you ever hear his ground-hog story? Here it is:

In the days when the "Dunkin Act" for restricting the alcoholic liquor traffic was being advocated through the counties of Ontario, E. King Dodds, of Toronto, an able platform speaker, visited the Niagara Peninsula in the interest of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. He invited the "temperance" people to one of his meetings. Griffin, then a local pastor, attended. Dodds proclaimed his temperance principles, and in a flood of oratory metaphorically deluged all the "dry folk" out of the constituency. Immediately on finishing his address, he with his friends donned overcoats and started for the door. "Hold on, hold on," called out Griffin, in his treble voice; "I want to tell you a story." The crowd waited, and Griffin continued: "Once a ground-hog went exploring and met a very pretty animal that looked like his kind of folk in a way, and they opened conversation. He asked, 'Who are you?' The neighbour replied, 'Who are you?' 'I'm a ground-hog',

he said. 'So am I', said the neighbour. 'Well', said the visitor, after chatting a while, 'you may be a ground-hog, but you don't just look like a ground-hog, and you don't just talk like a ground-hog, and I'll be blest if you just smell like a ground-hog.' Now," said Mr. Griffin, "Brother Dodds says he's a temperance man. He may be, but he doesn't just look like a temperance man, he doesn't just talk like a temperance man, and I'll be blest if he just . . . ." and with a significant sniff, his story ended in roars of hilarity and the discomfiture of Mr. Dodds, who never again faced an audience in that district. The Dunkin Act was carried.

Much might be written of Rev. Dr. Edward Hartley Dewart. I remember the impressiveness of his preaching when he was in the church pastorate, in which he was eminently successful. Frequent articles from his pen revealed his penchant for literature, and he became for twenty-six years the editor of *The Guardian*.

I became best acquainted with him when he and Mrs. Dewart spent some time with me in Paris. This farmer's lad, by his hard-earned education, his continuous studentship, his encyclopædic memory, his poetic sympathies and tenderness, his charming and kindly spirit, and the big phrasing of his utterances, demonstrated himself a versatile man of heroic mould.

Like him, in many ways, was Rev. W. H. Withrow, whose public ministry was also relinquished for the chair of editor. He edited no fewer than five periodicals and in the meantime published several volumes. Of world-wide knowledge and far-reaching human sympathies, occasional notes from him, with information of interest, attested his generous friendship to myself amongst many others.

Dr. Withrow, when at a Methodist banquet, perceived among numerous portraits on the walls, the lack

of any Wesley memorials; and he mentioned the fact to Thomas G. Mason. This was a seed dropped in fruitful soil, for Mr. Mason was a man of vision and of executive genius; and he at once planned for what are now the accredited and authoritative Wesley portraits, which hang in Victoria University Chapel, Toronto. The production of these portraits of Susannah, Charles, and John Wesley involved my visit to England, a great many miles of travel in that country, and months of research, the brief story of which is given in another chapter. Prints of these portraits have been reproduced widely, and have been sought out by clergy and people of all faiths in several countries.

CHAPTER XV

OTHER MORE THAN COMMON PERSONALITIES

COUNTRY rock is often shot through with veins of ore, and prospectors discover their value. The tests of war laid bare uncommon qualities in individuals so plentifully that one correspondent affirmed there are no common people. Tests in the fields of peace reveal as much. In the quiet intimacy of the studio a hidden chord is touched and a half forgotten incident is told. Dramatic and important issues, inherent in the nature of the story are often revealed which, had they been noted by a Boswell at the time, would have placed the names of not a few of my clients where they would stand higher in public estimation than they do.

A casual mention of the name of a friend, and the history comes out of a project quietly inaugurated which has given fame and perhaps title to others, while the real founder, who built for years in unostentatious generosity until success was assured, is not even known to the world.

While painting the portrait of Mrs. John Beverley Robinson for the Toronto Home for Incurables, I learned that it was through a concert promoted by herself that the money for the founding of that splendid institution was obtained. Mrs. Robinson was a charming singer and widely known and loved for her impressive rendering of "Home, Sweet Home". At this concert she sang the old song over again in a manner which, aided by her wonderfully sympathetic voice, made it seem more thrilling than ever. This is why her portrait, showing her with this song sheet in her hand, means so much to-day to the happy occupants of the Home.

The title "Home" has, for financial reasons, been changed to "Hospital", but a home spirit still clings to an institution which has been administered with eminent devotion by Alexander Manning, and following him, by Ambrose Kent and Noel Marshall.

This introduces one of the picturesque figures of the last generation, the Hon. John Beverley Robinson, whom I painted when he was Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. He was as far from commonplace in character as his air of stalwart manliness would indicate to any stranger who saw him. His square-front forehead gave decided evidence of his courage and tendency to a frontal attack rather than to flank movement in controversy or dispute.

Good stories aplenty attest Mr. Robinson's fistic prowess. I have seen his capable play with the gloves, and know personally his skill with the foils. His striking figure on the street was only a hint of his style as a Hector in action at the Toronto Athletic Club. He was an enthusiastic promoter of clean sport.

In 1838, when Mackenzie's forces held Navy Island, Beverley Robinson, then but a youth, was given command of a negro company of loyal militia. One member of this company was a clever contortionist, who could almost tie himself into a knot while one foot still kept pattering a horn-pipe. The effect of this sight upon the onlookers was hilarity persistent and almost uncontrollable.

It was young Beverley Robinson who wormed his way through the vigilance agents on both sides of the border at this time and carried the cypher message from Governor Head of Canada to Governor Van Rensselaer of New York, which had the effect of restraining the United States' active support of William Lyon Mackenzie.

Speaking of Governors, another, differing in type from Beverley Robinson, was Sir Mortimer Clark, as true-hearted a gentleman as any who ever occupied the

Executive mansion. A large dignity reigned easily about him, and simply breathed the natural import and spirit of the man. His appointment to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario came to him without previous political service or influence. As a gift to a noble and useful citizen it honoured the Government of Canada in its bestowal. Without ostentation there was displayed in his home the motto, "Christ is the head of this house, an unseen guest at every meal, a silent listener to every conversation". Foremost in moral movements, the memory of his life enriches his practical endowments to public benefits. Sir Mortimer's thoughtfulness, I might mention here, made convenient and easy the sittings given me at Government House by General Booth.

Sir John Morrison Gibson had been told by his Scottish mother that her intuition, or shall we call it psychic vision, saw him one day as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, and that he was to mind himself with that in view.

His attaining the Governorship, however, was not a greater achievement than was his success as a lawyer and in financial affairs, or as a military man in promoting marksmanship in the Canadian Militia, or, again, as Attorney-General in the Ontario Cabinet. For service to the State during the Great War, he was given the honorary rank of Major-General.

As a portrait subject, neither affectation nor posing had any place with Sir John. The inclination to stiffness, when left undisturbed, sometimes will take on a simple grace, and this fact, I have been told, is evident in his portrait in the Ontario Parliament Buildings.

This is a welcome opportunity to give high place to the name of the Hon. James Cox Aikins, P.C., a former Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. A man and a statesman of unimpeachable integrity of character, he

Sir John M. Gibson, K.C.M.G., LL.D.
Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario

served eighteen years as Cabinet Minister for the Dominion; twice declined knighthood, and was later appointed to the Senate.

Mr. Aikins entered parliament as a Liberal, but finding his chief, the Hon. George Brown, very dogmatic and somewhat partisan in his insistence on special ecclesiastical or denominational privileges, in a sort of guerilla activity that followed the Strachan-Ryerson conflict of a decade or so before, a controversy arose between them. Aikins' articles were as strong and logical as Brown's; the breach soon widened and Aikins ultimately transferred his allegiance to the Conservative party, and carried with him a large following of those whose cause he had championed. He was Secretary of State in the first Confederation Cabinet. Sir Hugh John Macdonald says that Mr. Aikins in conjunction with his father (Sir John Macdonald) did more than any one else to bring Confederation to a successful issue after the crisis of December, 1865. Had Macdonald and Aikins not stood together it is probable that all that had been accomplished might have been undone. Singular distinction and honour has been given to public life in Canada by his fifty active years therein.

His son, Sir James Aikins, some years later became Lieutenant-Governor of the same Province of Manitoba. His initials, J.A.M., are the reason for his being popularly known as Jam Aikins.

I knew him first as a pranksome youth at the Brampton Grammar School. Colonel Clarence Denison told me of J.A.M.'s leadership in getting the Upper Canada College cow up the college gallery one night in 1869,[1] and of the problem that confronted the Faculty next day, how to get the animal down again. One can read still, in the twinkle of his eye, hint of many youthful

[1] The incident was fully reported (without names) in *The Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 13, 1869.

adventures. Dr. Cockburn, his former principal, laughed heartily when Sir James, years after, confessed his implication.

His was a brilliant career in law, he having been solicitor for the Canadian Pacific Railway during the period of its great development. He resigned this post to enter politics and represented Brandon in the Federal house. Not the least of Sir James' services to the country was the organization of the Dominion Bar Association, of which he became first President. His unusual power as a speaker, which he has dedicated to high moral issues and which is in very frequent international demand, is only one example of his many achievements through severe self-discipline. Sir James' appointment for a second term is a compliment to his outstanding ability and public spirit, as well as to the kindly and gracious presence of Lady Aikins.

Here is appropriate place for mention of Frances, sister of Sir James, upon whom fell much of the responsibility of social duties at Government House, Winnipeg, during her father's occupancy there, and upon whom fell, in later years, further responsibilities as wife of the writer of these sketch-book notes. Her associates in philanthropic enterprises know, and will appreciate allusion to mental and spiritual qualities, which find in these activities full and harmonious exercise.

I was invited to paint the portrait of the Hon. John James Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, for the capital of that province, and I found him particularly interesting because of accomplishments won through sheer force of self-discipline.

He resigned a judgeship to take up the duties and exactions of the parliamentary life of his Province, but all the while his whole nature, he admitted to me, was more in love with the responsible functions and experiences of the judicial bench than with the partisan

struggles of politics. His health suffered through political campaigning, and he retired upon his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor in recognition of useful public service.

My touch with the gubernatorial office has not been confined to my own country, for Governors Montague and Stuart, of the State of Virginia, honoured me with sittings. Governor Hunt of Arizona also sat for his portrait for that State; and he, may I say it, being even more bald than I, secured for his portrait most sympathetic treatment. In fact I am told that this portrait was a pronounced success in the adaptation of attitude and lighting to overcome what some profess humorously to regard as a decorative difficulty.

Studio side-lights brought into relief the versatility of John W. Langmuir, the organizer of the Victoria Park Commission for that commendable national enterprise, the beautification of the Canadian side of the Niagara River and the vicinity of "the Falls". He was also the founder, and for years the administrator of the Guelph Sanitorium, and founder, too, of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, of which he retained the General Managership until death. His rapidly sloping forehead answers with emphatic "No" the question put to me, Does a retreating forehead indicate a low mentality? Nor does such a forehead imply a lack of courage. It may, however, suggest caution in the line of approach to a crisis.

While Mr. Langmuir's portrait was being painted a neighbour Scot came into the studio where he was seated, and saluted him familiarly. He then addressed me, "Mr. Forsther, this John Langmuir is one of the greh test men ye ever saw. Here he's eigh-ty three, an' he hes nae a grey hair in 'is heid. They're aw white."

Langmuir's peer as a story-teller was the dignified financier, John L. Blaikie, who brought with him much

of the fisherman's philosophy and a flavour of the streams he whipped for trout, as relief from financial affairs.

After the painting of a full face view of Mr. Blaikie for one financial corporation, another company, of which he was also president, asked for a replica. Not wishing to repeat, and preferring to paint a profile of his handsome features and good nose, I asked for sittings again. Finding that Mr. Blaikie was sensitive about that particular feature, I discussed the proposition with him frankly; but his opposition to having his nose in profile was so emphatic that I dropped the discussion and went on with sittings.

These continued without incident until he caught a glimpse of the portrait. He forthwith gave an eloquent and impressive address to me upon my breach of faith and its exceedingly painful disappointment to him. Knowing that he was a Scot and claiming for myself a good strain of like nationality I knew the folly of argument, and so I painted a full face over the profile and showed it to him. He was satisfied and went his way.

Immediately on his leaving I painted over the full face and restored the profile. It was far and away the better view of him. Further sittings completed the portrait and I, in turn, then made a speech to him on the artist's judgment and knowledge of both character value now and of permanent approval in the future. I also emphasized the importance of bringing out a man's best in what should be a historic record. When sufficient of this high logic had been unloaded upon him the portrait was placed for his view.

Scot met Scot for a few tense and ominous minutes of silence. Such moments may sometimes mean that never again between the men shall the glances of friendship meet. Mr. Blaikie then appealed to the Directors

and brought in the General Manager, Lawrence Goldman, who examined the portrait carefully, but said nothing; I, long afterward, learned that he strongly commended the portrait to Blaikie on their leaving the studio.

The next day Mrs. Blaikie and his daughter who, he declared, would utterly condemn it, were brought in, as I had asked. Mrs. Blaikie's comment was, "John, I like it. I think it is very good." The daughter said, "Father, I think it's excellent and wouldn't have it changed." The noble Scotsman at once capitulated gracefully, saying, "My dears, I thought you wouldn't like it at all." He then apologized to me and commended me for standing by my judgment.

Another distinctly Scottish Canadian was Dr. Walter Bayne Geikie. Among the several disciples of Æsculapius whom I have painted, Geikie's personality was manifestly exceptional. His quick wit enlivened a deeper humour, as was evidenced when he advised his brother-in-law, whose respect for old friends was shown by faithful attendance at all services for the dead, to change his church affiliations to one of more numerous congregation, as "providing more scope for funerals".

Dr. Geikie's radiant cheerfulness was good medicine. His thorough scholarship was ever at the service of students of medicine. For years in Victoria University School, and later, founder and for thirty-two years a member of the staff of Trinity Medical College, and twenty-five years its Dean, the impress of his tireless spirit was an inspiration to many thousand students and to practitioners in all quarters of the globe.

In far Alaska, I painted a portrait of Dr. J. A. Sutherland, which will be placed as a memorial of unselfish service to two generations of grateful citizens of districts where the tests of manhood are severe.

An Indian brought to Doctor Sutherland, of Fairbank, tid-bits from his hunt, as an expression of gratitude, which is a virtue characteristic of highly intelligent and forward looking races. Years ago this Indian had had his head split open by an axe in the hands of an irate Irishman. Paddy came in twenty miles from Cleary Creek to tell Dr. Sutherland, "I've kilt an Indian." "Is he alive?" asked the doctor. "B' God's grace he he is, I believe," Pat replied. "Then bring him in," said the Doctor. Paddy trudged back, borrowed dogs, and hauled the Indian in over those miles to the hospital. Sutherland dressed away the exuding brains, wired the skull together and sutured the edges of the wound, and he recovered. Dr. Sutherland told Paddy to give himself up, but the jailer wouldn't let him in, even the constable refused to arrest him, and in despair he had to appeal to the District Attorney, who called up the jailer and he was allowed in. After two days it was learned the Indian was doing well and Paddy was dismissed.

There were no roads in those days when Dr. Sutherland was notified that Jack McPhail, up McManus Creek, eighty-five miles away, was very sick. He at once engaged a man and two pack-horses and started over the rough trails travelling all night. By the next afternoon they were caught among the hills in a blizzard of intense severity. Slipping down among a few trees with their backs to a rock they built a fire to keep themselves and blanketed horses from freezing through the night. All next day they pressed on and near midnight reached the lonely shack and found the sufferer in much pain with appendicitis.

The Doctor was ready to operate at any moment if need arose, but the plucky miner preferred to get to the front if he could. After what rest they could snatch in the ill-furnished mud-floor cabin, they, in the morning,

lifted the gigantic miner on a horse and journeyed by short and hard stages, Sutherland seeing to his comfort.

The moss and tundra were heavily crusted with ice through which the horses broke, cutting their legs on the edges; they therefore took to the streams. Reaching Faith Creek, and finding his patient holding out well, they pushed forward, crossing and re-crossing the ice-cold water for footing for the horses. Sutherland waded ahead to find the shallows and once was plunged to the neck in an icy pool. They continued the perilous and uncomfortable journey day and night and in a week's time had McPhail in hospital, where he was successfully cared for. He is hale and active to-day. Answering my question as to risks of infection in cases of skin abrasion or wound, he said, "There's never any septicæmia in this fine air, such as infests great hospitals in crowded cities. It's a joy and satisfaction to work out here."

When Dr. Sutherland was attached to the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris in 1915-16, finding a great number of injuries to the musculospiral nerve and no satisfactory splint in use, he invented a device which he gave to the profession. It makes possible the proper flexion of the wrist to the degree required. It is now in universal use and known throughout the surgical world as the Sutherland Splint.

One other of the representatives of the profession of healing must be mentioned for his organization of a city's Department of Health.

A review of the factors in the problem of making a city sanitary and its citizens healthy, as told during sittings by Dr. Charles J. Hastings, Medical Health Officer of Toronto, was like the fascinating story of engineering programmes carried out on great battle fronts. Involved in the survey were the menaces to the city's water, food and milk supply, including the proper

handling, marketing, and delivery of foodstuffs. Dangers from insects, bacteria, and human ignorance, and how adequately to deal with all these, were problems to appal the most robust.

Nor did the recital of methods necessary to inform and persuade Governments and Councils, to train inspectors, and to promote enthusiasm in his staff, indicate half of the tribulations of a Medical Health Officer.

The education of citizens in sanitation and the handling of the problems of modern cities have been calling out the utmost activities of Public Health Administrators in recent years.

The development of hygienic conditions, use of preventive medicines, and a Spartan dealing with communicable diseases, indicate some of his paternal methods. These methods are being prosecuted with hammer blows at traditions and tribunals, and with scout work in all sorts of disagreeable places in and out of factories, warehouses, and the homes of the people. Added to these activities are health talks, prenatal clinics, baby clinics, tuberculosis and other contagious disease clinics, with nursing-at-home and follow-up work along with many lesser activities, all links in the chain of health safeguards.

The record is of a heavy investment and good dividends. As given by the M.O.H. the death-rate in Toronto in 1910 was 15.1 per thousand of population; in 1923, 9.1 per thousand. In other words, there were 2,500 fewer deaths per year in 1923 than if the 1909 death-rate had continued. Infant mortality has been cut in half; tuberculosis deaths are fewer than in any city of the world of similar size, and typhoid fever has almost disappeared.

Dr. Hastings in appearance suggests the old dashing type of South-West cavalry officer; commanding, fearless,

persistent, with a saving joviality and bonhomie which fairly dance in his penetrating eyes.

In 1870 I witnessed the mustering in of the expedition under Wolseley to Canada's North-West. I have listened to the recital by actors in the several dramas of North-West settlement, in which memories were recalled of the Selkirk pioneers and the fur trade adventurers, some of whom still lived; also by the doughty participants in the savage fiasco of the First Riel Rebellion, and in the campaigns of '85. Their stories glowed and sparkled with the primary vividness no secondary relation of them can supply.

Reference to the first Riel Rebellion introduces a personality who merits a paragraph in this chapter. One of the evidences of the swift transformation of rebels into loyal citizens under free British institutions was Chief-Justice Dubuc, of Manitoba.

The Chief-Justice was a small man, not of commanding appearance, at all; but on acquaintance he revealed the fine dignity of his honesty and his sincerity and respect for law and national institutions. "These," he said, "have been built up to safeguard the interests of all citizens of the commonwealth alike."

He had been seat-mate of and had formed friendship with Louis Riel at Montreal College, whence he graduated, B.C.L., in 1869. He went to the North-West at Riel's invitation, not knowing, he said, the reason of Riel's request; and was with him in the Métis insurrection at Fort Garry in 1870, where his elementary knowledge of law was helpful to his friend.

When Colonel Wolseley's force surrounded the Fort, Dubuc was taken care of by Archbishop Taché, until the storm blew over. When Hon. Mr. Archibald arrived from Ottawa with a commission to organize the Province of Manitoba, with himself as Lieutenant-Governor, he called for an election of representatives to

a parliament. Young Dubuc was nominated as a candidate and was returned as a member of Manitoba's first Parliament.

About this time a party of Riel's friends, the Fenians, came over the border from the United States in a belated raid, and Mr. Dubuc, M.P.P., led a troop of loyal horsemen against them. This transformation from rebel to loyalist occurred within the space of one year.

Early in the existence of the Provincial Court, Dubuc received the appointment as Judge, and his services on the Bench were recognized by promotion in due course. I was present on the occasion of his taking the oath of office as Chief-Justice of the High Court of Manitoba, and received the foregoing statements from his own lips in frank conversation during interesting portrait sittings. It was his intention, he told me, to put all this early history of Manitoba into a volume in order to correct mis-statements already creeping into print. This would be a very welcome and valuable volume, and it is to be hoped his passing has not made its appearance impossible. Five years later Chief-Justice Dubuc was knighted for eminent service to the Crown.

When commissioned for the portrait of Chief-Justice Sir Charles Moss, of Toronto, I was given, during the progress of the work, many amusing glimpses into the relationship of rival counsel on court cases. Relief was often very welcome from the strain of long court sessions, and the cloak-room sometimes supplied the first free breath to weary lawyers.

Moss, one day, before his elevation to the Bench, complimented a rival counsel on his quotation of the favourable portion of a certain decision, and asked why he did not finish it. "Because, my learned friend, the strain of the case was sufficiently heavy, and I feared a longer quotation would be too much for the Court, for

my client and for myself, sir," was the answer. "It surely would have been too much for your client and for yourself," was Moss's comment, adding, "I'll give the rest of the quotation for you to-morrow."

When the case was called on the morrow, announcement that a settlement out of court had been agreed upon between the clients snatched expected victory from Mr. Moss. This illustrates the chance happenings of court practice.

Chief-Justice Howell, of Manitoba, had a habit of contradicting himself in talking, and me, too, if I ventured to correct him. He had risen from the beginnings of law practice in the Province, and gave me a racy review of the primitive conditions existent in the early days, many of the facts of which have mercifully not been recorded in the chronicles of the period.

His successor, Chief-Justice W. E. Perdue, and I, had been fellow students at the Brampton Grammar School, where we often compared pencil drawings on the fly leaves and margins of our text books. The artistic impulse was strong in him; but it was complementary to a penchant for versification, which has not become lost in the desert of legal forms and enactments, I'm happy to believe. There was also revealed during sittings, Perdue's enjoyment of the romance of history. A question now and again was an "open sesame" to folios of information and a recital of stories of the days when empires were young. His commentaries upon the period of Canada's youth were equally original and entertaining. Right glad was I of this happy light upon a matured life in whose beginnings I had a share in those studious young days in Ontario.

Chief-Justice Mather, too, of the same Manitoba Bench, did not allow a dull moment in the hour of sittings, for he, too, through years of struggle with pioneer handicaps, had developed the air of conquest,

which sits so well upon the head and shoulders of the men of the West. In his historic survey of pioneer days there flashed from many facets the lights of experience as a natural reflex of the events in which he also had been a participant. Commenting once on the unethical habits of some new citizens, as brought out in cases then being argued before him, he was impelled to the exclamation, "Thank God for the Ontario homes that gave us a right start in ideals of decency."

Many tales in which the sacred traditions of the studio forbid the mention of names, come to my mind here which evince the purity of the ray which lights more than the physical features of men who are proudly claimed as the artist's friends. A few only of these tales in simplest outline may be sketched for this chapter, which thus remains unclosed.

A physician, then in country practice, found a letter on the road. Its caligraphy and cryptic address made him suspicious, and driving to a not distant city he handed it to the chief of police with the result of the unravelling of a treason plot and the arrest of the leaders of a desperate gang.

A man who had given his word to a dying friend, who was solicitous for the welfare of his son, was, in keeping that word, repeatedly cheated and deceived by the broken faith and false conduct of the son through several patient years. The son is still ungratefully impenitent, though now seemingly prosperous, and exhibits a strange hatred of his benefactor—an outward expression of inward shame and gnawing self hate, for more than half the hates in the world are involuntary confessions.

A public man who had sent a telegram replying to an invitation, which he could not accept, was startled to find publicity given to an apparent discourtesy. Speeches, press letters, and even newspaper editorials in violent

condemnation of his alleged bad breeding and insolence, were humiliating in the exteme; but before publishing explanation or defence he visited the telegraph office and had the files turned up. The result was the discovery that the error, an altered word, was entirely the fault of the clerk who had accepted the message. The youth was acutely penitent, and the man saw by the look on his face that disaster was feared.

He told the boy to say nothing until he saw him again. Upon enquiring he learned of a widow of high mind and standing, with two other children, struggling with penury, the youth named, with his meagre salary, being her only support. To expose the boy would be a calamity to four, and the man therefore returned to him and told him he would not prosecute the company. The boy vowed to let the experience be a lesson to him to be vigilant in the future, and the man for the sake of others is still carrying a vicarious stigma.

CHAPTER XVI

ARTISTS IN PROSE AND VERSE

THE name of William Kirby, of Niagara-on-the-Lake, is one which deservedly holds high honour among Canadian men of letters. He came to Canada in the Rebellion year, 1838, to fight for Britain, bringing his rifle and a box of books from Kentucky. There being at that time much jingo sentiment in the United States aimed at fomenting an invasion of Canada, not a few young men of that country crossed the border to show their opposition to such sentiment, and among those who remained here was the tall, keen-eyed youth, William Kirby. He settled in Niagara-on-the-Lake, where he edited the *Niagara Mail* for twenty years, and, besides, did much special literary work, printing not a little of it on his own press. After he became Custom House officer, however, the literary impulse in him became more fitful and less spirited.

Kirby was a philosopher, a poet, and a gentleman, but he will always be especially known as the author of *The Golden Dog*, an historic romance of Old Quebec. I met him first during a summer at Niagara at the old Chatauqua, in 1890, and made my sketch notes then for the portrait of him which I now have. Mr. Kirby was very conservative. I called upon him under the impulse of discussions amongst a group of us at the Royal Canadian Institute in those days, Dr. Kennedy, Oliver A. Howland, William Hamilton, Arthur Harvey, and others, but had failed to provide myself with a letter of introduction. Utilizing a reporter's experience I asked questions which he could not turn down, and as a result caught the attitude which is the foundation of the portrait referred to, and saw for a few minutes the

expression of his true, illumined face. I saw him later at a Historical Society's picnic at Brock's monument, where he addressed the company with some vigour. He was then a man of advanced years, but I was able, with the aid of former photographs and counsel from the family, to keep the portrait true to the lines and moods of his virile years. Besides, the rekindling in conversation of the fires of a strong mentality gave gleam to the eye, and the result was highly approved by the family.

Kirby, long before that time, had begun to allow the petty duties of his Customs office in the sleepy town of Niagara-on-the-Lake to be sufficient for each day, and the environment was ever breathing a Lethean spell over his genius. This would seem quite natural, for others who had come under the same influence had been similarly afflicted. General Joe Hooker (Fighting Joe) of the Federal Army in the Civil War, who had been criticized for his conduct of a certain action, determined to write a book in defence of his leadership and chose Niagara-on-the-Lake as a quiet spot for the purpose. He accordingly arrived with his secretary and a special car fitted with pigeon holes and cases of army correspondence, despatches, etc., and otherwise equipped for the task. He liked the place at once; its calm appealed to him. He and his secretary took a day to boat and fish before beginning their work. The next day they found something else to occupy time which should have been given to work. So it went on until a week passed, two weeks, and then Hooker said to his secretary : " It's no use. This place has ' got me '. I can't write anything here." They straightway packed up and departed, and the book was never written.

It is told of Sam Jones, the renowned evangelist, that he once landed in this same town, and had gone but a few steps when he halted, turned to his friend and fellow

evangelist, Sam Small, and said, "Tread lightly, Sam, you're walking on the dead." I myself know the soothing restfulness of the place. With these incidents and facts in mind, it is a marvel that William Kirby wrote so much and so well.

Archibald Lampman, the sweet Canadian singer of nature, was a genuine poet, and the vibrant pulses of his being stirred with quenchless and sympathetic enthusiasm. To have spent a good part of an evening with him and his mother was a rare and ever to be remembered pleasure; but this memory intensifies the regret that his all too early passing made life sittings impossible for the portrait which it was my privilege to paint.

To Helen Hunt Jackson, the Indian's friend, author of the novels *Ramona*, and *A Hundred Years of Dishonour*, who was often a visitor at my studio, is due some of the interest I have taken in matters concerning the Indian. Her soul was kindled to white heat of resentment over the white man's conduct toward the red. When, oh when! will our boasted civilization be actuated by the spirit and letter of the Golden Rule? Mrs. Jackson's travels and residence of years on the Pacific slope made her narratives of experience in that romantic country even more thrilling in voice and gesture than was their literary recital.

Her adventurous spirit once led her up into the mountains on a horse-back jaunt alone. She was warned of a notorious outlaw, known as "California Joe", who had terrorized an almost unlimited district and upon whose head a liberal bounty had been placed by the sheriffs of more than one county. Her thirst for scenery was passionate; the views to be had were unsurpassed and the opportunity of enjoying them was one which might not come again. Disregarding the hazards, on she went, and fortune favouring, she was not disappointed. Her routes had been traced for her and

revealed a succession of marvels in glen and crag, torrent and cataract, park, gorge and vista. She was delighted soon to find another well-mounted tourist enraptured with a most entrancing outlook. They fell into conversation, and she found him to be a cultured English gentleman, whose speech echoed her own in that quality which reveals the well-bred. He told her of other views in the vicinity and guided her to them, giving her also rare peeps here and there, off the trail. As they journeyed, she thought of California Joe and spoke of him; but the gentleman assured her that the outlaw's usual haunts were a hundred miles away and that she need not have the slightest fear. Of course, woman-like, she intimated that she would like to see him, at which feminine foolishness the stranger smiled. They drew near a hostel, and he said, "This is where I am staying, and I'd like to give you a cup of tea and a biscuit, then see you safely on your journey." The cup of tea was brought by a serving man; after which they remounted and he said, "I'll show you a shorter route back to your home, and a beautiful way it is." As they emerged from the woodland, a view of the westering slopes away to the distant ocean was a panorama of indescribable impressiveness. Awed to silence, they stood for minutes until she found a voice to thank her unexpected friend for a pleasure she would never forget. He acknowledged the counter joy of his own unanticipated pleasure, and then, pointing out the way towards her home, he raised his hat and said, "California Joe will be for ever grateful for this touch brought to him of a civilization which he has loved and which has been so preciously revived in his memory."

The name of Helen Merrill, now Mrs. Frank Egerton, archivist and champion of our native Indians, whose portrait was exhibited at the Walker Gallery, Liverpool, ought to be better known. Into the literature of this

continent is piped an oriole note in the exquisite rhythmic beauty of her occasional poems. Like the song of that rare visitor to Canadian woods, the ringing, rapturous trills leave us eagerly listening for their recurrence.

When intimation was given that Charles G. D. Roberts intended giving me sittings, I was awakened to an immediate survey of memory records. In the 'eighties, when he was editor of *The Week*, I had ventured modestly into occasional magazine articles and recall his courteous attitude. As a vent or sluice gate for the overflow of ideas which rush in upon one as a teacher of art, he gave generous attention to matters in preparation for later publication. Roberts was not then widely known; but a small ripple of fame had splashed upon our quiet shore, and this ripple was followed by a wave when later, the story was wafted in of a feat of strength which he had performed. He had lifted with one hand one of a coterie of New York men of letters and carried him about the room on a chair. This gave him at once an eminent place as a prince among literateurs. It is personality as much as product that men want. Books of exquisite verse from Roberts' pen appeared from time to time, and often in the crowded years a fitful but welcome lull has allowed the strains of his music to be enjoyed.

Refreshing indeed and most satisfying is that octrain of his, entitled "Life and Art", which, I think, is the most concise epitome of the art I love that has yet vibrated the lyre of poet :

> "Said Life to Art, I love thee best,
> Not when I find in thee
> My very face and form exprest
> With dull fidelity ;
> But when in thee my craving eyes
> Behold continually
> The mystery of my memories
> And all I long to be."

It was a pleasure to meet him again, and to find in him after the long years, the same gentleness as of old. This is a quality that well becomes a man of physical strength, which has been well proven in the red hell of war, while its grace may be equally seen in the groves and gardens and on the sunlit slopes of peace.

When I had his portrait three-parts done a peep of it was allowed a young friend. Her observations were delightfully original. She was attracted by the eyes, which, she said, "have the 'father look', like daddy's". I was anxious to understand her thought more clearly, but found she hadn't read the poet's father-song from "The Book of the Rose", commencing,

> "My heart is a house, deep-walled and warm,
> To cover you from the height of storm."

She only repeated, "Daddy has that look, and other men." Then I remembered that Lloyd, the poet's son, was with him at the first sitting and that they chatted familiarly together all through it, the result being that a residuum of that filial and paternal fellowship had clearly been caught in the eyes.

The picture came off the brush so quickly that there was not time to learn from my subject all his ways of making friends with our fellows of the wilds. There was time, however, to feel the pulse of a poet who will yet preen his wings to beat the ether, with broad swing and measure, in a psalm which will be sung in cathedrals by generations yet to be.

Bliss Carman brought with him a delightful novelty in his personality which is as individual as his poetry. The mystical quality which prevails in his work produces a haunting fascination which appeals to the mystic strain in us all. A studious cultivation of felicity in word-music, and years of practice in the arts of the poet

have apparently encouraged in him this tendency to mysticism. A scanning of his later books reveals also an augmentation in power and in command of imagery which places him among the foremost writers of lyric verse.

This sketch of Dr. Bliss Carman, however, is not intended to be of his poetry, but of himself. A young lady, looking at his broad-brimmed hat, remarked, "Isn't it just like him?" Bliss Carman is a man apart, and looks it. A couple of lads who like to come into the studio saw the half-done portrait and exclaimed, "Uncle John, that man looks like a poet." The mass of wayward hair and the unconventional garb give his tall figure "an air". A few hours with him demonstrated to me that he wasn't born for a solitary life. A centring in self, or a circling of thought around the ego, is apt to develop a spirit of irresponsibility which does not quite belong to a man who has given to our literature such gems of rythmic beauty as he has done. And yet in solitude alone could be evolved for the world those priceless products of his pen.

I have long wondered whether the spirit of the "vagabondia" which he invoked years ago has not retained the driving seat of the chariot of his life, and, it may be, still holds the reins of the impetuous steeds. A friend of his says that Bliss, in the comfort of a cushioned chair, can drop easily away from his perfect English into modern slang. In any event, Carman's charm of manner and ready answers make him most companionable. His scholarship and his contacts with men and women of parts make conversation far from platitudinous. His humour is large and humane, and it never descends to piquant personalities. It is sometimes whimsical with an occasional outbreak of drollery which often, as it were, feathers an arrow of wisdom.

Memorable was an evening when, in a swallow-tail embracing his fathom plus frame with careless ease, he gave the legend of "Shamballah", the dream city of great souls, which may be seen in the aurora; and when he read his "Vestigia" so transcendentally colourful and sublime.

It is noteworthy here that Sargent's frieze of Ancient Prophets in the Boston Public Library had Carman as model for the distinctive figure of Hosea.

Bliss Carman told of studious university work with a professorship in view, but of his final escape into poetry. His early career as a poet was full enough of discouragement for the appreciation his work is now receiving in his own country to make for him most welcome amends. When a chairman in a western city said in introducing him, "Mr. Carman is another Canadian who had to go to the United States to get recognition," he promptly responded, "I think it's the other way about; I came back to Canada to get it." And J. Murray Gibbon's humorous inversion, "I have more pleasure in this one returning Canadian than in the ninety and nine who remain outside the fold," is one we are happy to echo.

Dr. Wilfred Campbell I knew more intimately, and our fellowship became a cordial friendship. His grandfather having been a portrait painter, his own instincts and intuitions led him to a deeper and more penetrating discernment of the portrait painter's art than most men possess, hence our evenings together were happy and memorable. I always felt, when leaving him, that there were reaches for exploration and portrayal in the human soul unrealized by the average patron or client, yet to be observed and recorded by an enthusiastic portrait painter. A re-perusal of Campbell's verse with this fact in mind will disclose the secret, that this insight finds voice and echo in many of his poetic numbers.

Of Pauline Johnson, distinguished daughter of great chiefs, I gladly record her claim to national and international esteem. This eminent poetess and story-writer had a nature the most intense of any of my literary acquaintances. One was soon made aware on meeting and talking with her of impetuous forces within. A friend, Frank Russell, was canoeing one evening with her on Lake Joseph. Conversation drifted on to race spirit in song, action and tradition, when Miss Johnson leaned over the side of the canoe almost to the water and gave the wild war-whoop of her race. This showed her full possession of the valkyrie-like wild passion of the traditional Red Indian. The same spirit thrills the melody of her verse, and while a fine control sweetens and deepens its meaning, a power and pathos are flung out beyond its enchanting measures. Her grave in Stanley Park at Vancouver is an appropriate resting-place for this wonderful daughter of the wild-wood.

Many delightful memories will be awakened with the mention of Mrs. Grace E. Denison, whose pen-name was Lady Gay. For years, she edited a column of social events in Toronto *Saturday Night*, but it was in other articles which appeared from time to time from her facile and original pen that her discernment of the soul of things beneath social glamour was clearly revealed. Of too great a nature to be cynical, her sense of humour sometimes prompted her to remove the mask from conventions which often screen agreeable insincerities. The friendship of a woman of her calibre of mind was a high privilege indeed.

During sittings at Hotel Netherland in New York, Sir Gilbert Parker continued his programme of writing, receiving visitors, talking business, and detailing lively reminiscences (he is an excellent raconteur). All this was done with a frank heartiness which made friendship with him a pleasure.

His portrait was shown at the British Colonial Exhibition in London in 1892, and is owned by the National Club, Toronto.

Some twenty years before Sir Gilbert exchanged his native Canada for Great Britain as domicile, Dr. Goldwin Smith transferred his place of abode from the Old Land to Canada. The impact of the opinions of the "Sage of the Grange" has been felt upon men and affairs in all lands where English literature is read; for what he chose to say as historian or critic commanded attention by its originality, as well as by the forcefulness and grace of its diction.

Dr. Goldwin Smith brought with him to the studio the refinement and courtesy of a true born knight. When requested to sit for a portrait for the Goldwin Smith Hall at Cornell University, he protested that it was useless to attempt to paint a wreck. I ventured the assertion that the mind does not grow old though the mechanism it uses may. The truth of this was demonstrated during sittings for three different portraits after this conversation, my octogenarian subject becoming more like his appearance at sixty-five when historic reminiscences were awakened. There was one chief mood which fully indicated the philosopher, who was already weary of combating follies and disappointments. He admitted a consciousness of truths whose verity, in spite of keenest logic, he had not mastered, yet his spirit remained that of one inspired to continued research. I found this ever recurrent mood of reflection so persistent that in the painting of three successive portraits of Dr. Smith this general attitude had to be accepted as fundamental to him. These three portraits, all originals from the life, portray therefore in pose and look the characteristic embodiment of this supreme scholar, this uncompromising foe of political corruption and of immoral expediencies. The atmosphere of his

great library at the Grange made a fitting background to his thoughtful mien and reflective individuality. The fecund and fascinating field of history filled the occasional studio hours with the charm of truth being conveyed by a master of facts in a vehicle of exquisite English. The first of these three portraits is in Cornell, Ithica, N.Y., the second is in the Toronto Art Gallery at the Grange, while the third is at the National Club, of which Dr. Smith was first president. I recall his turning to me, when leaving the studio after the third portrait had been completed, with the remark, "Mr. Forster, I count myself fortunate in having at last fallen into your hands."

Albert Durrant Watson, M.D., by force of a spiritual philosophy and with it a singularly poetic psychology, secured a high place in literature, and not less by the stimulating sublimity of the prevailing themes both of his verse and his prose than by their sound literary quality, is his place so cordially welcome in this coterie. His recent sudden passing was a real loss, not only to Canadian but also to world literature.

When I painted him many years ago he was the leader of a large and enthusiastic group in Scripture study. Leisure moments were given by him to explorations in astronomy.

Among the poets he will ever hold a place of distinction. Salem Bland affirmed that his was the soul of the poet and the eye of the scientist. Dr. Norwood, of New York, said, "He was not just a clever jongleur, a player of harps, a puller of organ stops." He meant that Watson's thinking was mature. Bliss Carman said of him in his profound and laconic style, "Watson was ripe." Lorne Pierce gave me this: "His was an all compassing mind, alert to test and gather truth where prejudice would not deign to look. His home was a meeting place of sects, systems, enthusiasms, of artists, writers, scientists, fanatics, sages, dreamers of great

dreams. No home was more an antechamber to the universe than was his."

But his was also a great, loving soul. Dr. S. D. Chown said : " Dr. Watson gave me the key to his life one day when he told me, ' I have made up my mind to risk anything so long as I can serve.' This accounts for his willingness to identify himself with unpopular causes and to carry his explorations where none but fearless investigators would care to go." Edwin Markham quoted his own well known quatrain written in reference to one :

> " He drew a circle that shut me out,
> Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout ;
> But love and I had the wit to win—
> We drew a circle that took him in,"

and added : " Those lines fittingly express the largeness of Dr. Watson's manhood and the spirit of his life."

In " The Wing of the Wild Bird", Watson wrote :

> " When all is past and earth's brief life is ending,
> This shall sustain my soul in triumph then
> That God and man have loved me so divinely,
> And I have lived to help my fellowmen."

But I must halt these personal reminiscences although a hundred other names press upon memory and merit a place—names of men whose lives were as great with heroism and service. Many of these men were and are intimate and devoted friends of my own. Some I would liken to poems which ought to be published; many seem surcharged with unrecorded romance; not a few are of that company " of whom the world is not worthy ".

The reader may have been disposed already to ask himself, what do I see in my fellowmen ? He may see in them no more than pawns to shuffle in a check-mate game; no more than buyers for his wares; no more than votes for his candidacy, or than mimes in a masquerade.

He will look for no more in the portrait than he sees in the man. What do I see in men? I may see on my studio dais, a man revealed as a page of life written over with the finger of time; his vesture enfold a god-like entity; his hand may hold or turn the steering-wheel of events. If even a trifler may forget his buffoonery and record eternal decisions, may his portrait not in like manner be impressed?

I love my kind, and am forever grateful that Providence has given so liberally a fellowship with persons who brought with them an art-inspiration which has been fertile in new concepts as well as in lasting joy. And glad I am that this fellowship, while of service in supplying wherewith to live, has become, by a spiritual alchemy, so much of my life.

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